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CAN GHOSTS BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

BY PROF. ELLIOT COUES.

THIS curious question would be met by most persons off-hand, in Yankee fashion, by asking another. Can ghosts be? But it begs the whole question to say that ghosts cannot be photographed because there are no ghosts. This is a matter in which we must assume a ghost, if we have it not, at the outset of any inquiry into so-called spirit photography; otherwise all inquiry would be absurd. The fact is, there are certain natural phenomena which have given rise to our notion of ghosts, be that notion a whole truth, or a half-truth, or no truth at all. We all mean *something* when we say "ghost." Different persons have different ideas about ghosts. For some, ghosts are naturally impossible, but supernaturally possible and practicable and actual, for they are the souls of the dead, temporarily apparent to our senses; they are veritable apparitions from the spirit world. For others, ghosts are neither natural nor supernatural actualities, but sheer subjective phantasms, mere hallucinations, the self-evolved delusions of a disordered imagination, as baseless, in fact, as a dream of the shadow of smoke. For others, again, ghosts are objective realities, having substantial or even material bodies occupying space-relations outside our minds, leading their own lives as we lead ours, coming at times under the observation of our physical senses, and susceptible of scrutiny like other natural objects. Into whichever of these categories, or into whatever other category, ghosts may come, or be put, it is obvious that the real question is not whether ghosts are or can be, but *what* are they? It is idle to deny that scientific investigation of the "whatness" of ghosts is futile. Anything can be investigated, if only to discover that it is not what it was supposed to be. If a ghost, supposed to be an objective living entity, turns out on investigation to be a figment of the imagination, resulting from a delusion of the senses, it has certainly been a subject of investigation, and has been investigated with satisfactory result. It is as much of a ghost as it ever was, but a different sort of a ghost from that which it had been mistaken to be. If every ghost that ever was "raised" could be "laid" in the limbo of hallucination, that would not do away with ghosts; it would simply show what they are; the fact of phantasmal hallucination would remain as the result of the investigation, and as a very interesting field for further inquiry into the pathology of the human mind. Disorders of the mind, like disorders of the body, and like the orderly operations of both mind and body, have their causes, their processes and their

results; they depend on natural principles of the human constitution; they are subject to natural laws, and all these are matters of legitimate scientific inquiry, of great interest in themselves, and of still greater practical consequence.

Obviously, therefore, as I have said, we must assume a ghost, whatever he, she or it may turn out to be. Obviously, also, that something, that unknown quantity—call it x to the *nth* power if you please—can be and should be investigated. It cannot be eliminated from the equation of human belief in its function. The real point is, can its function in the equation be determined? The ghost problem has been attacked on all sides, by all sorts of methods, by all sorts of people, with all sorts of results. Ghosts have been evoked and exorcised with ceremonial magic, with prayer and fasting, with the assistance of angels, with the help of the devil. Their presence has been provoked by a considerable class of persons, the professional mediums, who make it their business to materialize the spirits of the dead, or otherwise to communicate with, by or through ghosts. Mechanical devices have been invented and used to facilitate intercourse with ghosts, as planchette, the psychograph and various others. Science has entered the field, booted and spurred, and mounted on the hobby of Psychical Research in the view-hilloa of a ghost hunt. Psychical societies have invaded ghostland with a determination that reminds one of the famous direction for cooking hares,* and that may be paraphrased "first catch your ghost, and then cook it." Among the means used to take ghosts in the very act of their ghostliness, is photography. The camera has been brought into requisition for thirty years or more, and thousands of alleged, if not actual, "spirit photographs" have been produced. I have myself examined hundreds, in England and in America. Many have been pronounced genuine by men of great eminence in science. Nearly if not all spiritualists believe that photographs of spirits, invisible to us at the time, can be and have been secured. However insuperable the actual obstacles may appear to us to be, however invincible may be our skepticism in any case in which the result is alleged to have been actually effected, we should not have the hardihood to say that a ghost cannot possibly be photographed. That would be to imply that we know all the possibilities of sunlight and spirit-life, which would be absurd, for we certainly do not possess that knowledge. But a few years ago, photography itself was unknown; the making of sun-pictures of natural objects was unthought of. Another Daguerre may even now be living—who knows? There is no natural impossibility here; there is no logical improbability. If something —our assumed x to the *nth* power— can so act on the molecules of the brain as to make a man think he sees a ghost, there is no à priori reason why that same something may not interfere in the processes of photography with the inter-action of light and shade to the extent of producing a recognizable picture. The argument in the abstract is very simple and very logical; it is this: It takes a substance to cast a shadow. A shadow is cast, in fact. That shadow is cast by no known substance, and is cast in the recognizable likeness of a dead person, in the absence of that person's dead body. Therefore, a substantial "something" connected with that person has been present, has been operative, and has effected an evident result; as it is evidently not his body, it must be his soul or spirit, which is as much as to say that his ghost has been photographed. Mind, I am not com-

*Queerly enough, this very saying, in everybody's mouth, is itself a ghost, having no foundation, in fact. It occurs only in later editions of a certain cookery book of uncertain authorship, but commonly attributed to Mrs. Glasse. In the sentence, "first catch your hare," "catch" is a misprint for "case," case meaning "to skin." The sense of the direction is: "First *skin* your hare." The laying of this typographical ghost turns a feeble witticism into a very reasonable and matter-of-fact statement of what to do first in proceeding to cook a hare.

mitted to this theory; I simply state it for what it may be worth. If I do not believe it, neither do I disbelieve it; I neither affirm nor deny it. I am simply agnostic; I do not know. I do not deny the possibility of spirit photography; to do so would be rash, and very unscientific. But it is a question of fact, and of the evidence in the case. That evidence — direct and demonstrable evidence—in my own person, I lack. Evidence at second hand, in the testimony of many persons of unimpeachable veracity, is abundant and easily accessible. This I accept as going far to show that genuine spirit photography is practicable, and has, in fact, been accomplished. I have been shown many ghost pictures which were said, and fully believed by the sayer, to be genuine. But I have yet to see one which, when I had ascertained all the facts in the case, did not prove to be bogus—a mere sham; a trick of the operator—in a word, a fraud.

Yet the reader must not be misled into hastily assuming, on the strength of this, that spirit photography is all a delusion and spirit photographs all fraudulent. The fact that I know, and can prove, all those which I happen to have examined with the necessary care, to be bogus, by no means warrants the sweeping assumption that all of those which I have not thus examined are necessarily also bogus. The logical inference—if any there be—is rather the other way, since the existence of a counterfeit

Fig. C—Portrait of Mr. X—'s Father. Keeler's work.

implies a genuine coin; and the stanchest supporters of spirit photography are among those to admit the most readily the ease with which spurious spirit photographs can be produced. The case is a very curious one, of which the more one sees the more bewildering it seems, and the more one learns, the less likely he will be, if he be wise, to assume infallibility either pro or con. Let him but turn to his authorities, in default of personal knowledge, and he is soon at sea in a fog; his perplexity grows hopeless, and he is likely to throw up the subject in sheer disgust. The literature of spirit photography has grown so voluminous that I should hesitate to add to its bulk, had I not some new material to contribute as the result of my own investigations. My main object in this article is to exhibit some spurious specimens of spirit photography, show when, where and by whom they were executed, and to explain the trick. It is obviously impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to traverse the whole ground. Much will be gained if I can clearly detect and expose the sham, without undertaking to adduce the genuine. Our search for the latter will be facilitated if we first familiarize ourselves with the former. What a genuine spirit photograph is, or is supposed to be, has been well defined by Mrs. H. Sidgwick,* in terms which every spiritualist and every skeptic will admit to be fair. "Spirit photographs, or at least those species of them which I propose to deal with here† are photographs representing figures or objects which at the moment the photographs seemed to be taken had no apparent counterpart in the field of new discoverables by the normal sight. A photographer with the faculty of producing such photographs would in taking a portrait of a human sitter sometimes obtain that of some other person on the same plate. If the sitter was fortunate, it would be that of a deceased relation. Sometimes persons possessing, or supposed to possess, the faculty of seeing spirits, said that they saw the form which ultimately appeared on the plate, hovering near the sitter, though invisible to ordinary eyes."

These propositions put the whole problem in a nutshell. Mrs. Sidgwick's review of the evidence in the case is, as we have seen, unfavorable. Upon the elimination of proven fraud, she finds the residuum hardly sufficient to establish a case to be tried, let alone proved. But now let us look at the other side, in support of which I will adduce the famous naturalist, the profound philosopher, and the pronounced spiritualist, Alfred Russell Wallace, who is one of the stanchest and most unflinching defenders of the proposition that genuine spirit photographs can be and have been obtained. He has advocated and upheld the affirmative side of the case for many years (to my own knowledge from 1874 till now). While I was in England in 1884 I had the pleasure and the honor of being a guest at his house in Godalming, near London, and was shown a large series—I think about forty—alleged spirit photographs, most of which Professor Wallace

*Wife of Professor H. Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, president of the London Society for Psychical Research, in a careful article contributed by her to the "Proceedings" of this society, Part XIX, July, 1891, pp. 268-289. The article is a critical review, destructive rather than constructive in its tendency, and mainly negative in its conclusions. It is well written and historically valuable, both for those who assent to and those who dissent from her views. The writer's position is fairly put by herself in her opening paragraph, where, after stating that she had not before offered the paper for publication to the society, because its attention had not been specially called to the subject, and because her conclusions were on the whole negative, she adds: "It appeared to me that, after eliminating what might certainly or probably be attributed to trickery, the remaining evidence was hardly sufficient in amount to establish even a prima facie case for investigation, in view of the immense theoretical difficulties involved."

†"Mr. Wallace applies the name also to photographs of so-called 'materialized' spirits. In the case of 'materializations' however, it is not usually the genuineness of the photographic process, but merely the spirituality of the figure photographed, which the skeptic calls in question" It is important to bear this in mind. I am dealing in this article only with alleged spirit photographs which come within Mrs. Sidgwick's definition, and hence do not touch upon any such as those obtained with his own hands by Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., from alleged spirit materialization visible to the ordinary eye at the time the pictures were taken.

believed to be genuine, and some of which he knew to be fraudulent. We examined and discussed the pictures together, and my good host took pains to point out to me what he considered the proofs of genuineness in the one, and the evidences of fraud on the other set of photographs. This discrimination rested on the face of the several pictures and was independent of his knowledge or belief respecting the history of the process of production in the respective cases. That is to say, Professor Wallace seemed to me to be able to tell the genuine from the spurious on sight. But I fear I must add just here—as I do with unfeigned regret—that I have since satisfied myself that the signs of genuineness on which the eminent scientist seemed to rely, are actually fallacious, as I shall show in the sequel. From the vantage-ground of my own subsequent investigations I am convinced that every so-called "test" of genuineness can be fraudulently imitated to perfection. It gives my sense of the amenities of hospitality a twinge to say this; but it should be said, and Professor Wallace would be the last one to wish it unsaid, if I believe it to be true. Examination of this series of pictures excited my liveliest interest, and led me to further studies in spiritualistic phenomena; but it has convinced me

Fig. D—Portrait of Mr. X—'s Brother. Keeler's work.

of nothing so much as of the scientific spirit, the transparent sincerity, and the robust faith of one whom I am proud to call friend. Passing by this episode, let us hear Professor Wallace's own statements of his mature conclusions on the subject of spirit photography. In a remarkable article, entitled: "Are There Objective Apparitions?" which appeared in the *Arena* for January, 1891, pp. 129-146, and which called out the courteous, though caustic, criticism of Mrs. Sidgwick's before cited, the distinguished naturalist adduces five different categories of evidence which either distinctly suggests or affords direct proof of the objectivity of apparitions. His fifth kind of evidence is, that phantasms can be and have been photographed. His words are exactly as follows:

"(5.) *Phantasms can be photographed, and are, therefore, objective realities.* It is common to sneer at what are called spirit photographs because imitations of some of them can be so easily produced; but a little consideration will show that this very facility of imitation renders it equally easy to guard against imposture, since the modes by which the imitation is effected are so well known. At all events it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again, and there is no possible escape from the conclusion, that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to those present, can be and have been photographed." (*Arena*, January, 1891, pp. 141, 142.)

This is Mr. Wallace's contention, in support of which he adduces much evidence, in part as follows:

"Perhaps the most remarkable series of experiments ever made on this subject are those carried on during three years by the late Mr. John Beattie of Clifton, a retired photographer of twenty years' experience, and Dr. Thomson, M. D. (Edin.) a retired physician, who had practiced photography as an amateur for twenty-five years. These two gentlemen performed all the photographic work themselves, sitting with a medium who was not a photographer. They took hundreds of pictures, in series of three, taken consecutively at intervals of a few seconds, and the results are the more remarkable and the less open to any possible suspicion, because there is not in the whole what is commonly termed a spirit photograph, that is, the shadowy likeness of any deceased person, but all are more or less rudimental, exhibiting various patches of light undergoing definite changes of form, sometimes culminating in undefined human forms, or medallion-like heads, or star-like luminosities. In no case was there any known cause for the production of these figures. I possess a set of these remarkable photographs, thirty-two in number, given me by Mr. Beattie, and I was personally acquainted with Dr. Thomson, who confirmed Mr. Beattie's statements as to the conditions and circumstances under which they were taken. Here we have a thorough scientific investigation, undertaken by two well-trained experts, with no possibility of their being imposed upon; and they demonstrate the fact that phantasmal figures and luminosities quite invisible to ordinary observers, can yet reflect or emit actinic rays so as to impress their forms and changes of form upon an ordinary photographic plate. An additional proof of this extraordinary phenomenon is, that frequently, and in later experiments always, the medium spontaneously described what he saw, and the picture taken at that moment always exhibited the same kind of figure." (*Arena*, January, 1891, pp. 143, 144.)

These are strong statements, and these are the experiments on which, as Mrs. Sidgwick remarks, more stress has been laid than on any others which have been reported up to

this date. Professor Wallace introduced them in his *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, p. 193 (1874), saying then, as he still says in substance, that spirit photography "is that which furnishes, perhaps, the most unassailable demonstration it is possible to obtain of the objective reality of spiritual forms." The Mr. Beattie mentioned had already published his own accounts in the *Spiritualist*, July 15, 1872; in the *Spiritual Magazine*, September, 1872 and November, 1873; and in the *British Journal of Photography*, 1872 and 1873. An account by the Dr. Thomson mentioned is given in *Human Nature* for September, 1874, by "M. A. (Oxon)." This is the well-known pen-name of my friend, W. Stainton-Moses, editor of *Light*, president of the London Spiritual Alliance, and one of the foremost spiritualists of the world, whose good faith and vast experience in every department of psychical research no one could have the hardihood to call in question. Mr. Stainton-Moses has

Fig. E—Fraudulent Work of Mrs. F. V. Foster.

in many places besides that cited, and for many years, adduced evidence for genuine spirit photography. Replying to Mrs. Sidgwick's strictures on the general credibility of this evidence, he says that this lady "sets forth to damage as much as possible the evidence on which spiritualists rely;" and, referring to her criticism of his own share in adducing the evidence, he maintains his ground, stating, with regard to what he wrote in *Human Nature* in 1874: "I have no desire to withdraw anything that I then wrote, and to minute criticisms on a subject respecting which we are all confessedly ignorant there is no reply to be made worth the making." These declarations are in *Light*, September 26th, 1891, p. 462, in an article by "M. A. (Oxon)," which cites and defends the Beattie-Thomson results on which we have seen that Professor Wallace relies so strongly, and which proceeds to comment upon and extract at length from a pamphlet publishing a lecture given before the Adelaide Spiritualistic Association by E. A. D. Opie.* The Beattie-Thomson results are also taken up by the great Russian spiritualist, A. N. Akhasof, of St. Petersburg, who, in his *Animismus und Spiritismus* (Leipsig, 1890), devotes a long chapter to spirit photography, and who, in *Psychische Studien* for May, 1886, p. 210, regards these results "as the foundation stone of the whole phenomenal region of mediumistic materializations in general and of transcendental photographs in *particular*."† This is stronger language than I have anywhere found even Professor Wallace using, and justifies us in at least listening to the demurrer Mrs. Sidgwick has filed. It appears from her account that there were concerned in these experiments, besides Mr. Beattie and Dr. Thomson, several other persons. Two of these were Mr. Butland, "a good trance medium," and Mr. Josty, "a professional photographer." "This Josty was tracked to the workhouse;" "he was drunken, insolvent, and in money matters quite unscrupulous." "Under these circumstances," continues Mrs. Sidgwick, "deceit by Mr. Josty appears to me to be too probable to make it possible to attach much importance to Mr. Beattie's experiments in spirit photography."

I have dwelt on this case for two reasons: First, it seemed necessary to bring the whole subject upon the reader's horizon by citing the evidence upon which the strongest reliance has been placed by some, and to which the most strenuous objections have been urged by others. Second, it is a fair sample of the literature of spirit photography. No one magazine article can more than touch upon a tithe of what has been written. But it is all pretty much alike—a mass of minute descriptions of scenes, incidents, processes, results, precautions against trickery, affidavits of witnesses, and perfect reliance on the genuineness of the phenomena, on the one hand; of the proof of imposture in many cases, and the picking to pieces of all the evidence in the rest of the cases, on the other hand; of declarations and denials, of claims and counterclaims, of explanations that explain nothing, and of theories that count for nothing. By the time one has waded through it all, as I have, he may seem to himself to have chased an *ignis fatuus* in the night of his own ignorance, and perhaps conclude, not that a phantom can be photographed, but that spirit photography is itself a phantom of the mind. Yet what are we to make of the following case, cited by our most skeptical critic, Mrs. Sidgwick herself?

"I have still to speak of one series of experiments, that of Dr. N. Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy at St. Petersburg,

*Mr. Opie describes a case, which M. A. (Oxon) calls "a crucial piece of evidence," and in which is concerned a certain Mr. Hartman of Cincinnati, some of whose work is before me as I write. See the picture beyond.

†Quoted from Mrs. Sidgwick's paper—I have not myself seen the article in *Psychische Studien*. From her paper it also appears that sixteen of the Beattie photographs are reproduced in *Psychische Studien* for April, 1886, and in Akhasof's work above named.

made in 1881, and described in *Psychische Studien* for May, 1886, and in M. Akhasof's *Animismus und spiritismus*. Professor Wagner was making experiments in the hopes of proving a theory of his that when a person is hypnotized a psychical self can separate itself and assume a form which, though invisible, can be photographed. He was entirely unsuccessful in this, but in the course of the experiments he obtained on one plate (out of eighteen taken under the same conditions) a white mark, resembling a hand, with part of a full sleeve, some distance on the plate, above the portrait of the hypnotized sitter, Madame de Pribitkow."

Whatever may be thought of this or of anything that has preceded in this article, the rest of our way is perfectly plain and easy. It is simply the description, illustration and explanation of spurious spirit photography. All the pictures before me, about fifty in number, by various artists, are bogus. All are also frauds, made by swindlers, to impose upon

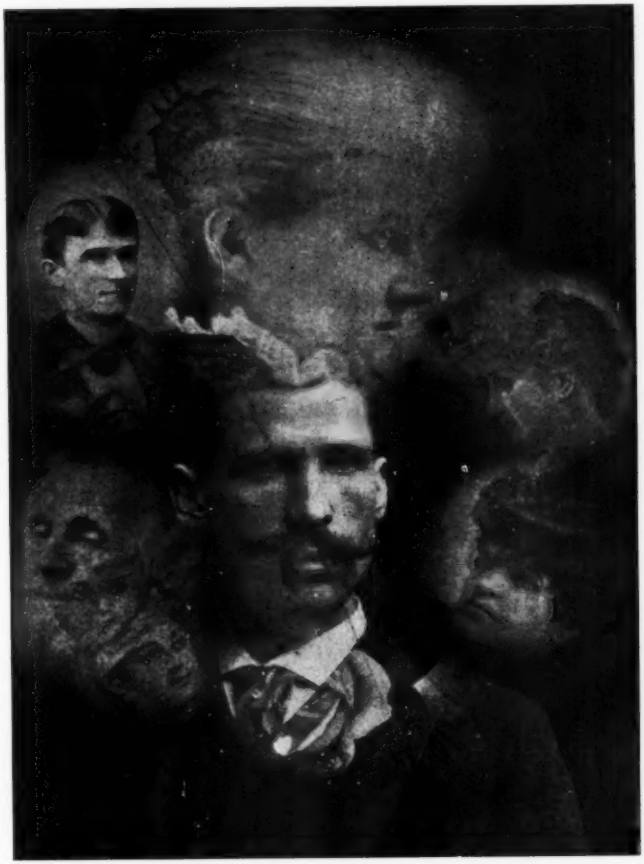


Fig. G—Done by Mr. S. W. Fallis in imitation of the Foster Frauds.

the credulity of their customers, excepting those by Mr. Fallis, who honestly made his pictures to show how the trick is done, and who has himself told me about his work. I owe nearly the whole of this collection to the kindness of Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, who, some years ago, went to the bottom of the whole business of bogus spirit photography, and who generously

Fig. A—Mumler's Work.

placed all of his material at my service. No one in America knows more of the inside history of spiritualism than Colonel Bundy; no one else has done so much to denounce, expose and punish the frauds that operate under the name of spiritualist, and no one else has done so much to proclaim, uphold and defend whatever of truth there may seem to be in the theory and phenomena of spiritualism. I have never known Colonel Bundy to be mistaken but once, in believing something to be a fact, which turned out to be a fraud; this was under peculiar circumstances (they must have been very peculiar to have deceived him!) and the mistake was promptly acknowledged, with explanation and apology that did honor to his candor and courage, in his own paper. He was mainly instrumental in breaking up the business of the notorious Fosters (man and wife) of Chicago, who made bogus pictures that Colonel Bundy succeeded in tracing and identifying with cuts published in certain magazines now before me, as I shall presently show. I assume that the reader who has had the patience to follow me thus far has not been left in such innocence that he cannot see that nothing is simpler than to get a good ghost picture of any historical person, or of any notable contemporary, from published prints; or that the actual photograph of any living sitter can be easily manipulated into a shadowy likeness, with a halo and all that. In the collection before me I recognize several persons I know who were alive and well at last accounts, and several other likenesses in the lot are of historical characters, which I should suppose most persons would recognize at a glance.

The oldest spurious photographs in my possession are a series of six which bear on the back this legend: "Specialty by Mumler, 170 West Springfield St., Boston, Mass." This Mumler began operations in 1862 in Boston, and I judge from the faded appearance of these samples of his swindle that they are some fifteen or twenty years old. As will be seen from the one selected for reproduction here (see *Fig. A*), they are very stupid impostures—merely a female figure in white standing by a center table on which is a glass case of artificial flowers (or something of the sort) against which rests the reduced actual photograph of somebody to whom she points. Such work as this should deceive no one; it probably represents

the infancy of the art of fooling people with ghost pictures. Mumler seems to have been the pioneer in this kind of fraud. At any rate I know of no one prior to him. He was caught at his tricks before the year was out, when it was discovered that some of his "spirits of the dead" were photographed from living people. He was, in 1869, in New York, arrested and tried for swindling, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, but got off by some means. The reports of the case were published in the New York *Times* of April 22, 1869; in the *Spiritual Magazine* for June, 1869, and in many other places. An abstract of the evidence appears in Dr. Crowell's "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I, pp. 478–482. Professor Wallace and Mrs. Sidgwick in their respective papers already cited, both notice Mumler's case—the former the more mercifully, the latter the more judicially. Of his subsequent career, if he had one, I know nothing.

Fig. B, herewith shows the crude work of a bungler or tyro at the business of cheating by means of ghost pictures. It bears on the back this legend: "Specialty. By Jay J. Hartman. Proof of immortality. Individualized spirit existence. Power to return and show themselves [sic !] proven beyond a doubt by Spirit Photography. No. 100 West Fourth street. Cincinnati." It exhibits a blotched likeness of a man with a shadowy female figure in the background. I have seen much better photographs by this same artist, who is the Hartman earlier mentioned in this article as cited in the Adelaide lecture by Mr. Opie. Those who wish to see what can be said in Hartman's favor or defense may consult the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of date 1876, or *Light* of September 26, 1891. I judge the picture here reproduced to have been taken somewhere about the earlier date said, as it is much faded. I have no further information about Hartman to offer.

We come now to *Figs. C* and *D*, which I know all about, and which are among the best samples of ghostly (and ghastly) camera tricks that I have seen. They were kindly given to me by a friend, who authorized me to make such use of them as I pleased, but who, on my determination of them to be fraudulent, desired me to withhold his name. This gentleman, no longer young, and in sadly failing health, is a spiritualist;

Fig. B—Hartman's Work.

a braver man never fought for his life against the Apaches in Arizona; a more honest man I never knew. He freely believed these photographs to be genuine; he identified some of the faces that appear with deceased relatives and friends; he prized and cherished these pictures as evidences of a future life beyond the grave, and as proof of the communion between souls in this world and the next. He parted with them

to me in the sincere hope that I might through them reach the same conviction and consolation, and in return for this kindness, what could I do? Nothing but deliver a crushing blow to his most sincere beliefs and hopes. He took it with composure and thanked me for undeceiving him; for his stuff is of the sternest and he wants no nonsense. Yet I know he must have felt as he did once, many years ago, when a shot from ambush unhorsed him, and stretched him wounded in the dust of the road, and he sat up, unable to rise to his feet, whipped out his six-shooter, stood off the whole band of murderous Indians, covered the retreat of one of his companions (the other was killed already) and barely escaped with his own life. That is the pathetic side of this miserable, this cruel business of spiritualistic fraud, whether with camera or cabinet, or by what means! But to my story. *Fig. C* is the portrait of the father of my friend. *Fig. D* that of my friend's brother. I will call my friend Mr. X. He sent the two pictures with a letter I will quote in substance, for the information it gives, and for the purpose of showing how fallacious are the "recognitions" of deceased relatives or friends.

"CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA,
Jan. 12, 1892.

Dr. Elliot Coues—DEAR SIR: I send you the photographs of my father and brother, on which appear some spirit pictures. My father was a skeptic in those things and some time after he had his picture taken, my brother went to the same artist to see what he would get, and was as much surprised as my father had been. The upper picture over my father's left shoulder [see *Fig. C*] is my old grandmother and the one under her is R. S. Storrs, for sixty-two years pastor of the first parish of Braintree, and the father of R. S. Storrs, the Brooklyn divine. The picture on the right arm is the likeness of an old neighbor, who had been dead over twenty years, and was at once recognized by his widow upon my mother's showing her the photograph. I have got the grip too badly to write much, but from what I know of the case and from what my mother and others of the family tell me, the pictures must be genuine.

"Very respectfully,
"W—— X——."

If the reader will now study *Fig. C*, the portrait of Mr. X—'s father, he will make out the three faces "identified" in the above letter, also, a second face, quite obscure, on the right arm of the sitter; also, a non-committal face low down on the left arm of the sitter; also, and especially, a well-developed portrait of a heavily bearded and moustached man, directly on the sitter's breast. The two faces, Mr. X—'s "grandmother," and "Rev. Mr. Storrs" are in the background. I call special attention to the faces *on* the person of the sitter, because I have often been told and find it to be generally believed, that one test of "genuineness" is the appearance of ghostly figures *upon*, as if in front of, the actual sitter's person. But this is emphatically not so. Whether you see the sitter through the "ghost," or see the "ghost" through the sitter depends entirely upon which is the darkest and which is the lightest of the two pictures in the parts where they are superimposed by the operator in the successive exposures required to produce the fraud. The operator can of course plant his ghost figures anywhere he pleases on the plate, and put as many of them in as he pleases. I have samples of more than twenty thus put in one photograph, but those which he places anywhere within the boundaries of the actual sitter's figure will show in front of, or behind, that figure, according to their relative lightness or darkness. Still it is quite a trick to impose a spirit face *on* the person of the sitter. It was some time before the imposters "caught on." The spirit forms were generally hovering shadowy over or to one side of the actual form; and when they were fixed apparently in front of the figure of the sitter, this arrangement was studiously paraded as a "test" of their genuineness. The scamp who executed the frauds of *Figs. C* and *D*, became expert in this particular. Examine *Fig. D*, for example and see how squarely he has planted a

large, strong full-bearded face on the breast of Mr. X—'s brother. Observe also, another large but dimmer face on the right shoulder and a sharp small face on the left shoulder, apparently of a woman or child; and compare the large, blurry face, quite dim, off the left shoulder (on your right as you look at the photograph.) There is here yet another face, slyly tucked away, making five in all on this photograph, besides the sitter. Can you discover it? And can you puzzle out a seventh and an eighth face, besides that of the sitter, in *Fig. C*, the photograph of Mr. X.'s father? They are there!

Fig. H—A Fair Anonyma and her Attendant Spirit.

When I received these two photographs, at Prescott, Arizona, in January of this year, I thought they looked familiar, and I was sure I could identify the artist. I had some years before seen the same handiwork in the possession of my brother, Medical Director S. F. Coues, U. S. Navy; and some time before that had seen pictures like these in a large miscellaneous lot owned by a certain camel-swallowing ghost hunter in Washington, D. C. Among them were ghost pictures of George Washington, obviously taken from one of his best known historical portraits, and others as obviously reproducing that wood-cut of "Lydia Pinkham," whose medical advertisement, in half, if not all, the newspapers in the United States, has familiarized everybody with her features! The following March I was in Chicago, and found that Colonel Bundy had a literal "rogue's gallery," (the rogue

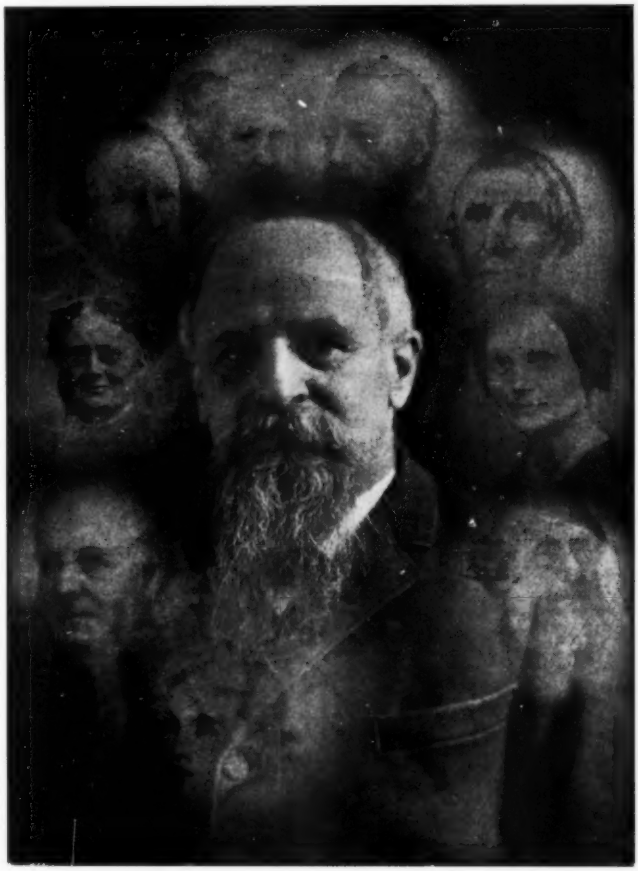
being the artist) of a dozen or more photographs identical with these two of mine, in every particular of style and make, and certainly by the same hand. The artist is a fellow calling himself "Dr." William Keeler, who operated for years in Boston and elsewhere. I have seen him perform some of his cabinet tricks in Washington. He has a brother, styled "P. L. O. A." Keeler, who has long lived comfortably in Washington, on a varied repertory of tricks, which includes the slate-writing trick, the cabinet materialization trick, and a peculiar modification of the latter, which he works to great advantage, but which it would take too long to describe here. I was therefore not surprised, after I had made this identification of the Keeler frauds, to receive, at Chicago, the following letter from my friend X——:

"CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA,
March 15, 1892.

"*Dr. Coues*—DEAR SIR: In regard to those photos, my brother says that the artist's name was *Keeler*, and that he was located on Dover street, near Shawmut avenue (in Boston). * * * The photos were taken six or seven years ago. * * * I am, yours, etc., W—— X——."

Dropping Keeler now, let us take up another candidate for our own rogue's gallery. *Fig. E* resembles *Figs. C* and *D*, but has a style of its own, particularly as to the grouping of the faces about the sitter's face, and the management of the halation of light around them. Besides the eight heads arranged around the sitter, there are several others imprinted on his coat, as in the Keeler pictures. The sitter I do not know, neither do I recognize any of the "ghost" faces. Perhaps some reader of the magazine may be able to identify one or more of them. They are likely to be the portraits of several now or lately living persons, taken from actual photographs of these persons, or else from prints in some periodical. This photograph is the work of one "Dr." Stansbury, late of San Francisco, late of Chicago, late of elsewhere. The first and last time I saw him was at Onset Bay, Mass., in the summer of 1889. He had a sign out "From here to heaven by telegraph," or something to the same effect, advertising some huggermugger business he worked inside, though his forte just then was the production on closed slates of spirit messages and spirit drawings in colored pencils, said drawings being prepared for him by a confederate who lived on the same street. This swindler came to Chicago in or about 1888, practiced spirit photography for awhile, and then made over the trick of his trade to certain parties I shall speak of next. I should not have mentioned so obscure a scamp as Stansbury except for this connection of his with the operations of the Fosters. The balance of the lot of photographs in my hands, over twenty in number, consists: First, of Stansbury's frauds, like the one I have selected for illustration; second, of frauds perpetrated by Mr. F. N. Foster and wife, after learning the trick from Stansbury; third, of honest imitations of the Fosters' work, done by Mr. S. W. Fallis, of Chicago (residence, 587 West Ohio street, office Baker & Co., engravers, corner Clark and Monroe streets). With a letter of introduction from Colonel Bundy, I called upon Mr. Fallis, in Chicago, last April. He was very communicative, and told me all about these photographs, with permission to make such use of the information as I might wish. He spread before me perhaps fifty of his own make, similar in all respects to the Foster frauds. He laughed at the simplicity of the trick, at the same time stating that easy as an ordinary photographer might think it to be to produce just these effects, it was not so easy after all, unless one had learned how to manipulate the plates. But that is a matter of photographic technique into which, for obvious reasons, I do not intend to enter. My reader must rest upon my assurance that it is easy enough, si scias artificium, if you

"catch on." It is a matter of prepared plates, repeated exposures and peculiar management of the lights and shades. Any one can do it who can catch a live sitter for the center-piece, acquire a number of photographs or printed cuts of other people, and apply



Alleged Spirit Photos by Dr. Stansbury of San Francisco.

Mr. Fallis' methods of manipulation. To show how utterly worthless (as worthless as my friend (X——'s "recognition" of deceased relatives) are affidavits and the like in this case, I will adduce a printed statement lying before me, sworn and subscribed to before a notary public, by three persons, one of whom is Mr. Fallis himself. It is headed thus: "At the request of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster, special photographers, we held a STRICT TEST SEANCE with them, November 18th, 1888, of which we make the following statement:" The statement which follows, a page long, is so worded as to make it appear impossible that any fraud had been perpetrated—the pictures must

be of ghosts. On questioning Mr. Fallis about his signing such a statement, he explained to me how every word of it could be and was literally true, and yet the fraud could be perpetrated, as it in fact had been, on the very persons who subscribed the affidavit; he simply had not learned the trick then. But he soon found it out for himself, and produced a great many pictures, just like those with which the Fosters cheated their customers, for the amusement of himself and his friends. The public exposure of the Fosters' fraud followed promptly in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and doubtless in other papers.

The very large series of the Foster shams, and of the Fallis imitations in good faith of these shams, which I have inspected, enables me to speak with absolute confidence. Here are hundreds of faces of historical personages, authors, artists, actors, soldiers, reformers and others of the world's great people, all taken from known printed pictures, and all recognizable by those who have seen their portraits or have known the originals in life. Here are scores of ordinary mortals, some lately dead perhaps, but some certainly alive still, and all retaken as ghosts from their ordinary photographs. Here are Lowell and Longfellow—here Thackeray and Byron. Here is Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, whom I have known for years, whom I met in San Francisco last December, and who was very much alive last March when she had that dreadful time with a wicked newspaper man in Kansas City, Missouri. Here I find my quondam friend, Mr. McDonald, formerly of Chicago, whom I last saw walking down the street in Washington, some months ago. One venerable "ghost," whose name I have forgotten, though Mr. Fallis gave it to me, appears repeatedly with his flowing, patriarchal beard; he was evidently kept in stock to do duty as the deceased ancestor of numerous customers. Here on one of the fraudulent pictures, along with the standard graybeard just mentioned is the ghost-photo of the saint-like Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a noted character in her day, taken from the cut on page 399 of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1882, illustrating the article entitled "Some Worthies of Old Norwich!" Here is Adelaide Varese Pedrotti, taken from the cut on page 696 of the *Century Magazine* for March, 1882, illustrating the article "Opera in New York," by Richard Grant White. Mrs. Austin is here, too, from page 694 of the same article. Here, again, is Parepa Rosa, from the cut on page 199 of the *Century Magazine*, for June, 1882. Here, once more, on a bogus photo, by Foster and wife, taken in 1888 in Chicago, is the portrait of the ghost of the "Indian maiden, Marquette," from the cut on page 339 of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1882*. She appears in company with a Mr. G. S. Hubbard, an old Chicagoan who died recently, but was alive when he sat for the photo from which this portrait of his ghost was taken, and with three other ghosts who hover about the actual sitter, the latter being a Mr. Dresslein of Chicago. But why protract these desultory remarks? They only occur to me as my eye roams over the rogues' gallery that nearly covers my desk. Space presses and I have yet to call the reader's attention in particular to two "spirit" photographs, which I select from the lot as good examples of the whole.

Fig. F is an egregious fraud perpetrated by Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster in Chicago, in 1888. The actual sitter is a Mr. Martin of the firm of Case & Martin, pie-bakers, corner Wood and Walnut streets, Chicago. He is supposed to be surrounded by his "spirit-band" of Indian "guides" and "controls." Now, if the patient reader will turn to the *Century Magazine* for August, 1882, he will find, on page 526, an

*Col. Bundy was put on the track of these published originals by a friend who took unwearied pains to hunt over old files of magazines for the purpose. He handed the magazines themselves to me. They are before me as I write, and I have examined and verified each reference.

interesting article entitled "An Aboriginal Pilgrimage," in which my excellent friend Mr. Frank H. Cushing and the Zuñi Indians, which, as everybody remembers, he exhibited all over the country, are written up by my other friend Sylvester Baxter. On page 528 stands Cushing at full length in the Indian tog he affected on occasions of ceremony; and on pages following are the portraits of several Indians of the tribe of Zuñi, used by Foster and wife as the original of these "ghosts." The pretty female face, marked "1," over the pie-baker's right shoulder, is the same Maiden Marquette already mentioned in connection with a different photograph, as taken from *Harper's* for August, 1882, page 339. The hideous face which looms up over the head of Sitter Martin is simply an enlargement of a small portrait like any one of those of the other Indians. The enlargement leaves it irrecognizable, but has this advantage, that it clearly shows in the dotted lines, the marks of the tooling of the wood engraver, who executed the original of the cut from which it is copied! Sometimes I wonder which is the bigger fool in these cases—the sitter, sure to be cheated, or the operator, sure to get caught.

Fig. G is one of the great many pictures made by Mr. Fallis, in good faith for the purpose of exposing Foster's fraud, by showing how easily it could be imitated. It is beautifully executed. The sitter wears an immense rose on his chest, partly *over* his coat and vest, partly *under* his turned-down collar, verifying something that I explained earlier in this article about the relative positions of lighter and darker shades when superposed. Over his head is a spiritualized and very pretty face, artistically managed. The young man's face, marked "1," is that of one John Slater, a reputed medium, now or lately living. The face marked "2" is that of the noted medium, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, of whom I have already spoken, in connection with a different photograph. These, and all the rest of the "ghost" pictures are taken, as I need scarcely repeat, from actual photographs of the living sitters.

I cannot bring this article to a better close than by noting my own humble share in the line of promoting spirit photography. I happen to have, in Chicago, a young relative who shall be nameless, though he sometimes dabbles in amateur photography. This young gentleman has a young lady friend, and this fair Anonyma, no doubt, has a guardian angel somewhere in the spheres. After looking over my gallery of ghosts they seemed to be suddenly seized with a mutual idea, which caused their abrupt disappearance together. There is an amateur camera club, or something of that sort, in Chicago, I believe. At any rate, my young relative returned that day with the portrait of a very pretty girl, attended by a very nice spirit. I am not in the secret of this mysterious affair, and I would not tell if I were. But here (*Fig. H*), is the portrait, to speak for itself, and if the attendant spirit could do the same, perhaps we should hear the rest of the story.

YACHTING AROUND SAN FRANCISCO.

BY CHARLES G. YALE.

ON the Bay of San Francisco every Saturday and Sunday may be seen the white sails of the fleets of the local yacht clubs, and on board of these craft are the yachtsmen, whose chief enjoyment is away from the busy city where the breezes blow and the spray flies, free from care, and indulging in a sport which brings exercise, health and pleasure. To many, the simple mention of sailing brings thought of unpleasant motion and loss of appetite, with attendant discomfort in a general way. Those who are apt to get seasick can seldom be induced to go yachting, and as that class is a very large one, there are fewer yachtsmen at this port than one would suppose, in a place where there are such excellent facilities.

But those fond of the water, and with opportunity to indulge their tastes, are not apt to experience any disagreeable sensations while sailing. A calm is much more to be feared than strong breezes and rough seas, for the charm of yacht sailing is swift motion and the feeling of independence in the ability to come and go at will. The traveler on steamers or cars is tied to schedule time, and must start and arrive at certain prearranged and unchangeable periods. The yachtsman, on the contrary, starts when he gets ready, and stops where he pleases, and, while sailing, can change his mind if he wishes and go in any direction. This independence of action is pleasant to man in any sphere, and is one of the great features of certain outdoor sports, especially yachting. On a yacht a man is not troubled with baggage, hotels, porters, or other nuisances of travel, but has everything with him, always the same, changing only the locality.

Yachting in San Francisco bay is not indulged in upon the same scale as in the larger cities of the East. We have no very large vessels with uniformed crew, sailing master, etc., kept in commission at a cost of thousands a month. There are several sea-going yachts, however, with accommodations for a dozen or more guests and moderate crews, but in all instances the owners are the captains, and know how to handle their own boats.

The conditions here are hardly favorable for very large yachts, since, while the bay is large, the coves and rivers are shoal, and there is a limit to the inside sailing area. On the Atlantic Coast, the sounds and ocean are available in summer for yachting parties on even small yachts, for there the breezes during the yachting season are apt to be light, and, what is more to the point, the harbors are numerous and close together.

In these latitudes, the Pacific Ocean hardly deserves its name. Strong winds and heavy seas are the rule, and fogs are apt to prevail in the summer. Then to go outside the Golden Gate, the bar must be crossed, and that is not always pleasant. But even when across the bar and out in blue water, anywhere within a hundred miles of San Francisco, rough seas are more apt to be met with than anything else, and there is general discomfort unless in a good large vessel. And the worst of it is, no matter what the weather, there is no snug harbor under the lee where shelter may be sought. If one goes to the Farralones for a fishing trip, he cannot well anchor, and there is not the slightest shelter from the seas. Whatever comes must be met. True, the yachts go to Monterey Bay, but at either Monterey or Santa Cruz,

when at the anchorage, there is a constant roll and swash which cannot be avoided. And even those used to the sea sometimes get sick lying at anchor in a swell.

Then again outside or ocean sailing hereabouts, in summer, meets a drawback in the prevailing fogs with their attendant danger. There is not a single good harbor up the coast for some hundreds of miles, that is a quiet and safe one. The swell rolls around the point into Drake's Bay, and the lumber ports further up are all small and only protected from one side. Moreover, they are rocky and one must know them to venture in. Tomales Bay has an entrance which is not very safe and the bay itself is too shoal for deep draught boats.

To the south, the first place where a yacht can find shelter is Santa Cruz, and there they cannot go alongside the wharf to lie. They must anchor a short distance outside the surf where there is a constant swell. Of course, if a yacht goes as far south as the Santa Barbara Channel, fine cruising grounds will be found, but it takes time to go that distance. South of Point Conception, ocean sailing may be indulged in with comparatively small yachts, for the winds are lighter and seas smoother than north of that point. There are islands to be visited where there is good fishing, and the sailing thereabouts is delightful. At Santa Barbara there is protection from the northwest or summer winds; and at San Pedro there is good outside anchorage and an inner harbor. Of course at San Diego there is a beautiful bay completely landlocked. The various seaside resorts between Santa

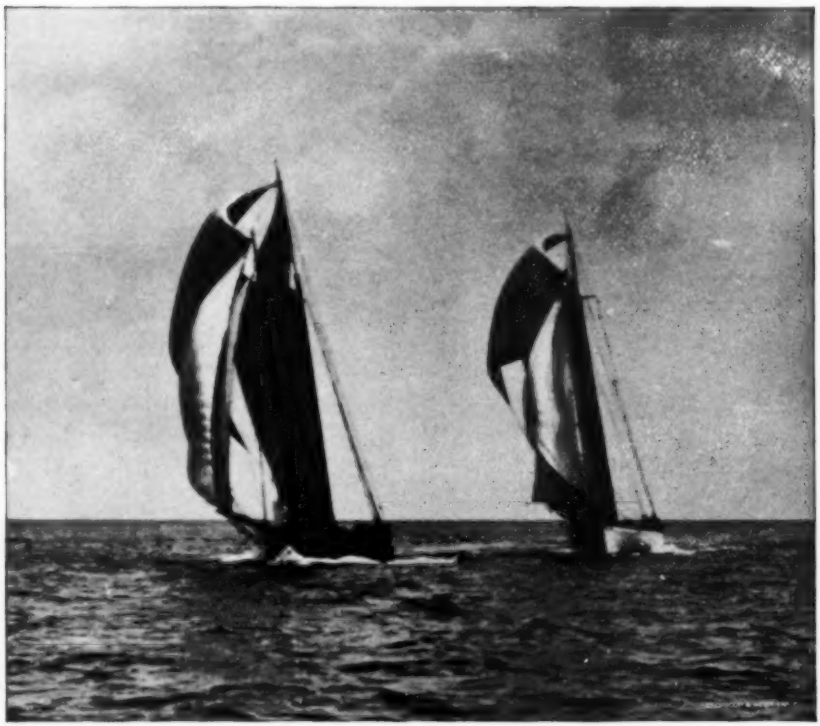
A Chinese "Yacht" following the Race.

Barbara and San Diego have mere roadsteads as "harbors" and are not much visited by yachting parties, owing to poor facilities for landing and exposed anchorage.

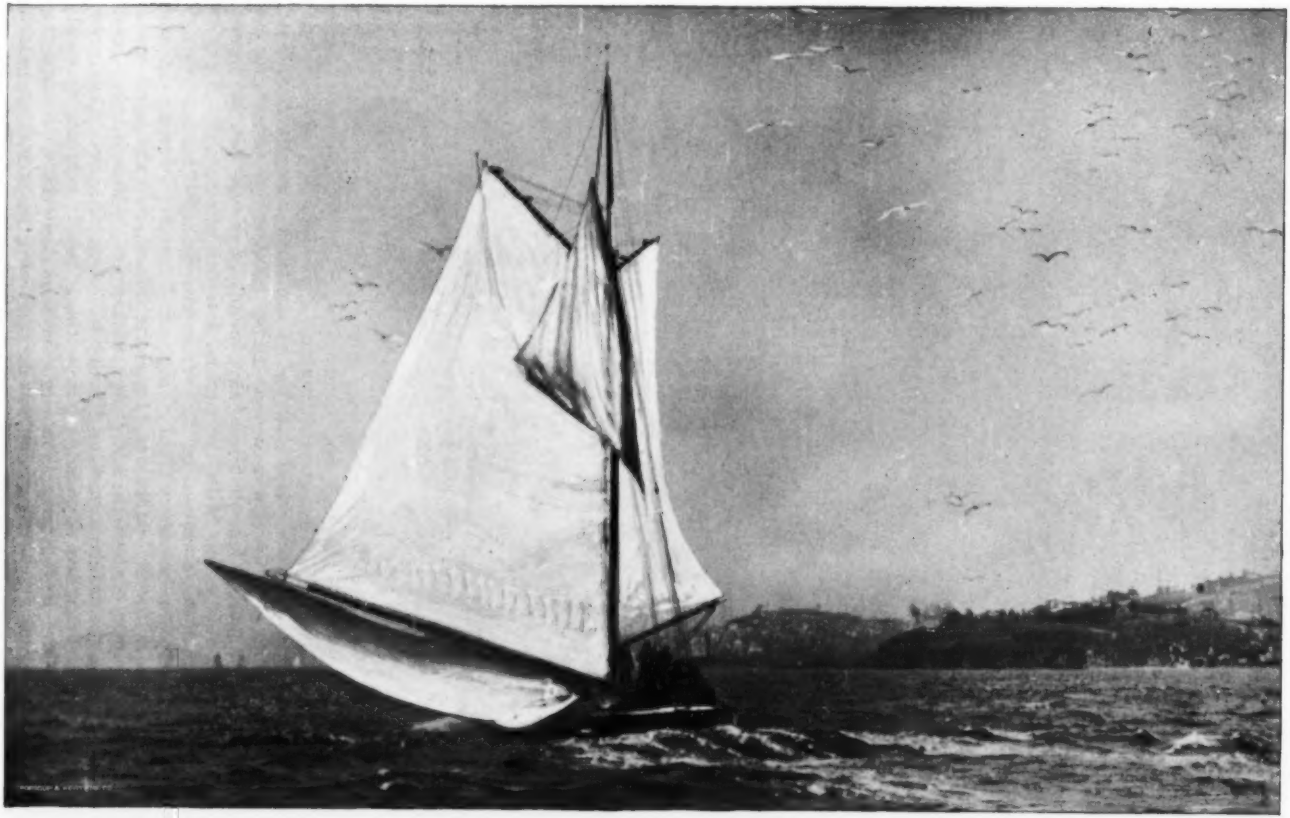
A few years ago, during the height of the boom in Southern California, a number of San Francisco yachts were purchased and taken down there, and some have since been built at the southern ports. Few of these, however, are kept as strictly private yachts, but may be chartered by sailing parties. There are some, though, which are used only by their owners for yachting. Most of the yachts along the coast, as far down as San Diego, fly the San Francisco Yacht Club flag, their owners being members of that organization.

It will be seen from what has been said that for good and sufficient reasons, ocean yacht cruising is not so popular on this coast as in the East. To speak truth, even on the frequent short cruises to Monterey Bay, the parties who go down on the yachts usually return by train, letting the "men" have the job of beating back against the wind and sea. The passage down before the wind is a very different thing from coming back against it, both in the matters of time and enjoyment.

But if the yachtsmen of the East have the advantage in the extent of



Nip and Tuck with everything set.



Before the Wind in a Race Back from the Heads.

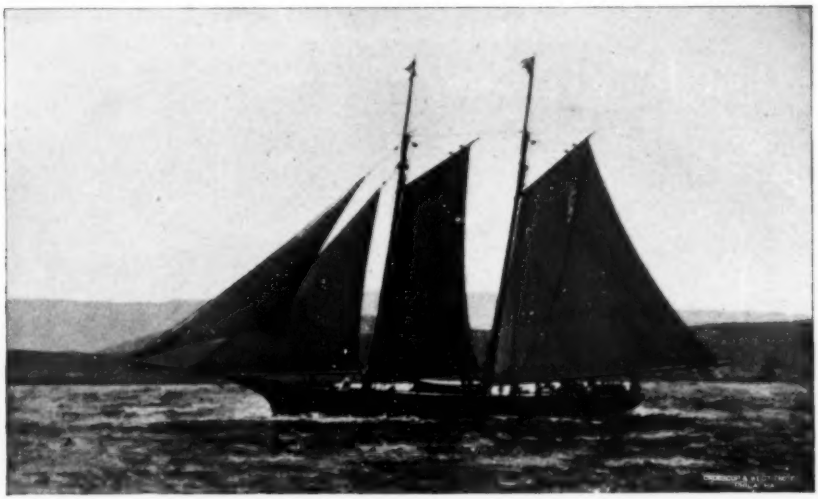
available cruising ground, over their California brethren, those here have some other favorable features not enjoyed on the Atlantic coast. There they are bothered with calms and light winds; while here the summer breezes are constant and strong all along the coast, at sea and in the harbors. Both in cruising and in racing there is with us seldom any lack of wind.

Our regattas are never, as often in the East, failures for want of wind. We usually have all we want and sometimes more. As a general proposition, in yacht racing, everybody wants more wind, no matter how it blows. But that we usually have plenty is shown by the fact that we do not fit out our yachts with the immense spreads of "balloon canvas," common in Eastern waters. Plain sail is the rule with us. Moreover, such is the strength of the local summer winds that the ordinary working sails of our San Francisco bay yachts are about one-third less in area than are used on yachts of corresponding size along the Eastern coast.

The Eastern yachtsman visiting here is apt, at first, to poke fun at the short spars and small sails he sees, having been accustomed to greater dimensions; but one or two trips across channel or down San Pablo Bay brings him to a realizing sense of the fact that craft sparred like the Eastern yachts could not sail here except with reefed canvas.

Several attempts have been made by enthusiasts who imported Eastern yachts, to make them carry sail according to the original spar-plan, but this has always had to be given up, and the sail area reduced. Our yachts, therefore, are not as handsome as those in Atlantic waters, for no such clouds of canvas can be spread to our summer winds.

The currents of the bay, too, are swift, and, when running in the opposite direction to the wind, a sea is "kicked up" which it takes good boats to stand. All over the lower bays these rapid currents prevail, especially on the ebb tide when the waters of the great rivers are added to the tidal flow. In Suisun and San

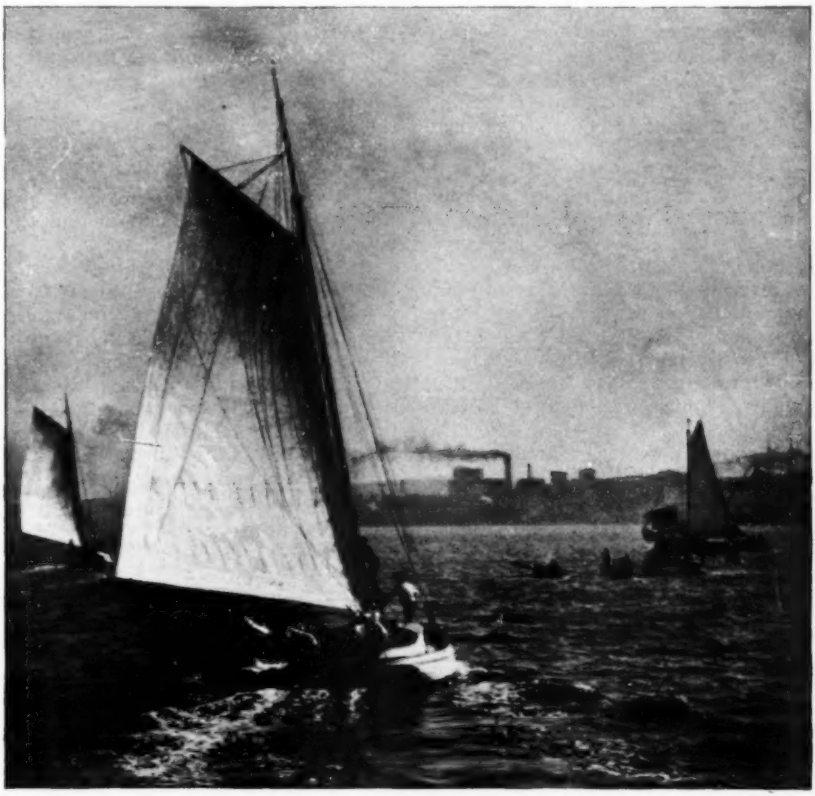


The "Casco" going through Golden Gate.

Pablo Bays it is always rough on the ebb when there is much wind; and in the main channel, between this city and the Marin county shore, the sea is too heavy for any but able boats. And on a foggy, windy afternoon people with no love for the water wonder what pleasure any one can take in sailing under such circumstances.

But after crossing the channel, from the city side, the wind is more tempered, coming across the land, and it is often calm in Raccoon Straits, or Richardson's Bay, while blowing freshly on this side. Then all along the Marin county shore up as far as San Rafael, or the Marin Islands, there are rocky points for fishing, or quiet coves for a lunch on the beach, much frequented by the yachtsmen.

The most frequent yachting occasion is the Saturday afternoon sail, remaining at some good anchorage all night, and returning next day. When a number of yachts go together they usually rendezvous at Mare Island or Martinez, and "try rate of sailing" from those places back to the club houses. This trip is never made in a day. In fact, it takes the



One of the Corinthian Yachts.

best part of a day to come down San Pablo Bay, especially for the smaller yachts.

Yachtsmen do not use the bay south of San Francisco to any great extent. The long stretch of water is bordered by marshes and shoals, and heavy squalls come in through the wind-gaps in the hills. There are no towns to visit on the bay shore, and the shore itself, being mere marsh, is unattractive.

The upper bays, rivers, creeks and sloughs are the most frequented, and each yachtsman has his favorite anchorage. The deep-draught boats must keep in the channels, but the smaller ones may go up the numerous sloughs and creeks in the marsh lands bordering the bay, and seek quiet retreats.

Corte Madera, San Rafael, Petaluma and Sonoma Creeks are only occasionally visited; but Napa Creek is a favorite resort of the yachtsman. The annual three-day cruise, on the holidays about the Fourth of July, is generally taken up Napa Creek. The yachts of the fleet race to Mare Island Navy Yard; the head ones there wait for the slower ones; and again they start for a race to Napa, taking the flood tide so as to reach their destination at high water. At Napa the yachtsmen and their guests ride, drive and have sports on the water, such as swimming and boat races. In the evening they have fireworks, a concert or a ball—for this is a ladies' cruise. Returning from Napa the yachts must be towed in line down nearly to Mare Island for the creek is too narrow to tack in and the wind draws ahead on the down passage.

The creeks or sloughs in the Suisun marsh are often visited in winter for the duck hunting, but in summer the mosquitoes keep the yachtsmen out in the open bays.

Cruises are often made up the river as far as Sacramento, or to the fruit ranches this side of that city. On the return trip, instead of coming back the same way, they can pass through Georgiana Slough into the Mokelumne River, thence into the San Joaquin River and back home past Antioch and New York Slough into the main bays again. This trip is a very pleasant one, but cannot well be made in less than a week. It is usually better to count on two weeks for any enjoyment.

The up-river cruises are pleasanter in the fall of the year, for then the nights are cooler and the mosquitoes are gone. The sailing, especially in that part of the Sacramento known as the "Old River," is delightful and in marked contrast to that experienced in the lower bays where the yachtsmen usually are. Up-river the winds get lighter, the water is smooth and the banks are fringed with trees. The surroundings are picturesque and only the time required prevents the trip being much more frequently made.

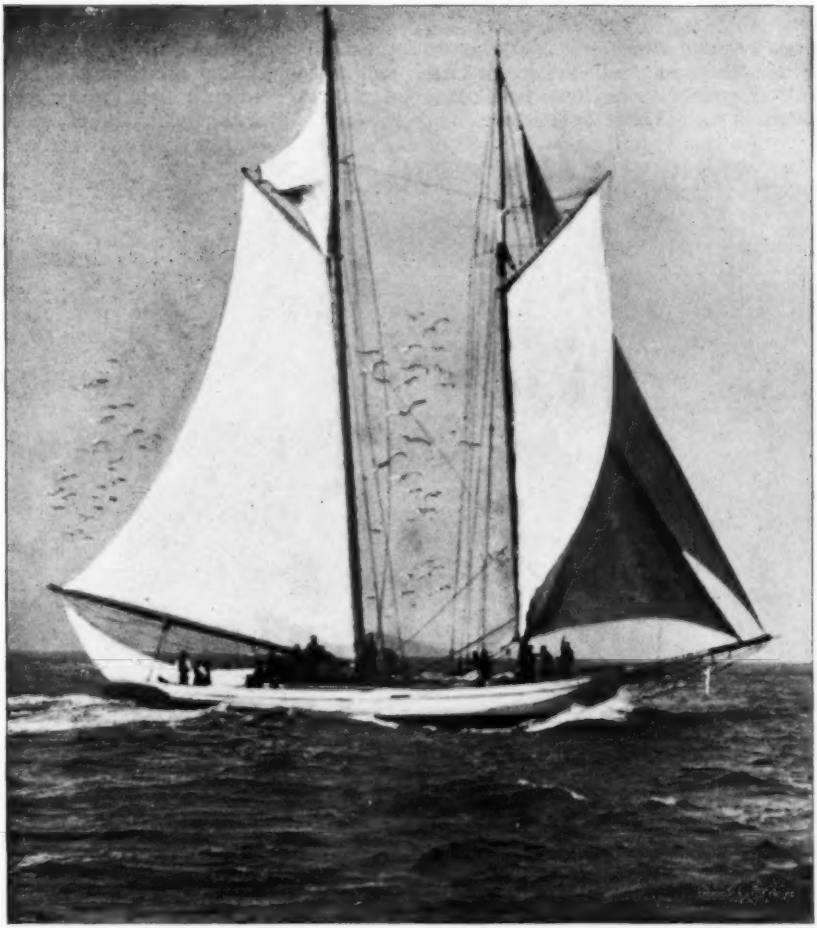
Yacht racing in San Francisco Bay, it must be confessed, is not as frequent as one would suppose from the number of ardent yachtsmen in these waters. The fact is, however, the general public takes little interest in the contests among the smaller yachts, which in reality make up the bulk of our local fleet. The owners themselves take the keenest interest in racing, but prefer a "tussle" with some boat of about even size to a general one where all sizes enter in different classes.

As to the large yachts it is a matter of so much additional expense to their owners to enter a regatta that they seldom do it. For a big yacht to prepare for an event of this kind entails an expense of five or six hundred dollars and even more. If she goes on the dry dock to clean as she must, of course, that alone costs one hundred dollars. Then there is the black-leading, new running rigging, overhauling, extra crew and a hundred and one items which go to make up a big bill in the end.

And what is more, the ordinary cruises and "scrub races" pretty definitely settle the relative sailing

qualities of the larger yachts, so that a set regatta is not really necessary to determine that; and the owners cannot see why they should spend so much merely to make a "spectacle" for the general public. Very naturally the man with the fastest of the big yachts is ready to enter the regatta but the others do not care to add to his glory particularly.

As a result, the general regattas which we formerly had here are fewer instead of more frequent. There are not so many big yachts either as there used to be. The yacht club which has the largest membership will admit no boats over forty feet in length, and by far the majority are much smaller than that. It is a proof of the position here taken on this subject



Coming in Wing and Wing from Fort Point.

that the older clubs to which the large yachts belong, have practically discontinued the feature of the annual regatta, while it is still maintained by the club with the most small yachts.

In fact, the longer one goes yachting the less he cares for racing and the more fond he becomes of cruising and a quiet time. A young man, new at the sport, will crowd his boat full of guests to his own and their discomfort. Those with the big yachts take very few guests at one time and prefer to go in company with no more than one yacht. The youngsters are rather apt to keep it up late at night and make considerable noise, while the old hands prefer a quiet chat or game of cards in the cabin and early retirement.

It is a mistaken impression to suppose there is much carousing and drinking on these yachting trips. Yachts are, of course, well provided with creature comforts, but guests who abuse them seldom get a second invitation for a cruise. The owners themselves have their yacht and friends to care for and are not apt, under such circumstances, to permit any over-indulgence. Excitement enough may be obtained in sailing in the fresh wind, and with competing yachts, to make one pretty tired after a day's trip spent entirely in the open air without adding that which liquor gives.

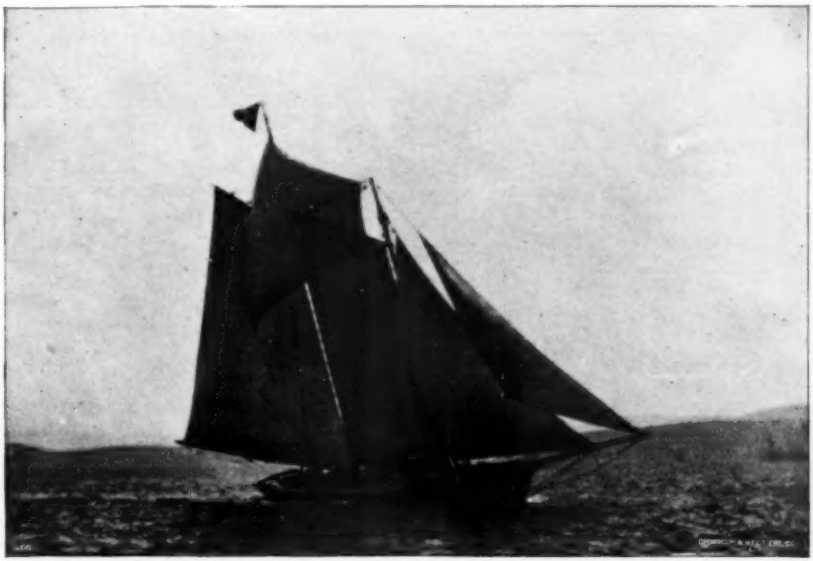
A Mosquito Regatta on the Bay.

Occasionally what are known as "Mosquito regattas" are arranged here in which all sorts of sailing craft compete, but none very large. Among these are small yachts, Italian fishing boats, whitehall boats and ships' boats. They are arranged in classes and there is more excitement than when only a few yachts come in. Usually there are seventy-five or a hundred competitors, and all sorts of queer craft and queer rigs make their

appearance. It has been impossible to get any of the Chinese fishermen to enter these races although a few of their boats appear around the course, looking on. The great interest in these mosquito regattas centers in the ships' boats, each ship in the harbor sending a boat with a picked crew.

As to types of yachts in use here they differ somewhat from those in other waters, but only in matter of detail. In the Eastern States, of late years, they have adopted the English cutter style, narrow and deep, with outside lead keels. Most of our boats here are broad and comparatively shoal, built with the design of carrying sail well in strong breezes and lumpy sea. We have adopted the outside lead ballast, but still stick to the centerward type generally. The very large yachts are keel boats, but by no means narrow, as are cutters. The coves alongshore are so shoal here that the deep type of boat does not flourish. There is only one real narrow deep-keel cutter of the standard type in San Francisco Bay.

The largest yacht ever built here was the *Casco*, ninety-six feet over all. She is a keel boat with outside ballast, and schooner rigged. This vessel carried the San Francisco Yacht Club flag down to the South Seas twice, the last occasion being when Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, sailed in her for six months in those waters. This was the longest ocean cruise ever made by a San Francisco yacht, the others being only coasting voyages. On the death of the owner of this yacht she was sold for a sealer, no one caring to maintain a pleasure vessel of that size here.

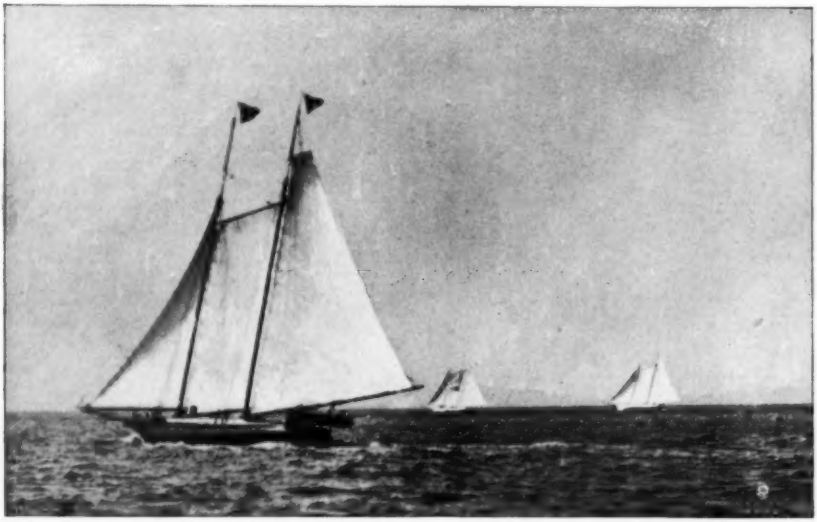


The "Lurline," Flagship of the Pacific Yacht Club.

Of late years the small launch, using gas or naphtha for power, has become popular to some extent, and there is one electric launch in the bay with a storage battery. There are also a few steam launches used

for pleasure purposes, but no regular steam yacht of any size is kept here. The winds are so constant and steady during the sailing season that sails keep steam in the background in these waters.

The yachting season here extends from April to October inclusive, and the boats are only laid up in the winter because there is then so little wind. Of course we never have ice or snow here, so that sailing can be indulged in all winter if one has time. Several of our large yachts have been kept in commission month in and month out for many consecutive years. In winter, however, it sometimes takes three days to get to a place where the summer winds would take one in as many hours.



The "Chispa," Flagship of the San Francisco Yacht Club.

There are only four yacht Clubs in this bay—the San Francisco, Pacific, Corinthian and Encinal. There are numerous sailing clubs calling themselves yacht clubs, but which are not such. A couple of dozen young men organize and hire a water-front plunger or sloop once a month, and, through ignorance, call themselves a "Yacht Club." There are really sailing or yachting clubs. It is among this class of people that the boating accidents occur which get into the papers as "Accident on a Yacht." Some of these clubs quit sailing after one season and give parties thereafter, but still retain the name "Yacht Club." The water-front parties often bring discredit on yachts and yachtsmen, much to the latter's disgust. They overcrowd the boats and overfill themselves, and when anything untoward happens, the yachting fraternity have to bear the blame in the eyes of the public.

Both the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs have their houses and headquarters at Saucelito, and the larger yachts have permanent moorings there where they are kept during the week when not in use. At Tiburon the Corinthian Yacht Club has its headquarters and boathouse and a large fleet of small yachts is kept there. The Encinal Boat Club, a new organization which has lately

accumulated a large number of small yachts and sailboats, has its house on the Alameda shore, on the edge of the town of that name.

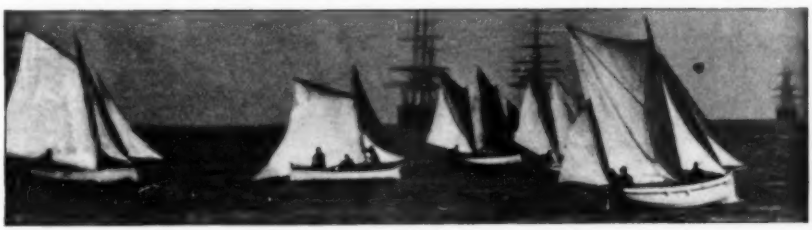
Each of these clubs has a distinct membership, set of officers and flag. Some yachts belong to several clubs with privilege of carrying which flag its owner prefers. The cost of membership of these clubs is small, the highest being fifteen dollars a year with no initiation fee.

Of course, to run a large yacht like the *Jessie*, *Lurline* or *Ramona* is a matter of considerable expense; but the smaller yachts such as fly the Corinthian flag are quite inexpensive to maintain. As a general rule the owners and friends not only sail the yacht, but paint and clean it and repair the craft and rigging; cook, wash the dishes, and do all the work of every kind. In this they find their enjoyment. In the larger yachts there are men to care for the yachts, do the work, cook, etc., the owner simply sailing the boat and giving orders. So it depends almost entirely on the size of the boat as to the expense of construction and maintenance. The term Corinthian implies a yachtsman who keeps no man, but does everything about the boat himself. And it is on this basis that most of the yachts in this bay except the larger ones are kept. It does not necessarily follow, therefore, as many suppose, that to be a yachtsman a man must spend a great deal of money.

In the early days of the settlement of this State very little attention was paid to yachting. There were in "the fifties" some small sailing craft for pleasure, but it was not until 1869 that a regular yacht club was organized. In that year the San Francisco Yacht Club came into existence, and in August the first yacht regatta ever held on this coast was sailed. On that day the *Emerald* (the winner) was sailed by John L. Eckley, the *Minnie*, by Dr. J. C. Tucker, the *Peerless* (belonging to R. L. Ogden) by Edwin Moody, the *Lotus* by the writer, the *Raven* by Henry Howard, and the *Zoe* by Mr. Williams. There have since been many regattas and matches. The boats built kept increasing in size for a time, but of late years many more small than large ones have been added to the fleet.

The Pacific Yacht Club, an offshoot from the San Francisco Club, was organized in 1879. The Corinthian Club followed, restricting the dimensions of the boats admitted so as to encourage small yachts. Now the Encinal Club has come to the front, also devoted to the small yacht interest. There is the best of feeling among the clubs and when any one announces an event the others are invited to take part and do so.

Finally all these clubs were forced to recognize the steam or gas launch and the rowing men and accommodations had to be provided for them. And so it seems that while the yachting interest in San Francisco Bay has grown and is growing, the dimensions of the boats which predominate, become smaller from year to year.



A Race with Ships' Boats.

THE BLACK ART IN HAWAII

BY REV. A. N. FISHER

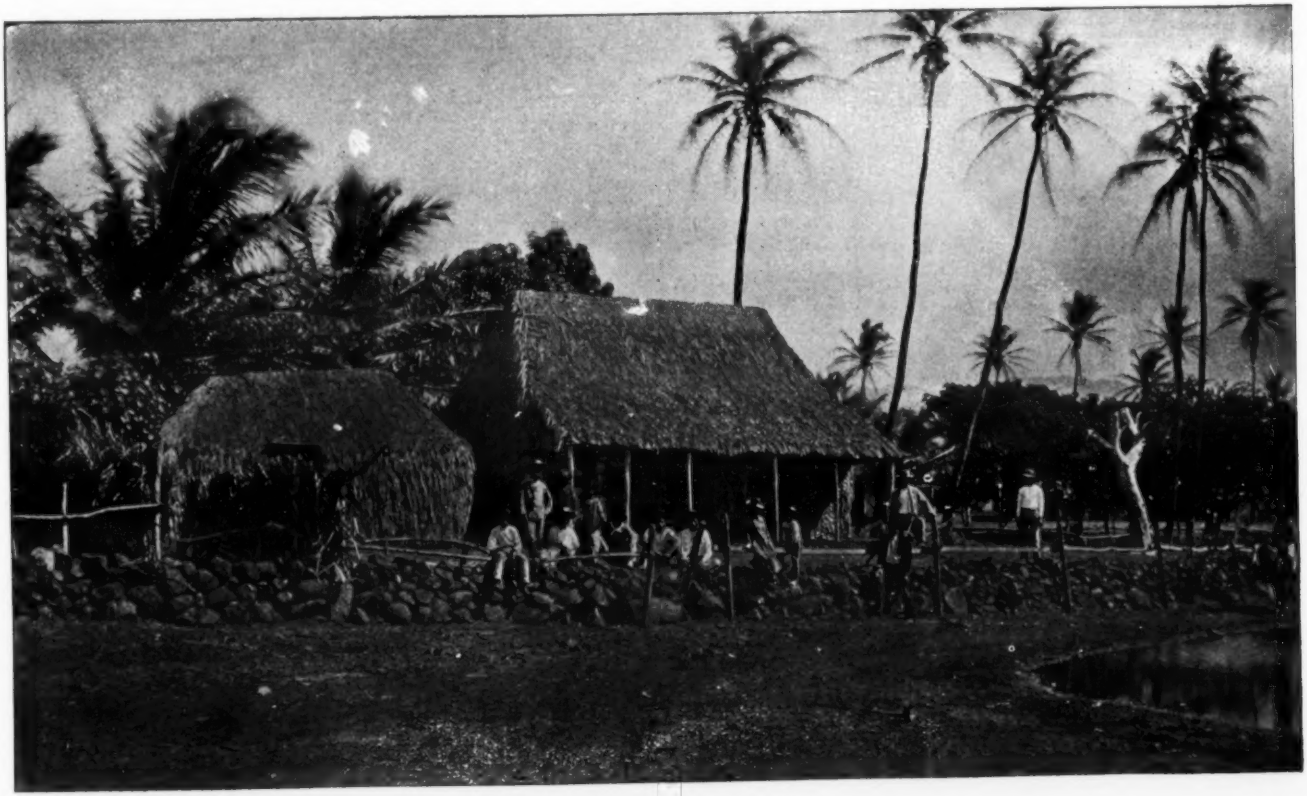
AFTER the Pali and the Palace and delightful Waikiki, the visitor at Honolulu, if in the least inclined to sociological inquiry, is apt to find his way to the penal institution of the kingdom whose popular name is derived from its location. In its exterior the prison on the reef will be found quite like similar edifices elsewhere, but its interior arrangement is unique. If I were of the criminal class I think I should confine predatory ventures to the Paradise of the Pacific. A semi-tropical climate enables superior provision for the confinement of convicts. In lieu of gloomy corridors all the cells open on a sunny court; and instead of the usual repellant dining-hall, in this court is an umbrella tree famous for its ample proportions beneath which prisoners discuss their daily *poi*.

But not less unique are the inmates of this prison. Thieves and murderers of the usual variety abound, but mingled with them are a mild mannered lot of rascals interesting as specimens of belated heathenism. In the hospital, for instance, might be seen not long since, a native of fine form lying at the point of death, of whom the physician declared there was nothing whatever the matter except a disordered fancy. He dies only because he thinks himself the victim of a distant and malign enchantment. And in thus taking his departure he will not be bulletined as having some strange thing happen to him. He follows a fashion set by his ancestors and to-day prevalent on all the islands.

Or there may be seen here a group like that recently brought from the obscure island of Lanai—ten persons, men, women and children charged with a triple murder. The details of their crime are horrifying, but they are in appearance gentle folks, quite out of place within prison walls. They are at once the agents and the victims of a delusion that has greatly helped to depopulate these islands. The principal figure among them is a woman who, aspiring to distinction as a Kahuna, or priestess of divination, in assertion of an assumed diabolical prerogative incited her family to aid in clubbing to death two children and an adult and nearly cremating a fourth victim. The incident is an unusual outbreak of fanatic violence, but it makes ghastly exhibit of the skeleton that hangs in the Hawaiian closet.

When the missionaries landed in Hawaii in 1820 they found a nation nominally without any religion. Six months before their arrival had occurred an event for which history affords no parallel. An elaborate system of idolatry that had for ages held universal sway had been abandoned by a people that knew nothing of any other faith. By royal edict, temples, idols and altars had been destroyed and the gods dismissed.

But the Hawaiians were pagans still, steeped in superstition and debased by heathen vices almost beyond hope of elevation. The story of the years that follow reads like fiction. Less than thirty years of Christian effort resulted in one of the most remarkable instances of national transformation ever witnessed. Churches and schoolhouses became as numerous and as well attended as in the heart of New England. The largest Christian assembly that gathered anywhere on the globe convened regularly in Hilo. Hawaii was pronounced as much entitled to be called Christian as the United States. Missionary aid was withdrawn, native pastors were placed in charge of the



Native Grass House in Waimea, Kauai, H. I.

pulpits of the land, and native missionaries were commissioned to other islands in other seas.

But as the years go by it transpires that the ancient religion has not entirely disappeared. The candid historian is compelled to admit that vestiges of the old faith remain to color and corrupt the new. Its gods are forgotten, its images are destroyed, its public rites are tabu, and to be called heathen is a disgrace, but Pele the goddess of the volcano, still has her fatuous devotees, fetiches are still furtively worn, and the Kahuna may be found in nearly every community in some respects the most powerful personality in the kingdom, by many more feared than the devil and more sought after than the Saviour of men. The system he operates is a potent factor in the politics of the country, it seriously interferes with medical practice, and by its salacious orgies it lowers the tone of public morals. It has never been fully written up, and perhaps never will be, since as Carlyle says of paganism in general, "It is a bewildering, inexplicable jumble of delusions, confusion, falsehood and absurdities."

An Ancient Idol

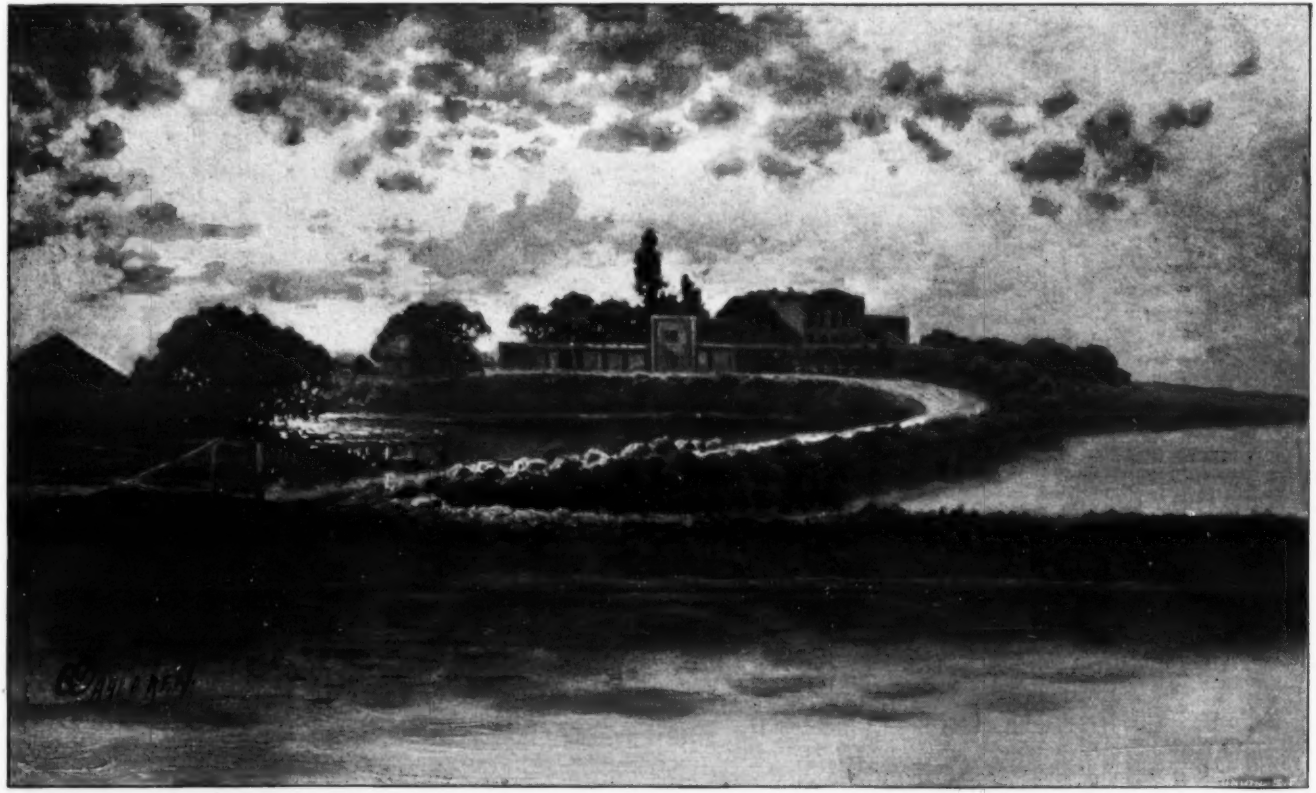
The office of Kahuna is with some, hereditary, tracing back to the ancient priesthood, and with others it is acquired by audacious charlatanism. It owes its popularity in part to the prevalent belief that the Jehovah of Scripture is but one among many gods, and that he concerns himself mainly with the souls of men, while other deities, gods of the sea and air and streams deal only with their bodies. These lesser gods are, as a rule, malevolent and busy themselves in making trouble. They are envious, jealous, spiteful and mean enough to vent their spleen on helpless humanity.

There are also in the Hawaiian pantheon demi-gods and meddlesome demons that delight in getting inside of people to the instant discomfort of their unwilling hosts. Most of the aches and pains that native flesh is heir to are by the superstitious ascribed to supernatural origin, and it is the office of the Kahuna to diagnose the difficulty, and placate the disgruntled god or expel the disturbing demon, as the case may be. He is a thrifty thaumaturgist and proportions his fees to the imperative nature of his services. He employs charms and incantations and in difficult cases will smear the patient with unnamable filth to disgust and drive away the devil that cannot be wheedled into abdication. He will bless a fetich to be worn next the person, or kill a white chicken or a red fish and eat it raw with the patient. Stones of peculiar shape and pieces of wood cut in fantastic form are deemed potent prophylactics and certain preposterous decoctions are used as remedial agents.

The Kahuna as a medical practitioner is under legislative ban, but he nevertheless manages to contribute materially to the rapid decadence of the race. In 1820 the native population was one hundred and sixty thousand, and in spite of the fact that the Hawaiians are an exceptionally prolific people, it now numbers only forty thousand. The death rate is excessive, and is due in part to the fact that the physician is often ignored in the interest of the Kahuna, and that when called he can never be sure that his medicines are not thrown out of the window and some devil's broth substituted for them.

An Ancient Idol

The Kahuna also poses as Sir



"The Reef"

Oracle. His supposed commerce with the gods entitles him to be consulted on occult themes, and while he lacks the sagacity essential to notable success as a seer, an occasional augury is scored to his credit. A recent instance is related in connection with the late King's visit to this country. A celebrated Kahuna residing on Molokai, the island famous as the abode of a colony of lepers, is said to have warned against the journey on penalty of a fatal issue. On a second application it was conceded that the eating of a piece of a certain rock might ensure a safe trip. But His Majesty took counsel with himself, as holding higher rank in the profession, and refused to swallow either the stone or the warning and went forward to his fate. It probably little affects the comments of the credulous that medical authority regarded the trip as perilous.

An Ancient Chief, showing Feather Head Dress

Some members of this uncanny vocation claim to have superior spirits in their employ, "Aumakuas," ancient heroes and the "Akuahoonanna," messenger gods that fly to and fro on their errands. Natives will tell you that they have seen them in spectral drapery, flying through the night. They are supposed to be a terror to lesser spirits and the reputation of being able to order their goings affords enviable distinction.

But the average Kahuna is not content to be known merely as a wizard. He aspires to serve in his community as an agent of reprisal. He assumes to have power over human life and sedulously seeks the reputation of having compassed the death of somebody. He will have but a meager following unless he demonstrates friendly relations with some powerful god who enables the practice of murder as a fine art. He usually begins his career by despatching some relative or dear friend. He makes a study of poisons that will operate and make no sign, but resorts to them only when means more conclusive of skill in diabolism have failed. The first man hanged in the kingdom was a chief who proved a bungler as a Kahuna. He tried his art on his wife, but she was slow to yield to his enchantments and he resorted to poison and failed to conceal his methods.

The success of the Kahuna as a private executioner is due in part to the unquestioning credulity of the people, and in part to the astonishing influence exerted by the native imagination. The unenlightened native looks with awe upon the reputed sorcerer and readily concedes the claim of supernatural functions. And so intimate is the relation between mental state and physical condition that when a native makes up his mind that he is going to die, his early departure is assured. If, for instance, he learns that a Kahuna of acknowledged skill has undertaken to contrive his death, he regards himself a doomed man, and meekly proceeds to make his exit. It is to this fact that the threat of having an opponent "prayed to death" which sometimes concludes a violent quarrel, often amounts to more than the mere vaporing of impotent wrath. "Anaana" is a strange sort of revenge, but instances of its successful employment are known in every large community. Of course, the victim is duly informed of the frequency and urgency of the Kahuna's devotions, and in proportion as the intercession waxes fervent, the subject of his prayers, if true to precedent, grows feeble, until at length the services of the undertaker are required.

This process is now and then employed to affect affairs of state. In recent years at least one of the nobility in the line of succession to the throne is popularly believed to have been thus removed. Three futile attempts of this kind were made on the life of his late majesty, Kalakaua, who regarded himself invulnerable through protection of a god more powerful than any that could be enlisted against him.

Natives of Hawaii

There is another method of reprisal quite as effective but more common in earlier times than now. "Catching the spirit" is possible only to a conjurer of exceptional ability. It is based on a bit of Hawaiian philosophy that is very like Bacon's theory of two souls, or Kant's "inexplicable mystery." Man is supposed to be a dual spirit. One part of him is of itinerant tendency, and the other part is a keeper at home. The existence of both is essential to life. If anything serious is believed to have happened to the peripatetic soul, the native regards the resident spirit as fatally injured, and promptly proceeds to expire.

This mode of murder by proxy has in it an element of the dramatic. The Kahuna, who for a large fee consents to act as the agent of revenge, invites his employer to witness its execution. He sends out a spirit trained as a kind of invisible bunco steerer to entice within his reach the unsuspecting spirit of the proposed victim. With an air of mystery that would do credit to any civilized clairvoyant, he announces the arrival of the unwary spook; he makes a quick clutch in the air; he closes his hand with all his might; a squeak of pain is simulated;

the hand is opened and on the palm a spot of blood attests lethal success. The victim is told how it has fared with the pilgrim part of him, and as in duty bound he straightway begins to pine. Argument usually fails to persuade him that he does not belong with the silent majority, and he stands not upon the order of his going.

Another popular mode of mischief is based on a tradition relating to an ancient fiend called Kalaipahoa, whose image as formerly seen in heiaus of the kingdom, was an embodiment of all that is ferocious. His ample jaws are set with shark's teeth, and his hideous features are designed to express all conceivable ugliness of disposition. He is the god of revenge and the wood of which his image was made is reputed poisonous. By a transposition that jumbles nearly all pagan traditions, his malefic reputation is confused with that of his sister, who is said to have entered a certain tree growing on Molokai, the wood of which is now known by the name of the god, and is the agent by which he works harm. Scrape it and blow the dust toward an enemy saying, "*E Kalaipahoa e, e oe e pepehi ia mea!*" "O Kalaipahoa, go thou and destroy!" and the foe is doomed unless he happen to be possessed of another piece of wood "Kauila," that is an effectual counter charm.

Objects of Superstition.

As already intimated this relic of barbarism presents a repulsive aspect of indecency. Very many of its adherents are doubtless reputable members of society, whose only contact with the system is at the point where it ministers to disease. But as in demonism everywhere, there are lower

depths in which lewdness revels. A lascivious dance, the "hula hula," is practiced at its instance, and secret conclaves of unsavory repute are alleged to be held under its auspices.

Charles Kingsley calls superstition "the ugliest child of blind dread of the unknown." It were an interesting study to trace the resemblance between this of Hawaii and that of other lands. A glance at the annals of delusion reveals that some phases of Kahunism are paralleled in the beliefs of the most cultured nations of the ancient world. Its generic postulate that good and evil are alike the work of deities obtains in most primitive religions.

> "Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
> The source of evil one, the other good."

The demonology of Hawaii was quite universal in early and mediæval times and does not essentially differ from that phase of it that affords "the saddest chapter of the world's annals," the story of witch finding and witch burning in the old world and the new, when, as Sprenger computes, nine million persons were burned at the stake. Its doctrine of disease demons finds place in Grecian literature, and its theory of counter charms has obtained among lofty and lowly in all lands.

It is a far cry from Pliny, the Roman naturalist, to a modern Kanaka, but alike they regard a small round stone an amulet of great price. That of the sage must have a hole in it, and be found in an eagle's nest; that of the savage must be smooth and of the size of a cherry, and must by weird incantations be made "*kane o ka poha kaa*." But in the nineteenth century and in a country so thoroughly evangelized as Hawaii, and where illiteracy is scarcely known, such a system as is here partially described is an odious anachronism. Probably but for two causes contributing to its permanence it would have long since ceased to claim public attention. The history of the church in Hawaii demonstrates that native pastors, with the taint of heathen heredity still upon them, cannot be trusted to successfully oppose latent idolatry. And the history of the State demonstrates that deliverance of the people from the spell of the sorcerer may be much helped or hindered by the occupant of the throne. Some of the Kamehamehas ably promoted the advance of civilization, but there have been kings who, although Christian in profession, were heathen in practice. The emergence of a people from barbarism will be but slow when their ruler aspires to be chief of the Kahunas. Better progress is looked for under the reign of Her Majesty Liliuokalani who is believed to seek the highest welfare of her vanishing race.

A CALIFORNIA LOAN EXHIBITION.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

COULD we secure as loans the actual objects which have figured most prominently in the world's history, it does not follow that an exhibition of them would be inspiring. The apple which Paris held in his hand, miraculously preserved, would be of doubtful interest in the presence of the sculptured one. We really prefer the loan of Lord Buddha's philosophy to the possible possession of even two of Lord Buddha's teeth. What advantage could result from the enthusiasm of one who should actually secure a hair of the great Cham's beard? On the other hand, everyone knows the sudden illumination of history or archæology which may come from the corresponding patterns of armor or lace, the inscription of a sword blade, the contemplation of the ruff or jabot of some great one of history who is thus connected with others not equally great, perhaps, but with corresponding ruffs.

Anything really Californian is presumptively interesting.

The state possesses, in the last degree, that volatile essence, that *bouquet*, called local flavor and color, in which Europe finds the highest of all attributes.

Our differentiation from the world is what delights it.

Innumerable are our own legends, which may be told under the old date palms of San Diego of Alcalá, without borrowing romance from Arabia or Ispahan. The collecting and loaning of such legends and traditions is as legitimate as that of arrow heads and copied pictographs, baskets and pottery.

Of these, none is oftener found in the hearts and on the lips of the people than that which connects the coming of both Father Serra and his beloved Juan Crespi with the wild roses of the arroyos, which they both called Castilian, and which to both, after the barrenness associated with Lower California, foretold a glorious destiny for the packages of seeds stored away with such loving prescience, in the ship *San Carlos*, already first at the rendezvous of San Diego.

Even now, amid all the coloring of Papa Gontier, the dizzy heights of the Lady Banksia, the incredible stems of La France, the seven-and-a-half inches of diameter of Paul Neyron, the Mexican will say, smilingly, "Father Serra and Father Crespi saw all that as they came."

Let us learn to associate roses and mission and padre as he does. It is such legends which have given rise to the lily on the florin and the device of the Plantagenets.

But how, until literature and art come, and the greatest studios of the world, promised us by so many observing travelers, are really to be found in our printed directories?

By the printing press and photography. We have Father Serra's first California letter, dated at San Diego; we have the crumbling mission walls and the arroyos are still a tangle of roses. We must put them together as best we may.

If photography be at its best but accurately recorded posing, then we must perforce be satisfied with comparing the relative willingness and capacity of Spaniard, and Chinaman, Indian and American for posing—and study it as a human attribute — until art comes. Great, in the last decade, is our indebtedness to the camera, which has fought gallantly with the destructive rainy season for the possession of crumbling

mission arches and the ramadas of Indian jacals, even as memories, of a past which is never to return.

Grave ethnological possibilities lie in this same camera.

If composite photography be valuable for getting the average of college class, or a given profession, is there not some one ambitious enough to secure a composite photograph of each American State, made up of all representative classes in due and accurate proportion, based upon the latest census returns? Forty-four such photographs recombined in one, might give us the counterfeit presentment of America herself, or the characteristic American face.

We instinctively look to Mr. Bancroft to fitly represent us in bibliography, books, maps, charts, historical prints, documents and portraits. We can but hope his publishing house will find it advisable to separately issue such prints and portraits as shall familiarize us with all our attainable kings, viceroys, visitadores, governors and father presidents. We need to know easily at sight Carlos III and Fernando VII, the Marquis de la Croix and Bucareli, Galvez and Serra, with any of the picturesque line of governors from Portola to Pio Pico—Fagis, Neve, Sola, Borica, the Indian Victoria and Manuel Micheltorena. Perhaps the clever and clean-cut scheme of Mr. de Young will include medallions of such, as part of the mural decoration at Chicago.

The Ruined Mission of San Diego.

Of Padre Junipero we have no less than three accepted portraits, to which we are inclined to add all possible mnemonics; his stirrup and stole, vinagera and scapula, miraculous cup and midnight mass, signature and rúbrica, the stone with which he beat his breast and the torch with which he burned it, even his literary style and assuredly his history.

Is it too late to appeal to the church

of San Fernando in Mexico, where Doña Mariana, kneeling by distressed Don Antonio, confesses to staring helplessly at the genealogical tree in which, like miraculous blossoms, were the faces of all the monks who had been sent into California?

The Committee of a Loan Association must expect preliminary disheartening days, in which there seems nothing to collect, and must also be prepared to deal intelligently with the embarrassment of riches, which in most cases is the final outcome of

Padre Junipero Serra.

(From the Schumacher crayon.)

The old maps and charts collected by Mr. Bancroft would bring back the discovery of America like nothing else. Here we might study the "great rivers," the straits of Anian, and ourselves as the island kingdom which ranked with Atlantis and Lapota.

well-directed effort and the selection of what is best from the walls and cabinets of even average collectors.

The question of arrangement is sure to divide the working force into two opposing factions; those who are in favor of what is usually considered

classification, and a catalogue raisonné, and those who prefer happy rapports of light and shade, texture, suggestiveness or association, and to whom the proverbial profanity resulting from bringing certain colors together, is more truly shocking than chronological lapses or errors in such classification. Working upon the by-many-despised basis of a scheme of color, the latter find "Pompadour," "Turkish," "La Vallière," or "Greek" effects in that concourse of atoms which is fortuitous or foreordained according to the point of view. To some people the synthetic coming together of the pinks in the draperies of a Tanagra figurine, a Japanese kimona, a Rose du Barry saucer, the sketch of an adobe wall under the blue sky of Los Angeles, or of a villa in Italy, a spray of fresh wild roses, or a bar of matched pearls, is of more importance in such an exhibition as we are considering, than the rigorous analysis which relegates each object to its own department and catalogue number under an inexorable head.

Vinagera from Carmelo.

(Used by Padre Junipero.)

The working plan of the association mentioned in a previous article was founded on the division of the building (the unfinished Public Library which was the beneficiary of the Loan Exhibition) into separated departments, Alaskan, Russian, Oriental, Historical, Ceramic, etc., and the massing of all relevant and characteristic material in each of these. The orchestra was drilled to furnish a leit-motif for each department, this leit-motif being selected somewhat by caprice. "The Scarlet Sarafan"

services for Russia, Partant pour la Syrie, for the Orient (built upon the roof top of the others), and Kennst du das Land? for California itself.

At sharp half-past three, the "Rakoczy March" was given as a compliment to the excellent Hungarian orchestra and for purposes of general inspiration. Even Jacinta Serrano may have learned to expect it when the conductor's bow was uplifted, and what has been called "the electric shiver" started from his violin and made a complete circuit of the departments.

This exhibition was further varied by a succession of special days, such as Children's Day, Forestry Day, etc., to the last mentioned of which the State Commission itself lent countenance. The floral favor given to each entering guest bore also its own relevancy to such days, of which lemon and orange blossom, pink Castilian roses, acacia and palm branches were each in turn "for remembrance." On Chinese Day the decorations were of bamboo and hibiscus; ropes of Canton shawls were stretched across the entire building; mottoes and "sentiments" contributed by the thoroughly interested Chinese themselves, fluttered from the balconies; Gautier's Chinoiserie and "Tea Sonnet," printed on softly imperfect Chinese paper in clouded vermilion, yellow and tea shades, formed the souvenir of the day, and a Nankin rose its flower favor; while a native orchestra gave a music program composed by and for lost souls.

On Children's Day, among other provisions for enjoyment, were a tour of the building in the Japanese jinrikisha, decorated and drawn by Captain Chittenden in full Indian costume, the reading of "The Pied Piper," the music of Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," and selections from Schumann's Kinderalbum, an opportunity for the critical examination of savage dolls and archæological toys and the discussing of creams molded into pink elephants, pistacio parrots and white mice.

Forestry Day was celebrated by the distribution of trees contributed by the State Board of Forestry, each tree to be planted as a memorial of the day. In an earlier exhibition the poem of Keramos, with illustrations of pottery, was read by a young member of the Washington bar whose memory is still held in loyal remembrance.

On California Day nothing was more charming than the reading of Mr. Harte's "Concepcion de Arguello" as a meeting point for the Hispano-Mexican and Russian Departments. The episode of Count Rezanoff and Concepcion (known among Spanish Californians as La Beata) may serve for entirely worthy comparison with that of Miles Standish and Priscilla, and furnishes an example of material for the international novel long preceding the era of Mr. Henry James. The portraits of these two, exhibited together at Chicago, would form a contribution acceptable to readers of the poem all over the world.

Such portraits exist, that of Concepcion in the Bandini branch of the Arguello family and that of Rezanoff in Russia, as we are told, the loan of the original not being, perhaps, beyond the bounds of consular influence and Russian courtesy. When the ladies of the Russian Department presented in San Francisco letters of introduction to the representative of his Imperial Majesty, the Czar, requesting the details of a correct Russian tea, that courteous official appointed a call at his own house, where, at a given signal, the doors were drawn back and the ladies of the consular household appeared in national costume, seated about the samovar, at a table appointed with special reference to the perplexities of their American guests. So charmingly do they do these things outside of France!

Russian courtesy was matched by that of Spain. A superb Spanish saddle, almost a piece of silverwork,

was left without card or clue at the director's door; old costumes, rebosas, spurs, sombreros, laces, embroideries, books, combs, mantas, girdles, fell upon the committees as out of the sky. Mr. Sutro, of the "cool and critical" north, was surprised and seemingly charmed with what he saw, expressed hearty satisfaction and lent genuine support.

All methods like those suggested, for varying the succeeding days of a Loan Exhibition held on California soil are legitimate and all possible outside material for comparison should be gratefully accepted. Royal Danish terra cotta and Royal Egyptian cups of Nile clay may be exhibited in company with aboriginal American pottery not always or necessarily to the advantage of "Ipsen's widow." Klamath spoons of deer-horn with thunderbolt handles acceptable, perhaps, to Jupiter Tonans, may be grouped with those of Egyptian rhinoceros horn, Chinese faience and Norwegian and Swiss woods, while comparison of Guadalajara, Chinese and East Indian figurines with the photographs of those of Tanagra becomes a dignified study in ethnology itself.

Scientific collecting has been left unmentioned, though Mr. Holder thinks the aggregate result of individual cabinets would be something unusually good and valuable.

One tribe of islanders, with a nice appreciation of Philadelphia requirements, came to the exhibition of 1876 with nothing but the skulls of its ancestors ranged in a straight row on a shelf.

This happy idea of craniological representation would be easily possible to San Clemente and Santa Catalina, and there are archæological households where an island skull ranks with a Chilkat blanket or a vase from the tumulus of St. George.

After the rain, the amateur farmer who lives at the base of a cañon in a red bungalow, with a cobblestone chimney, and who is not impossibly, senior wrangler, retired attaché or leader of past cotillons, may be seen ploughing his orchard of Paper-Rind St. Michaels in gloves, and—exaggeration says—white tennis flannel, while behind him walks the collector of Indian arrow-heads, following the furrow exactly as the crows still follow the plow of the padre when he occasionally emulates the early Franciscan discipline and labors for a day to encourage his degenerate neophytes. Outgoing mails carry such arrows to St. Petersburg or Copenhagen, Constantinople or Cape Colony.

As to the California hostess, she will probably give you your five-o'clock tea in Limoges or Royal Worcester, but she may also amuse you by comparing the old coiled Zuñi pottery over the doorway with the spout of the latest Banco teapot, made for her in Japan by the same method with the added impress of crêpe crêpé. She is likely, also, to be entirely familiar with the ancient Mississippi guilloche and the linked scrolls, bird-tracks, rectilinear meanders and volutes of the Pueblos; she knows the Tusayan as well as the Imperial Yellow, the bowls of Cibola and the double L of Sèvres, the sacred butterfly of the Zuñis and the sacred axe of old blue and white.

For those who prefer Indian rock etchings as "indicators of travel," to the modern guide book, there is yet primitive journeying by the old Indian trails. Monographs are still permissible on the petroglyphs of Watterson's Rancho and its neighboring pecked horseshoes, tracks of ursa horribilis, and undaunted human feet steadily leading to the south-southwest; or if you prefer pictographs, the gray sandstone of the Santa Barbara region may be compared as a background, with the white granite bowlders of the Azuza Cañon. You may venture an opinion on the Moqui origin of the one and the Chemehuevi character of the other, but you would better be prepared, at least to argue it, with the

next fellow journeyer breaking off a spray of wild lilac at a turn in the trail and who may just have finished his notes destined for scientific Berlin or Teheran. Are you patient? You may dig away many a happy week for jasper and obsidian arrow-heads at Redondo Beach or San Luis Obispo.

Are you scientific? There may be other cephalopods than the belemnite discovered by Mr. Clarence King, which determined the era of the California gold-beds. At any rate, you may travel with Mr. King's book, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and watch its author plant the theodolite on mountain summits in the exact spirit in which the padres planted the cross.

The collecting of typical heads may have an avowed ethnological signification without marring its fascination. I know of a certain portfolio devoted to Indo-Chinese studies, which, at a first glance, awakens no suspicion of the gravity of its ambition. This portfolio contains parallel sketches and photographs of the heads of California Indians and the Chinese and is meant for practical and phrenological service in discussing the question of the Mongolian origin of the former, so alluringly put by Stephen Powers.

One such photograph with the woven hat, like an inverted basket, on the head of the Chinaman, has for comparison on the opposite page a Mission Indian with his upturned basket at his feet. Again there is a Shoshone queue braided to the very ground, and with it, the head of that âme damnée, a Chinaman with close cropped hair.

The Chinese form excellent members of Committees of Ways and Means, and make invaluable treasu-

Chinese Head.

For "an Indo-Chinese study."

rers. They will purchase for you carved wooden pipes and sandalwood pendants or amulets for men's cotillion favors, at magnificent discounts; contribute only too generously candied lotus, ginger, limes and brown-paper parcels of the national nuts which we are learning to speak of commercially as Lin Gawk and Li Chi; paint candles, combine Oolong, Hyson and Orange Pekoe, and if you are firmly exacting, keep their accounts by means of the abacus or shwanpan.

Pleasantly cosmopolitan in our exhibition is the sight of Susana or Refugia selling bunches of yerba santa, pictures of the missions or long-stemmed brodiaeas, while the Chinaman with his balanced baskets moves through the rooms, and the merchant sells peacock fans, puzzles, playing cards and peppermint in his booth.

The Chinese gardener plants without question the latest Australian eucalyptus, Egyptian papyrus, Persian rose or African calabash and irrigates with unromantic indifference the palm united with the pine, but he also has the instincts of a homemaker though his associations are mostly those of exile. Give him a house and you will find him some day, lantern overhead, inscription on door, and climbing to his roof tree, nothing his mistress has in all her botanical gardens, but the gourd Foo Loo Quah, the "natural model" of pottery — luxuriant as in Cathay. This gourd, which is part of the paraphernalia of his steerage passage, he carries with him as he moves in all the picturesqueness of blue jeans, until he is presented with an old coffee-pot and buys himself a sailor hat.

A Chinese Chez-soi.

Balcony with Pilgrim-gourd. Foo hoo Quah.

The California flora and flower lore might serve as a systematic basis for grouping objects and material apparently unconnected.

No aboriginal or American exhibit could be more unique than that made of the yucca or Spanish bayonet, June carloads of which might be suggested for the coming year.

Illustrating Indian work in Moqui sandals, Cahuilla saddle mats or cocas, rude baskets, brushes, pads for the head to aid in carrying the water jar, and innumerable other appliances in which it rivals the agave and bamboo—it has a traditional literature of its own which is indigenous and Indian.

If other loans magnetize, Indian baskets are means of positive hypnotism.

Nothing could be more charming than an exhibition composed solely of such coritas allowing for comparison, others from every basket-making country in the world. The basket-maker, herself, such an one as Teodora Serrano of San Gabriel, should ply her trade and the score of the acorn song or clover-dance, perhaps, cross the program.

In material such an exhibition would include willow and cedar roots, yucca and amole, red bud and pita, rushes and silk grass, rhus aromatica, and sporobolus, whale-sinew and kelp thread, pine splinters and tule. With it would go all the lore of sun and ghost dance, maiden and cactus, honey and acorn, fish and berry, camass and seed, kelp and chief baskets, that called zeilusqua and that tucmel, while manzanita-panada, yucca-cassava, acorn porridge, pond-lily bread and the pastes of the Indian kitchen would form subjects for more or less enthusiastic investigation.

"Anticipating pottery," first of the

Teodora Serrano.
Mission Indian Basket-maker.

arts of peace to be recorded and last to survive, the mention of basketry leads us to the promised enumeration of the occupations followed, and offices held by the neophyte Indians of the California Franciscan missions.

Remains of such work as they accomplished could not be studied to better advantage than by comparison with the Indian collection of Mr. H. N. Rust, now permanently secured to Chicago, and lost to us, through the public spirit of Mr. Logan, its recent purchaser.

Collecting in California has usually included taking away, since the days of La Perouse, Vancouver, and Kotzebue. Here the rough material with which the Fathers had to deal may still be seen in primitive metates and mealing stones, mortars and pestles, Catalina soapstone bowls, knives, spears, swords, arrows, axes, charm stones, amulets, medicine tubes, Klamath lamps and lamps from Southern California graves, elk-horn purses, spoons of the horn of mountain sheep, pipes, baskets and basket mortars, brushes, pottery, awls, needles, bone shuttles, carrying nets, pitched water bottles, balls, dice, acorn rings, yucca sandals, abalone ornaments, flutes and other intelligible and unintelligible material from which to formulate future theories or prove the past. For comparison with such a collection we have the inventory of the civilizing ship, San Carlos, with its enumeration of sacred vestments and utensils, powder and sugar, arms, seeds and candlesticks, "Betancourt's Manual," and the "box containing Jesus, Mary and Joseph," which was to displace forever the god, Chinigchinich.

Don Antonio's list, which is not intended as a complete one, is yet almost formidable in its evidence of capacity, not for the trades and arts as he specially says "in their perfection, but as practiced according to the necessity of the times." In an incredibly short time the Fathers had converted the California savages into silleros (saddlers), herreros (blacksmiths), sastres (tailors), molineros (millers), panaderos (bakers), plateros (silversmiths), toneleros (coopers), cargadores (freighters), veleros (candle makers), vendimiadores (vintagers), caldereros (coppersmiths), zapateros (shoemakers), sombrereros (hatters), confiteros de panocha (makers of panocha), guitarreros (guitar-makers), arrieros (muleteers), alcaldes, mayordomos, rancheros (ranchmen), médicos (doctors), pastores (shepherds), cordeleros (rope-makers), leñadores (woodcutters), pintores (painters), pintores al fresco (fresco painters), escultores (sculptors), albañiles (masons), toreadores (toreadors), acólitos (acolytes), canteros (stone-cutters), sacristanes (sacristans), campaneros (bell-ringers), cocineros (cooks), cantores (singers), músicos (musicians), cazadores (hunters) jaboneros (soapmakers), curtidores (tanners), tejedores (weavers), tejeros (tile-makers), bordadores (embroiderers), pescadores (fishermen), marineros (sailors), vinateros (wine-makers), caporales (corporals), labradores (farmers), vaqueros (herders), llaveros (turnkeys), domadores (horse-tamers), barberos (barbers), cesteros (basket-makers), and carpinteros (carpenters), with European models, standards and methods.

Wood and stone carving, engraving of horn, inlaying of wood and of iron with silver, leather work, the embossing of shields and saddles, silver work, basket-making, lace and drawn work, hair work, frescoing, rude painting, embroidering in gold and silver thread, and the making of musical instruments—all these arts were gradually practiced under favorable conditions for developing individual capacity.

Indians made in mortar, vats for the wine, fountains for the water, zanjas for irrigation, the covering of walls for defense. In wood they carved statues, stirrups, fonts, pulpits, chairs, benches, doorways and altar-rails. They made the sun-dials and the stocks; the varas de justicia or sticks of justice

carried by the mayordomos; the esposas or manacles for refractory neophytes; brands for the tithed mission herds; book covers and sandals for the padres; tuna and pomegranate wine; panocha for the children; mail for the soldiers; biers for the dead.

Most of their work is, of course, lost, but many of the treasures of the vestments of the priests, elaborately wrought in ecclesiastical patterns with gold and silver threads by the devout bordadores, and the altar cloths with all "the Passion" wrought into the meshes of drawn work by the women of the missions are somewhere treasured and preserved to us.

Examples of wood-carved statues, "with excellently rendered draperies"

Type. Chinese Gardener and Bamboo. *Juke Lum.*

old California families—the saddles of the equites, carved stirrups like that still preserved to us as Father Serra's, silver rosettes of the bridles, inlaid spurs and bits, perhaps the armor and embossed shield of the compañia de cuera—must still bear witness to this capacity for intelligent labor under intelligent and above all, sympathetic direction. Let us also hope that the are said to be in existence at San Juan Capistrano, San Antonio de Padua and other missions and the patron saint of Carmelo, St. Charles Borromeo, is yet remembered as recognizedly Indian work, while at Santa Barbara, statues designed by Padre Victoria, were cut of stone by neophytes under his direction. At San Juan, also, is a carved chair "of

noticeably bold and graceful design," and at the Plaza Church in Los Angeles such a bench as the Fathers sat upon to watch the Sunday bull-fight through the arches of the corridors.

The broad pilasters of San Luis Rey, the interior walls of San Juan and Pala give the colors and designs of the Indian frescoing in reds, blues, greens, grays and blacks, the methods of whose preparation are still explained by Don Antonio Coronel, and which might form interesting material for comparison with the pottery of the Rio Pecos in the Smithsonian Institution, the later specimens of which "show the archaic decorative ideas worked out in Spanish glaze."

Accomplished young Father Liebana, in silken sash instead of Franciscan cord, will show you a complete series of the Stations of the Cross painted by the Indians of the Mission San Fernando Rey de España and now in the Plaza Church of Los Angeles. Such pictures should be studied as he suggests, not as art, but as archæology, and might be compared, not irreverently, with the pictographs of the Santa Barbara region, and the winter counts of the Dakotas.

The palette employed in such work contained, perhaps, almagre or ochre from the Monte, yeso from the Sierra Santa Monica, verdigris and añil from Mexico and various pebbles found between Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura, pounded in mortars to a paste.

From the first there was great differentiation among the new establishments founded amid greatly diversified tribes, and gradually some one of the twenty-four attained recognized precedence in a special art or manufacture.

"San Fernando," says Don Antonio, "for aguardiente and ironwork inlaid with silver; San Gabriel for wine; San Miguel for wood carving; Santa Ines for tanning and leatherwork, embossed or embroidered in elaborate designs with gold and silver thread; San Francisco Solano for ornamental featherwork, the eagle and cactus banner, copied in feathers, being sent back to the City of Mexico by 'that youngest and most northerly of Missions.'"

The famous San Antonio flour is mentioned by both Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hittell.

Padre Sarría's Soledad grapes rank with the musical record of Padre Ibañez, and Paulino, the baker of San Luis Rey, is a by-word to this day.

First in importance in such a plan of exhibition as that suggested would be an adequate representation of the missions themselves considered as architecture, with an adaptation to California atmosphere and requirements. We may confidently expect some representation of them in oranges and lemons, cut flowers and glasses of strange jellies, which relegate them to illustrations of the palace of that Dame Tartine who figures in the Mère l'Oie of the French nursery. May we not as confidently expect them in adequate etching, in black and white drawing, above all in the water colors which only can give the red tiles and soft walls against the blue of our sky?

Who will suggest the restful rudeness of coloring, which so intensifies the haziness of our hills; the Roman arch supported by the Roman pillar through which we catch glimpses of such incredibly heightened perspective; battlements, tiled gardens, outer stairway, corridor, court, all and each from church foundation to the cross above the tiles, the monument to patient Indian labor, admiration of which forms part of every traveler's experience?

We are, perhaps, sufficiently reminded of our century of dishonor and its implied eons of retributive justice unless the practical amende be clearly pointed out to us. Now that the Indians are making satisfactory soldiers, and we are willing to owe to them American lives, would not a fair exhibit of their capacity for the arts

Him and Lisbeth come up regular to noon dinner on Sundays, though; that's one comfort. One of them slim kind o'comforts that women has to put up with generally."

There was a tremble in Miss Sabrina's voice and something very like a tear ran down and hurried to hide itself among the folds of her apron.

"So Joe is really married," I cried. "Do tell me all about it. You don't need to have me tell you, dear Miss Sabrina, how near to me, too, are all your joys—or sorrows." I laid my hand lightly upon her shoulder as I spoke. She shook it off almost fiercely. "She's a friend o' yours, too, the girl that most broke our Joe's heart and set me to schemin' before my time and agin' my natural inclination. She come here with her little pinted, shiny shoes and her queer dresses all covered with lace, and no fit to 'em either, and her hair all mussed up as if she had lost her comb for a whole month, and Joe just got down onto his knees and stayed there. He'd a been there yet, too, if it hadn't been for me, stead of bein' married to Lisbeth Larkin and havin' a nice farm stocked with yearlin's—two of 'em Jarseys and four of 'em Durhams, too. You can't get no better combine than that, no matter what you might deserve."

"But do tell me who it was, Miss Sabrina," I implored.

"'Twas Roslyn Sargent, that's who it was."

Miss Sabrina pronounced the musical syllables as if they left a bitter taste on her tongue, and then added, as if she fain would be entirely just: "'T'want altogether her fault either. I had sort o' hoped that Joe wouldn't think of love and such things for a while, but along early last spring I saw signs that set me a cogitatin'. He begun to set around and dream and read the poetry in the "Granite Monthly and make up lonesome soundin' tunes to the words out of a book of old songs he had. One night I heard him as late as 'leven o'clock sittin' in the moonlight on the back porch, singin' one he seemed to be fondest of, goin' something like this: 'When shall I meet her, my queen, my queen?' and I just sort o' guessed then he'd meet her at the first opportunity, and that he'd be sure the first petticoat was her royal robe." I had never heard Roslyn Sargent called an "opportunity" before, but as her counterfeit presentment rose before me, I found a strange fitness in the phrase. How little need was there indeed for a heart to be prepared by youth and poetry or the fond imaginings of love, for its yielding, for even those most hardened melted at her appointed time and place. Miss Sabrina continued in a tone of resigned reminiscence: "She was here a matter of six weeks, but the mischief was as good as done the first minute. She caught the lace on her white skirt on the wheel gittin' down from the stage, and when Joe got done untanglin' it, he was a good deal more snarled up than it was. He's always milked the cows year in and year out since he was seven-year old, and the very mornin' after she came he forgot it and was a-dustin' off her snips of shoes while the poor cow critters was bellowin' with wonder and disgust. And that's the way things went on. He makin' a regular vallet of himself for her and skimpin' through his natural work till the farm begun to look like one of those plantations down South instead of a decent descended Yankee folks' place."

Miss Sabrina cast a loving look over the fields and meadows and then went on more quietly: "Mother and I used to sit in the keepin' room and listen to her a-playin' on her guitar and peek at Joe starin' at her like a clean distracted night-owl and wonder what we would do when they was married and settled down with us."

I gave a little cry—"Why, Miss Sabrina, you don't suppose that Roslyn Sargent would——" Miss Sabrina interrupted me gravely. "Why, bless you, Miss Agnes, we

hadn't no reason to object. We hadn't nothin' agin her. She was mighty pretty and pretty spoken, too, but mother said 'twould be like tryin' to domesticate a hummin' bird. 'He ain't proposed yet,' says mother, who is always lookin' at the bright side. 'No, but he's goin' to before forty-eight hours, as things are lookin' now,' I answered her, as I took a sly peek through the window at Joe's face. And jest then my scheme come to me. I nursed my Aunt Mildred through lung fever once and I remembered the little slippery black leeches the doctor put on her temples. He called them a 'counter irritant,' meanin', I suppose, that they'd irritate her so that she wouldn't mind anything else, and they did, too, and so I thought of Lisbeth Quimby. She isn't one of these quiet girls that sit with their hands in their laps, waitin' to say, thank'e to the first man that came by, but she was mighty fond of Joe, and had been ever since he used to take her gingerbread nuts to school—the kind that nobody else could make just right but mother. I didn't say a word to nobody, but just hitched up the old mare and drove right over to the Quimbys and brought her back with me. She sort o' hesitated a little 'bout comin' so sudden, but I said, careless like, that that pretty city girl at our house was makin' a perfect slave of our Joe, and in a minit she went and packed her things—enough for a good long stay. We didn't talk much on the way, but jest as we drove in I heard a noise that I'd got used to and I said to Lisbeth: 'He's a-tunin' her guitar for her.' She didn't answer but jumped out of the wagon and ran right in. There sat Joe as he had many an hour that summer, her guitar across his lap, turnin' and twistin' those little white knobs at the end, though, for my part, I couldn't see that it made a mite of difference. She—Miss Sargent, I mean o' course—told him one day that he had a 'fine natural ear,' and it tickled him most to pieces. I always supposed that all folks' ears were natural, that wer'n't deformed, and Joe's weren't any too small, surely. Well, there sat Joe. He looked up and said: 'How'dy, Lisbeth,' as pleasant as could be, but he gave me a queer look when I came in, as if he smelled a scheme. Gracious! Miss Agnes, I was ashamed to see how dreadful easy schemin' was when once my mind was made up to it. I felt raised up over common things and I was as keen and watchful as a chicken in hawk time, without all her noise and cluckin'. I knew I could count on Joe's natural politeness and I didn't give him a chance that whole day to leave Lisbeth a minit. The last two hours of the evenin' took work though. You see Miss Sargent was a perfect owl at night and she had got Joe clean out of the habit of bein' in bed at nine o'clock, but Lisbeth was used to bein' sleepy betimes and in spite of all I could do, and the excitement of the thing, she nearly gave up and went to bed fust. I didn't believe in givin' her my confidence 'bout my own brother, and schemes ought to be kept inside of one's head, I think; but I got so desperate I walked over to her side of the room for a hank of yarn, though I had my apron full already, and I whispered real sharp: 'Lisbeth Quimby, you've got to sit up till that girl goes to bed.' She looked wide-awake enough after that I can tell you."

"So Joe did not propose within forty-eight hours after all, Miss Sabrina?"

"Yes, he did," chuckled Miss Sabrina, audibly, "but it was to Lisbeth Quimby. I overheard the whole thing. First, I thought I'd go away, and then I jest thought I had a kind o' right to listen, seein' as it was my own doin's, and my own bringin' to pass. You see, Miss Sargent had gone off early the next mornin' to a place in the wood that Joe had fixed for her with a hammock—lazy things, aren't they? and a rug and a table for her books, and Joe had

done up his mornin' work and gone to the barn. So I supposed, but about eleven o'clock I saw him comin' up the road. His face was as white as mother's washin','' pointing to the linen drying on the grass, "and his eyes were just bigger than ever I saw them, and I said to myself, 'something's goin' to happen.' Lisbeth was sittin' on the front porch knittin' a pair of red mitts for me, and lookin' as home'y as possible. Joe sat down on the top step, and I could hear his breath come hard, as if he had been walkin' fast and far. All at once he said in a queer, shaky voice, 'Lisbeth, you wouldn't despise a honest man's love, or laugh at him, would you?' Lisbeth answered very scared and soft: 'Why, you know I wouldn't, Joe.' Joe didn't say another thing for a whole eternal minit, and I had to jest hold on to myself to keep from bustin' in and helpin' him along. Then he went on very quiet and sober, and told Lisbeth he thought she would make the best little wife in the world for a farmer; that he was only a common farmer, and never would be anything else—as if Lisbeth expected a prince or a mayor—but that if she would have him, he'd make her the best husband he could. I peeked out just in time to see him kiss her on the cheek, and then he went into the house, and we didn't see him till bedtime. Gracious me, Miss Agnes, but I was scared even then! I thought Lisbeth would think him a plumb fool, but you see she wasn't used to men folks much, and didn't seem to know but what kissin' a girl's cheek is satisfyin' enough to 'em. When Joe was shut up in his room like a hibernation bear, she cried a little, but when he came out she forgot everything else. She's awful fond of him. Miss Sargent went home to New York a couple of days later, and seemed sort o' surprised that Joe wasn't there to help her on to the coach, but he had gone down the road a piece. There happened to be a whole passel of college chaps on the stage, and when she went off she was sittin' in the very best place, with her feet on the valises of two of 'em, a rug of another of 'em at her back, and the handsomest one holdin' her parasol over her. My! but wasn't she pretty and light!'' A brief silence followed, and then Miss Sabrina added regretfully; "She didn't lay it up agin me at all, neither, for she kissed me good-bye right on my withered old lips and hers so soft and smilin'. I felt mighty mean for a minit, but just then I saw her smile at the parasol-holdin fellow, and I hardened up again. Joe and Lisbeth was married about two months afterward, and went to her house to live. It was Joe that wanted to, and she was glad enough.'' Miss Sabrina leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Sometimes I almost wish I had a-let him have her—the other one. Seems now as if we had lost him. They don't come up very often. There they are now. Well, I wonder!''

Miss Sabrina set down her pan, and rose to meet the young people, who were advancing up the narrow path between the rows of box. The girl passed me with a constrained curtsey and went into the kitchen with the elder woman. I caught but a fleeting glance at the slender, poorly developed figure, the straight, ash-blonde hair, and a pair of deep-set, bluish-gray eyes. Joe came directly toward me. His awkward boyishness was gone, and in its place was something strong and sober. He spoke as if compelled by some inward yearning, hardly waiting for my greeting.

"I heard you had come last night, and I—we came over. Have you been in New York?''

"Yes, Joe, I came from there here.''

"Sabrina says you know Miss Sargent, the young lady that was here last summer?''

"Well, yes. As well as an old maid like me can be said to know a young beauty like her.''

Joe seemed about to speak, then

hesitated and sent a wandering glance over the quiet fields. At last he spoke, this time with self-conscious embarrassment.

"Was she well and happy and beautiful as ever when you saw her?"

"As merry a madcap as always, and soon to marry a million, too, Joe."

The boy stared at me a long moment, as if unseeing, and then muttering, "Lisbeth—I must find Lisbeth," he stumbled into the house.

Three months later I met Roslyn Sargent on Madison avenue, looking as adorably dear and dainty as was her wont. I thought of Miss Sabrina and her triumphant scheme, and smiled rather grimly.

"Roslyn, do you remember Squam Cottage?"

"Squam Cottage?" said Miss Sargent interrogatively, "why you dear thing, of course I do. That's the awful place where mamma buried me last summer to hide me from Count de Bache. Mamma don't approve of international foreigners, you know."

"You remember Miss Sabrina, then, and Joe, of course?"

A tiny puzzled line showed itself for an instant on Miss Sargent's clear forehead, and lost itself in the fringe of golden curls under her hat.

"I remember funny, homely Miss Sabrina perfectly, but Joe—oh, yes! Joe must have been the nice big clumsy brother who used to tune my guitar so nicely. Really, Miss Agnes, that boy had a soul."

"Yes," I said.

INFLUENCE.

BY CHARLOTTE BROMLEY SHUEY.

Beside a Mendocino mountain stream
Rises a wall of rock, forbidding stern,
But for the dainty, feathery, finger fern
Adorning every ledge and jagged seam—
From crown down to the sparkling ripple's gleam;
Where shadowy pools, still and smooth, return
Its loveliness. Where fierce heat cannot burn
So sheltered 'tis from noonday's brightest beam.
Thus, far from all that softens life, in some
Rude spot, where men for wealth 'mid hardships toil,
A gracious woman, brave and sweet, may live
And, by her very presence there, become
A gentle force, to hush the rough turmoil
And to the daily round a beauty give.

HOW TO SECURE GOOD MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THE country during the past few years has been aroused to the importance of honest elections, and of securing honest, efficient and economical government. The agitation embraces all elections and governments, but more especially those which are local and municipal. Cities have been denominated "blotches upon the body politic." It is more difficult to govern cities than the country. The bucolic population are generally peaceable, orderly and law-abiding, while in cities there are frequent disorders, and crimes are daily committed. In the country the people are more inclined to give attention to public questions, as those who resort to urban life for business or pleasure are more intent on their own affairs or are indisposed to give thought and work to matters of general concern. There is a larger percentage of idle and vicious men in cities, and they resort thither because there is greater seclusion and less danger of detection. Such are also active in politics for the reason that there is greater scope for action and less resistance from the responsible classes.

Municipal government is closer to the people than any other; it interferes more in the business and social relations, and for the reason that it has more to do, it is more expensive. Wealth is greater in cities, and the vicious find more ways to get money than in the country, and especially through the expenditures of government. Municipal government is the most extravagant and corrupt in the world, and experience in this country, where the tax-payers can control it if they will, shows that there are few exceptions to the general rule. This is well understood, and it is a curious fact that a large class of the people are guilty of the grossest neglect of duty in regard to government so close to them, while they are more alert as to those more remote, and whose influence they scarcely feel. The business men groan under the burden of taxation, and suffer from abuses year after year, and beyond complaining, do little or nothing to obtain relief. In all countries municipal government is worse than any other, because through indifference and inaction the responsible classes have little or no control or influence.

The city is the home of the boss, because he finds there in greatest strength the very element which best subserves his purposes, and through it he easily achieves power. The boss is a boodler, and through the dispensation of boodle, he gains ascendancy over and controls the class, which has no conception or regard for good government. He is also a patronage broker, a cincher, and controls his minions by getting them offices, or by the direct payment of money, which he wrings from those whose interests he can promote or impair. The boss is a thrifty individual, for his own account, and as he must have money and it seems less heinous and more practicable than stealing, he imposes upon the public an extravagant if not a corrupt government. He easily succeeds, because those who pay taxes and suffer from other abuses place no formidable obstacle in his way. He cares nothing for clamor and curses, so long as the responsible citizens abstain from politics and absent themselves from the polls on election day. People who manifest no interest in governing themselves ought to have learned long ago that there are plenty of men standing

around, who like the business of governing, and that they will do for others what others should do for themselves. There would be no bad government in this country if, through inattention to public duty, it were not impliedly assented to by those who could make it good if they would. The demagogue and rascal have discovered that in cities at least they can impose bad laws and do wicked acts without much danger of receiving retribution at the hands of the people, yet in every city the responsible class largely outnumbers the irresponsible.

And why is this indifference? Too much business or pleasure is one excuse. Another is the disagreeable associations that must be encountered in combating those who make politics a profession. It is a mistake to think that in politics good men must "fight the devil with fire." The work to be done is to put out the fire which the devil has lighted; to substitute just and defensible practices for those which are evil. It is to do good instead of bad work. No man is required to lower his standard of morality in doing his political duty. Henry Ward Beecher said: "While we are on the ground, we must do ground work." The squeamish man is not the very best citizen. It is not enough that his personal conduct is unexceptionable; he must do something worthy of a man in promoting the public welfare. The business man will apply himself to his private pursuit, year in and year out, with unflagging industry, courageously encountering the disagreeable; but when he is called upon to give a day to the public, he will falter and retire at the mere shadow of what is not quite in accord with his taste. The highest aim of a free American citizen should be to secure the greatest possible excellence of government for the public good, and because in it his pecuniary interests are involved. It is a lamentable fact, so well stated by Macaulay, "that bad men will assail, with far more vigor and persistency than good men will defend, good principles." The efforts of good men have sometimes been rendered unavailing through fraudulent voting and ballot-box stuffing, and because this has been done, those who have been thus robbed of their suffrages abandon the contest and surrender. If responsible citizens had always been as faithful and persistent in performing political duties as the irresponsible, there would have been no such outrages perpetrated. There is not a political crime that cannot be justly charged to the indifference and neglect of those who have most at stake, and who suffer most from bad government.

What class furnishes the greater number of office seekers? Not the business, patriotic, nor the most intelligent class. These having given up politics to the professionals, the latter naturally supply the officials. It is rare that the business man can be induced to accept an office, and still rarer that he will stand for renomination, and for the very good reason that his class will not take the trouble to sustain him, and he must run the gauntlet of being bled by those who follow politics for a livelihood. The time was when the office sought the man, and when defeat was almost certain, if a candidate solicited votes for himself. It was when the better element gave thought and work to public affairs and political management. There has been a change, and candidates are expected to exert themselves for their own election. It may be as well so, as it affords a better opportunity for the people to judge of the men they are called upon to support. That a man must exert himself in his own behalf constitutes no good reason why he should not accept or seek an office of which he is worthy. The present method simply involves a question of modesty, and the good and capable citizen will waive that for the public interest. The fact is, an office should be sought for the honor it confers, and not for the pay attached

to it. The emoluments are the same in all cases, but honor can only be derived through the excellence of the service rendered.

The country has been disgraced in many localities by a variety of election crimes, and the genius of legislators has been heavily drawn upon to provide means for their prevention. Penalties have been imposed by law for every act that tends to prevent honest political methods and honest elections, yet the evils have not been removed. We have the Australian law for conducting elections in many of the states. Our experience has not been sufficient to determine whether or not it is a universal panacea for election frauds and crimes. Other laws have been disregarded and offenses have continued. Ways may yet be devised to thwart the effect of that law. Legislators may deter the bad from committing crimes, but it will not make men honest. There is one infallible remedy, one assurance of honest elections and good government, and it is, that every man who has the best interests of the public at heart shall faithfully and determinedly perform his political duties at all times and under all circumstances. The law can aid by prescribing honest methods, but it should not be solely relied on. The good people must see that it is observed, and when violated, that its penalties are inflicted. It is not enough that an honest citizen shall cast his vote on election day; he should begin further back, and see to it that the proper men are put forward as candidates. To scratch the names of improper men may have some effect in the direction of reform, but only in case there are better men on the ticket of the other party. The ax must be laid at the root of the tree by beginning work at the primaries. Party organization is useful and necessary, and hence as a rule should be sustained.

Bad nominations often weaken but never destroy political parties. Men will not, and ought not to abandon a great principle because the best names are not on the ticket of their party. It is here that in municipal and local elections, great national or state issues are not involved, but men are loath to vote the opposition ticket. Scratching has not produced such reformatory results as are desirable. It is not radical enough and has a beneficial effect but for a day. It is often the case that candidates on one ticket are no better than those on the other. Bosses on both sides are amiable toward each other, and as they rule through indifferent elements, it is easy for them to establish reciprocal relations. Well regulated primaries, if participated in by all the members of a party, and especially by the better element, are quite sure to result in the selection of a better class of candidates, otherwise the vicious will continue to control. The primaries should be so regulated that each citizen may vote directly for candidates for nomination. They are practicable and especially essential in making municipal and county tickets. There are localities where this plan prevails and results are excellent. Under this system, the duties of delegates to conventions are merely perfunctory. They simply register the will of the people, and trading and combination are avoided. The merits of candidates have been discussed in the incipient stage, misapprehension and mistake will seldom occur, and a good ticket is almost an inevitable result. It is not only the duty of good citizens to take part in politics at every stage, but to accept office when their fellow-citizens ask it. Every man owes that to the public, which he should not repudiate, even if he has to sacrifice personal feeling and interest.

In speaking of bosses, it is not intended to confound them with leaders. There is a broad distinction between them. The leader becomes such through his knowledge and high motive. He controls for the general welfare. The world has had leaders in all ages, and human progress is due to their efforts. The leader

influences, the boss dictates. The leader is a great character, the boss is a man with no motive higher than self-aggrandizement. The one is strong with the intelligent and good, and the other is a potentate among the ignorant and vicious. To be a leader is an honor, but to be a boss is a disgrace to the community over which he dominates. Let us dispense with bosses in politics and adhere to leaders. They are to be found not in chronic office-seekers, but in men who thrive by honest work, and who hold the public good higher than private gain.

City governments in this country are not only the most extravagant and corrupt, but they are the cause of criticism by people in foreign countries, and they do more than any other cause to bring our institutions and political methods into disrepute. Mr. James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," states that New Orleans in politics is the worst place in the United States, and that New York and San Francisco are next to it. The two cities should not be placed in the same class, for San Francisco has not, on the whole, been so badly governed as New York. That city has for half a century been dominated by an organized conspiracy against good government. It has controlled through distribution of patronage and official corruption, and is so strong and disciplined that it is next to impossible to subvert its authority. In a few instances when its methods have been extraordinarily audacious and a plundered and outraged people have temporarily deprived it of power, and a few times its rascals have been visited with condign punishment, the better element has appeared to triumph; but the people have immediately relapsed into indifference and Tammany has returned to power without resistance. No people in America have so long been bound hand and foot by a machine and a boss, and none have been taxed so heavily and uniformly misgoverned as those of our greatest commercial metropolis. There are men enough in that great city who desire good government to control it, but apathy on their part, which is the crying evil in all our cities, is the obstacle to reformatory action. San Francisco has suffered from bad politics and indifferent government, but this has not been an almost perpetual condition. Probably no people were ever more enchained by crime and criminals than those of San Francisco years ago, but they were not slow in finding a means of relief. The remedy, though radical, and nominally revolutionary, was heroic and effective. It was charged that the steps taken were in defiance of law and the regularly constituted authorities, but in reality it was the resumption of power by a people for their own protection. The mettle displayed by the business men in the days of Vigilantes, and their just conception of public duty made a profound impression throughout the civilized world, and the influence of their heroic action is felt in the city to this day. The machine and bosses were dethroned and the government restored to rightful hands. The reigns of our bosses have since been short, for they have disappeared upon a warning that the tax-paying and responsible classes are aroused. No city in the country has a class of business men stronger and more determined than those of San Francisco. Though they want good government, they are not always sufficiently attentive to their political duties, and as a consequence public offices fall to the control of a class who have other than the public interests to subserve. Unless the policy of self-disfranchisement, by the protracted and inexcusable failure to perform duty to the public, be abandoned, and that voluntarily, there is no legal way in which reform can be secured. The destinies of San Francisco and of all other cities, and of the whole country as well, are in the hands of the intelligent and responsible citizens.

AN AMERICAN IN INDIA.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

INDIA, the middle one of the three irregular peninsulas in the south of Asia, has an area of about a million and a half square miles, so that it is larger than the whole of Europe minus Russia, and more than half the size of the United States of America exclusive of Alaska. The population in 1891 was two hundred and eighty-four million six hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and ten, quite equal to that of Europe, and about double the estimate made by Gibbon of the nations tributary to imperial Rome. All this densely populated country is now more or less directly subject to British rule.

The Himalaya Mountains form the northern boundary of India, and the country south of them consists of vast alluvial plains, extending from sea to sea, and rendered productive by irrigation. The climate is thoroughly tropical, except on the hills, and the extraordinary fertility of the land has passed into a proverb.

India seems to have no plants peculiar to itself, but includes species special to Persia, Siberia, China and Arabia.

Rice is not so extensively cultivated as has generally been supposed, millet being the staple food. Wheat and Indian corn are to be seen in almost every district, barley in some parts, while oats are cultivated only by Europeans by way of experiment. Oil seeds are an important crop both for home use and for export. All the common vegetables and fruits known to us are found here; also spices, among which turmeric and chillies hold the first place. Cotton is the product most grown for export, and jute ranks next to it as a fiber crop. Indigo has been the plant most cultivated by European capital, but its importance is declining. The opium poppy is raised in some places as a government monopoly; in other places it is subject to restrictions, and throughout the greater part of the country it is entirely prohibited. The principal fields of this culture occupy five hundred and sixty-two thousand acres, chiefly in Bengal. Most of the opium goes to China, the revenue therefrom amounting to several million dollars. The cultivation of coffee has long been practiced by the natives, but that of tea, which is rapidly increasing, is recent, and due wholly to European enterprise. There are many valuable medicinal plants, as those from which we have the cinchona bark and croton oil; but it would be almost an endless task even to enumerate the varied productions of this fertile land.

The forests were in some danger of being exterminated through the recklessness of timber cutters, charcoal burners and others. But they are now protected by the government, and the chief exports from this source are teak, lac, bamboo canes, caoutchouc and other gums. The date and cocoanut palms yield much of the native food, and from the latter, arrack, an intoxicating drink, is obtained. Tigers, leopards, jackals, wolves, hyenas and wild boars abound in the country, the first two being very destructive to men and cattle. The elephant, naturally wild, is tamed and made useful.

The domestic bovines are used for farm labor and draught. The wild species known as buffaloes or bisons is dangerous, and keeps away from human dwellings. Most of the gentler and smaller quadrupeds familiar to ourselves are natives here. Quadrumanous animals are numerous, as

are also the serpent tribes, the bites of some of which are rapidly fatal. Insect tribes are innumerable. Annually, about twenty-five thousand persons are killed by wild beasts in British India, about one thousand one hundred and fifty of whom perish from the stings and bites of scorpions, lizards and mad dogs.

India has long been famed for its mineral wealth. Gold until lately was obtained only by river washing, but now the quartz-crushing system

General View of the Taj Mahal.

is employed and likely to yield large quantities. Diamonds, amethysts and other gems were the products of forced labor, and now scarcely pay the expense of working. But India is not wanting in the more useful minerals, as fine iron and coal, pure salt, saltpeter, lime, marble and various kinds of building stone are plentiful.

Our earliest glimpses of Indian history, through the medium of Sanscrit poetry, reveal the Aryan, or fair-skinned people, entering by the northwest, and subjugating or expelling the dark and inferior tribes, of which some remnants are still found in the recesses of the mountains. They brought with them the religion of Brahma with its many gods, and seem to have gradually formed that division of society into castes, which has become so prominent a feature of Hindoo life.

India, however, like every other country, had nothing to be called a history, before its invasion by a literary people; and this occurred when Alexander the Great marched his conquering phalanxes to the tributaries of the Indus, and sailed down that river in 327 B. C. He overran the Punjab but penetrated no further. At his death he left this conquest to Seleucus; and a remnant of Greek power, afterwards known as the Greco-Bactrian, continued till disturbed by the invasion of Scythian troops (126 B. C.) whose fortunes gradually prevailed during several centuries. The most numerous and industrious section of the Punjab pop-

ulation are believed to be of Scythian origin. Certain it is that the intermixture of Greek and Scythian conquerors with the conquered people must have done much to improve the physique of the latter, as well as to promote some degree of civilization.

During the long struggles of contending races in the northwest, a Buddhist dynasty was established, and produced new modifications, especially promoting the fusion of the exclusive Aryan race with other Indian tribes. Though intensely missionary, it never ousted Brahmanism from any large part of India. They co-existed as popular religions for centuries; and modern Hindooism contains elements of both.

The next great change in India was effected by the invasion by Mohammedans from Arabia in 664 A. D., who became masters of a large part of the country along the Indus.

In 999 A. D., Mahmood assumed in Afghanistan a sovereignty independent of the Sultan, invaded India no less than twelve times in the course of a few years, and prevailed. Northern India was universally ruled by the Afghan kings for five hundred years, that is, till the Sultan Buber deposed the last of them in 1326, and established the Mogul Empire. Before this, invasions had rapidly succeeded each other further east, till Timoor or Tamerlane, the Tartar, led an immense army to Delhi which he took and sacked in 1398. This rapacious warrior is said to have built a tower of ninety thousand human skulls as the result of his conquest.

The next disturbance came from the Mahrattas, a war-like people occupying the district round Poonah in Central India. In religion they were Hindoos, and in 1627, when the Mogul Empire was in its zenith, they formed a semi-independent power consisting of several distinct states, waging successful war against the Mohammedans. The last heir of these sovereignties was the infamous Nana Sahib.

The more eastern and southern parts of the peninsula come but little into prominence in the history of these ages; but in 1498, the Portuguese, having discovered the way to India, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, made settlements on the east coast. The Dutch, French and English soon followed. It was in the year 1600 that a company of English merchants obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter which secured to them a monopoly of the trade, and Bengal was their first field of enterprise. They first beat the Portuguese and took possession of Surat, which became their headquarters till Calcutta was adopted. The company backed by the English government, increased in wealth and power, maintained an army of its own, consisting of native troops, officered by gentlemen from Britain; destroyed the French settlements; defeated the petty princes; overthrew the Mogul Empire, subjugated the northwest, and finally brought the whole peninsula under their control, assuming the entire command of some parts, and leaving others under their native princes, but tributary and protected.

The East India Company, however, did not secure the affection of the native population, and the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 was the consequence. It was soon suppressed, and in the following year the British government took over the sovereignty and all responsibilities from the company. On the first of January, 1877, Queen Victoria was formally proclaimed at Delhi what she had been in fact for many years, the Empress of India.

The result of the successive conquests of Indian soil is that in no part of the world, except perhaps in Russia, are there so many races of men under one government. The name Hindoo, therefore, has no national significance, but is specific only in a religious sense, and marks the adherents of the Brahminical faith. Broadly speaking there are seven Hindoos for every two Mohammedans;

and these together form nineteen-twentieths of the population.

The distinguishing feature of Hindoo society is caste. There are reckoned four great divisions, namely, the Brahmans or priestly class, the warriors, the agriculturists and merchants, the Sudras or laborers, but these have innumerable subdivisions. There are about one hundred castes of beggars alone. In what is called the laboring class, no one will do work with another who does not belong to his caste ; and this keeps many a man out of employment, which he could otherwise obtain. One who dusts the furniture will not sweep the floor ; he who sweeps the floor will not cook the food ; he who cooks will not wait at table ; and he who serves at table will not make a bed. He who feeds the horse will not rub him down, or clean the stable. A Hindoo will not take an apple from the hand of a man of lower caste ; it must be laid down and the higher man can take it up. If the shadow of a low caste man passes over the food of a high caste Hindoo, the latter will not touch that food. Certain yellow or red stripes painted up and down the forehead, or spots of red or yellow denote the caste to which each man belongs. Of all things, this system is the most prejudicial to the progress of the people of India. Foolish and childish in all their ways, they allow these old established customs to govern them where reason ought to be master.

The natives of India may be described in general as having brown skin with black hair and large brown eyes. Their features are more regular and their faces not so flat as those of the Malays and Chinese. They are slight made and (if we except people from the mountains and the Sikhs) usually rather short, with great suppleness in the animal fiber, rendering their movements rapid, when they choose, and always graceful. The calves of the legs of those who inhabit the lowlands are small, the chest narrow, and there is much predisposition to consumption. As in other lands of the East, they rise early, and eat about noon ; then again at nightfall, but very little at either time. As a gen-

The Nauch Dancers.

eral rule, they have little to eat, for their earnings are small, and they are much disposed to save from that little. Their ordinary conversation usually turns on matters of dietary, and the money that is saved by limiting their food. Most of them wear for clothing uncolored cotton cloth, generally begrimed with dirt. In fact they are extremely dirty in their habits; leprosy and other skin diseases find a ready lodgment among them; the wonder is that they are ever free from cholera and other infectious maladies. Though poorly and dirtily clad, they are very fond of ornaments, and women may be seen wearing thirty rings on their arms, wrists, ankles, toes and neck, ears and nose.

The tribes of every part of India are not only poor and dirty, but extremely dishonest both in word and deed. No European thinks of believing what any of them say; and if he but gives one of them corn to feed his horse he must watch lest the fellow should keep back some of it, or steal the whole and sell it for a few cents in the town.

It is the prevailing custom among all ordinary native Asiatics, especially in India, to sit, eat, read, study, work and sleep on the floor. Their houses are without chairs, tables and every other kind of furniture. Wherever one goes, traveling or visiting, in the interior of India, the landlord or host expects the guest or visitor will bring his own bedding. Many of the hotels in the rural districts furnish no mattress or bedclothes of any kind whatsoever.

The natives of India are very superstitious and believe in a host of unreasonable traditions of the past and signs of the future. At Delhi, we were shown a stone slab, bearing the impress of two feet, said to be those of the great founder and teacher of their religion. At Ghat in Benares is a slab of marble, with an imprint said to have been made by the feet of Vishnu, and at certain seasons of the year people flock to this place to worship these footprints. At Bhaurava Ghat in Benares there is an image in stone the face being covered with silver. It represents Siva in terrific form; the people who visit it present offerings of sugar dogs; and a Brahman waves a fan of peacock feathers over the devotees to protect them from evil spirits.

Great sanctity is attached to the Kad-jakada ape with red face and black beard; it is regarded as an incarnation of Siva. One variety of the ox and cow called the humped zebu is considered sacred and treated with reverence. Every temple has a sacred bull, and the cow is honored with the title of "mother of the gods." The tradition is that Brahma created the Brahmins and the cow at the same time.

Another sacred creature is the Coromandel eagle, which is considered as an incarnation of Doorga. Ravens and rooks are believed to be receptacles of human souls that have left the body.

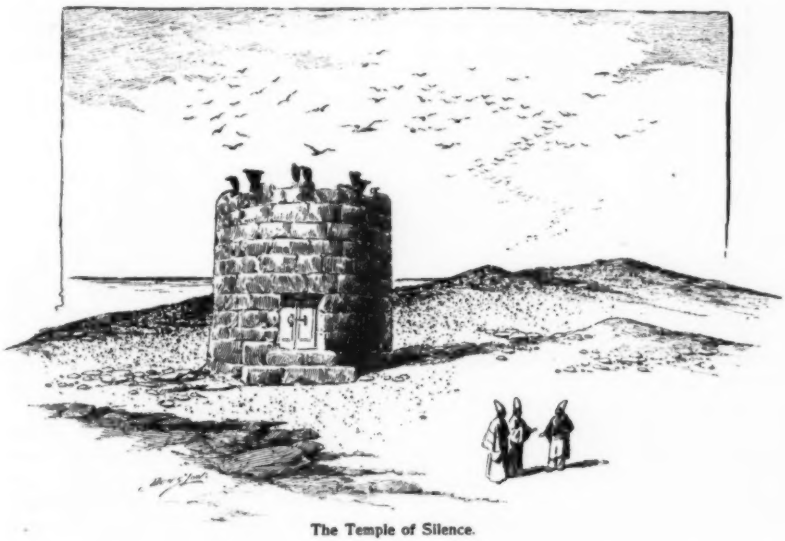
Everywhere among uneducated natives we meet with gross and childish superstitions, but perhaps the strangest and most peculiar of all the superstitious usages we witnessed was that of the mouth lock. It is an instrument somewhat like a large safety-pin, generally of silver, but sometimes of gold, brass or copper. The pin is run through both cheeks, behind the corners of the mouth, and between the teeth. The cheeks are drawn so closely together that the mouth is kept constantly open. When a Hindoo desires some special benefit from the gods, it is usual to make a vow, and he puts on the mouth lock in token of his vow, which implies entire abstinence from food and complete silence. When the end has been answered, the devotee goes to the shrine to take it off and place it in the receptacle appropriated for receiving the offerings of pilgrims. Fifty such locks may be given up at one temple in one year. Tirupati is a place where thousands are surrendered.

They are afterwards sold by auction as old silver, and the money realized goes to the benefit of the temple. They are worth about ten to fifty cents apiece.

Hindoo life inclines to draw together in villages and small towns rather than large cities, and in the whole peninsula there are only forty-four towns containing more than fifty thousand.

Like the early immigrants and invaders, let us approach this great peninsula from the northwest, passing through Quetta, in Beloochistan, where the British have a military fort, constructed of mud and built on a mound said to have been raised by Alexander the Great. It is the largest of that nation's forts defending the passes. Thence we take the railway to Kurrachee and find the dust all along the line intolerable. Kurrachee is situated on a sandy plain at the northern extremity of the Indus delta, the Sind, Punjaub and Delhi railway running through the district. In very few places can we find so great anthropological distinctions and so many varieties of humanity. According to the census of 1888, the population of the whole cantonment was only seventy-three thousand and five hundred, and yet it is made up of no less than eighteen varieties derived almost indiscriminately from Shem, Ham and Japheth.

The Parsees, who are most numerous in Bombay, hold the highest place among the native communities, not on account of superior numbers, but because of their wealth, intelligence, genius for trade, and munificent charities. They are descendants of those fire-worshippers who were driven from Persia about a thousand years ago by the conquering hosts of Mohammedans from Arabia; and as they seldom intermarry with the other races of India, they continue physically distinct, bearing much greater resemblance to Europeans.



The Temple of Silence.

One of the most singular practices of the Parsees is their mode of disposing of the dead. If repulsive to our minds, it must be admitted to have sanitary advantages. Outside a town containing Parsee residents, there are circular

buildings called "Towers of Silence," in which the corpses are placed and devoured by hundreds of vultures, always on the watch. At a little distance from Kurrachee are two such towers. They are stone buildings, without windows or roof, about twenty or thirty feet high, and from forty to fifty in diameter, with a door for entrance. Before placing a corpse inside the tower, it is laid on a stone outside for the inspection of a dog which is supposed to be able to indicate the state of the departed soul. If the dog looks at the face of the dead, the soul is supposed to be in heaven; if he does not, the spirit is said to be among the lost. Four dogs are kept near the towers of silence to give these intimations. When by the dog test the spiritual condition of the departed has been ascertained, the nude body is placed on the stone inside the tower, and in less than half an hour the vultures have stripped off every particle of the flesh. The bones are then mixed with quicklime, so that in a few days not a vestige remains of what was a human body. No tombstone is erected to commemorate the departed. We understood that the reason of this singular mode of disposal of the dead is the desire not to pollute any of the elements of nature with the impurities of decay. At Bombay there are five such towers of silence.

On the seacoast at Kurrachee are two caves occupied, the one by a Hindoo and the other by a Mohammedan priest. The sides of the caves are decorated with rude drawings of the devil, who is represented as having a tail and large teeth. Fees are paid to the priests by the devout for the privilege of worshipping in these sanctuaries. The girls in the old or native part of the town are fond of adorning their persons with silver rings and bracelets—wrists and ankles, fingers and big toes, ears and nostrils being decorated with from one to five or six such ornaments, according to the taste or wealth of the wearer.

Passing Sukkar, where there is a small hill on which witches were formerly burnt, we reach the river Indus, which is bridged over at this point, and enter the Punjaub, the country of five rivers. Here is the home of the Sikhs, the tallest, bravest and most warlike of all the people of India. They were originally a religious sect, organized as such about four hundred years ago on the principles of pure Monotheism. They worship no idols; regard all meats as clean, though they do not eat the flesh of the cow; they do not use tobacco, but freely imbibe intoxicating liquors. They are tolerably moral, though the name Sikh, which means a disciple, to our minds would convey the idea of a much purer character. Moslem persecution changed these disciples from inoffensive quietists to fanatical warriors, the Mohammedans being long their chief enemies. Early in the present century the whole of the Punjaub came under their dominion, and in 1849 passed under the rule of Queen Victoria. With the land, the famous Koh-i-noor diamond was surrendered to her by the reigning Maharajah, who has since resided as a nobleman in England, a pension being paid him by the government.

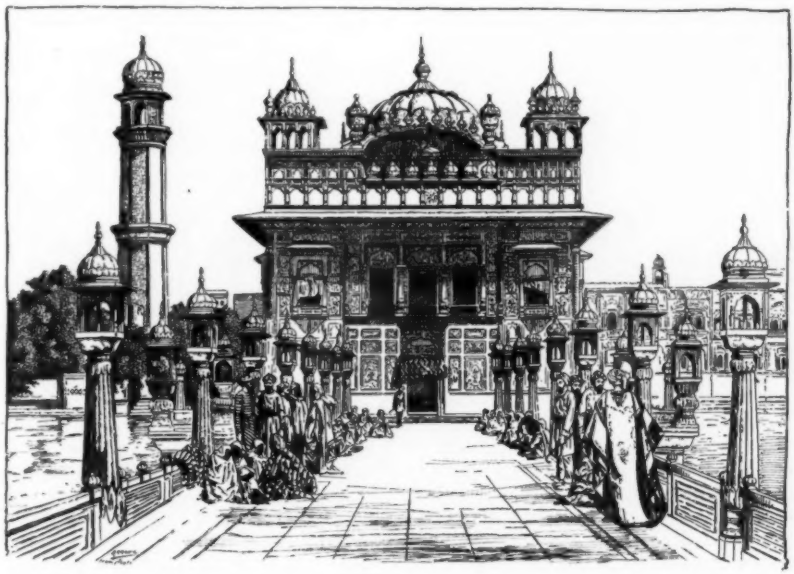
Amritsar (Amrita Saras, the fountain of immortality) about thirty-three miles from Lahore, is the sacred city of the Sikhs; and here the Adgranth, or sacred book of their religion is kept open in the golden temple. This famous shrine derives its name from the profusion of gold with which it is covered outside and inside. The structure is chiefly of marble; the lower part having inlaid stones of various colors, representing animals, vines, flowers and fruit, in a manner both picturesque and artistic. This town, which is also called Shawl, is fast rising in importance as a place of trade; and is already in this respect in advance of Lahore.

Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, is connected by railway with Delhi and Moulton. It was once the

metropolis of the whole of Northern India, and was the residence of Runjeet Singh, one of the bravest of all of the native princes. The city stands on an immense plain, and contains about one hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and twenty inhabitants, Mohammedans forming the largest portion of the population. The architecture is of the Moslem period, and the magnificent buildings glittering with gilded minarets, relieve the general dullness of the peculiar architecture. The Sikhs, through their preference for Amritsar, removed a great deal of the most valuable ornamentation of Lahore to grace their own sacred capital.

About three miles westward of the city is Jehanger, the tomb wherein lie the remains of Runjeet Singh and those of his wives and concubines who were burnt alive on his funeral pile. It is well worth visiting, being three hundred and thirty-five feet square and built entirely of marble of different colors. Its construction must have cost the labor of many years. Another object of interest is the big brass gun called Zamazamah, between fourteen and fifteen feet long. It was manufactured by natives in 1761, and now stands in front of the Lahore museum.

Between Lahore and Salamusa and thence to Khewsa there are inexhaustible supplies of rock salt of the purest quality, one mountain especially noteworthy from the cliffs of which solid blocks of the precious mineral are hewn and transported to almost every part of India.

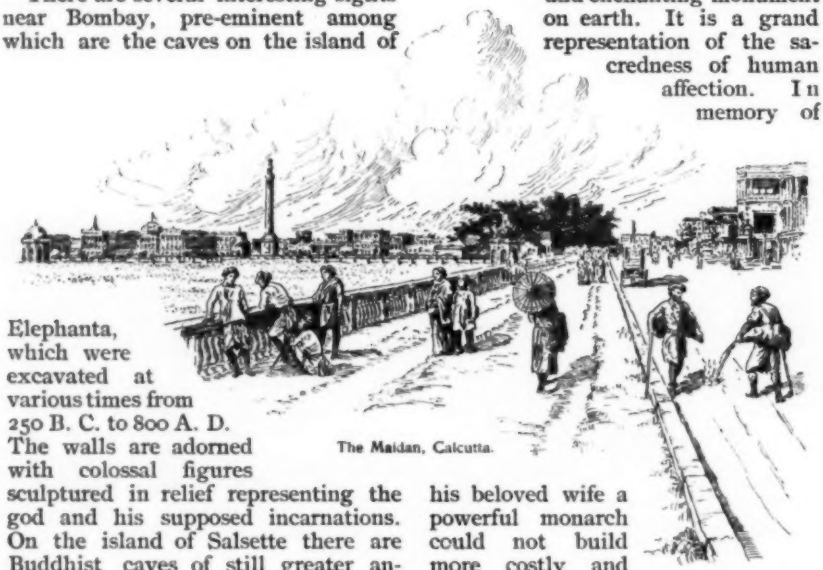


An Indian Temple.

On the same line of railway lie Jeypoor and Almedabad. The Maharajah of the first-named city, in spite of his new costly palace and the expense of sustaining three queens and a thousand concubines, besides another thousand of dancing girls and domestics, can afford to pay an annual tribute of three million rupees to England. The textile fabrics of Almedabad formerly brought immense

wealth to its merchants, and a considerable quantity of gold and silver lace is still manufactured in this ancient city. The system of caste is more fully developed here than in any other part of Guzerat. This is owing to the manufacturing industry, caste preventing one class of operatives from encroaching on the preserves of another. Baroda is another city of considerable trade, walled and fortified. Here we were shown two gold cannon and two silver ones, about the size of iron six-pounders.

There are several interesting sights near Bombay, pre-eminent among which are the caves on the island of Elephanta, which were excavated at various times from 250 B. C. to 800 A. D. The walls are adorned with colossal figures sculptured in relief representing the god and his supposed incarnations. On the island of Salsette there are Buddhist caves of still greater antiquity.



The Maidan, Calcutta.

On the bank of the Jumna lies the ancient city of Agra, believed by the natives to have been the place of the sixth incarnation of the god Vishnu, and here can be seen the Taj Mahal—the crown of empires—one of the largest of all known mausoleums, unequaled throughout Asia for the beauty of its design and the perfection of its finished execution. Here repose the remains of Arjmased Banu, signifying the pride of the palace, the favorite wife of the Emperor Jahan. She died in 1629 at Burkanpur in the Deccan. Her mausoleum is said to have occupied twenty thousand men for seventeen years in building and to have cost fifteen million seven hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. Austin de Bordeaux, a Frenchman, is supposed to have been the architect. Its diameter is one hundred and eighty-six feet and it stands on a raised platform of white marble eighteen feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square, with a tower of white and black marble at each corner.

The Taj Mahal is the most majestic and enchanting monument on earth. It is a grand representation of the sacredness of human affection. In memory of his beloved wife a powerful monarch could not build more costly and beautiful than this anaglyph in snowy marble, glittering as myriads of diamonds beneath a rich flood of Oriental sunlight. Its rectangle of arabesques, its aesthetically carved cupola, and its graceful minarets, prodigies of artistic design and finish, have never been equalled in grandeur by any structure erected in honor of the dead. Whatever graces the architectural art of the past centuries, found embodiment in this mausoleum—this world-renowned structure of complete mathematical proportion and sublime labyrinths of delightful harmonies.

Benares, the Splendid is the holy city of the Hindoos, the religious capital of over one hundred and forty million of people, but he who has once visited it will not care to do so again. It is a city of filth, foul odors and dirty pools, called sacred wells, in the never-changed water of which thousands of people bathe themselves every day for the purging of their sins, as the pools are said to contain the sweat of Siva. The streets are narrow and dirty, and every niche, corner and empty space is occupied by some religious image, mutilated statue, or sacred square-hewn stone.

With a word or two about Calcutta, the British capital of India, we will conclude this sketch. The origin of that great metropolis was three mud hamlets which were purchased by the East India Company in 1700. The town first raised from this small beginning was destroyed by the Nawab of Bengal in 1756, connected with which event was the tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Besides long streets of native bazaars, Calcutta has some very wide ones with palace-like buildings, the residences of the Europeans. Long lines of street cars traverse the city from end to end, and ghavis or cabs, are at the service of those who prefer that mode of transportation. The governor-general or viceroy of India has his court here except for a short time during the summer, when he betakes himself to Simla situated in the mountains of the north. Calcutta is the largest and the hottest city in India. The intolerance of the heat may be known from the fact that during a week in the latter part of July the thermometer registered in the shade from one hundred and thirty-seven and five tenths degrees to one hundred and forty-six degrees.

All the cities we have mentioned and many others are connected by railways of which there are nearly twenty thousand miles available. A great iron network spreads over the peninsula, offering facilities for travel and means of transportation of native products.

In this vast peninsula in which twenty-one different languages are spoken, there are no less than one hundred and fifty-eight million and eight hundred and forty-one thousand and six hundred and thirty-four persons who can neither read nor write. Nevertheless, during the last twenty years a marked progress has taken place in education, there being in existence one hundred and thirty-four thousand and seven hundred and ten schools, most of which are private, only about seventeen thousand being wholly maintained by the State. The government, however, assists a large number by grants.

Charming the Cobra.

OLD XAVIER'S MORTGAGE.

BY JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

çà! Let go from dat, mes young sassy!" laughed old Xavier.

"Oh, Savvie! Give us one tune, just *one*, that's a good old feller."

"I don' got tam'," pleaded the old man, but all in vain. The youngsters tugged the harder, and he was forced to yield. With a good-natured grin, he sat down beneath a live-oak by the wayside and drew the violin from its cover of green baize. It was a picture to gladden the heart of a genre painter—the quiet village street, leading down to the river, a group of eager boys, for the most part barefoot, gathered about a rough, sturdy, weather-beaten old fellow, not too clean, tuning his violin, the boughs above them stirring gently in the spring breeze. Laying his cheek caressingly against the violin, he began a medley of ancient tunes—"Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," "Money Musk" and "Irish Washerwoman," and at last the whimsical, half-pathetic notes of "À la Claire Fontaine."

No need to ask his nationality now; he was playing this because he loved it; his audience was forgotten. Away beyond the gleaming river, beyond the golden glowing buttercups and eschscholtzias, beyond the green foothills, the old man's gaze wandered, and rested on the far blue ranges, beauteous in the sun. Softer and sweeter came the notes, more tenderly the wrinkled old cheek caressed the violin.

"Il y a long-temps que je t'aime,
J'amais je ne t'oublirais!"

Brighter than the famous diamond of Ole Bull, shone the tear that fell upon old Xavier's bow.

"That's a Canada tune," whispered Davie; "he's thinking about his folks."

Davie was a small boy, but a great friend of Xavier's, and proud of knowing something of his family history. The boys' faces glowed with the quick sympathy of childhood, they even forgot to applaud as the music ceased and Xavier drew his hand across his eyes.

"Tennez! h'ol' Xavier play you plenty tune, ain't it?" he said, as he returned the violin to its case.

The audience suddenly recovered its senses and sent up a wild shout of applause.

"Don't go yet Savvie," cried one, "you ain't workin' to-day."

"Tell us about Canada and your folks," said another.

"An' how you happened to come to California," added a third.

"Tell us about your little girl," coaxed Davie, who knew the "shortest cut" to old Xavier's heart.

"Eh bi'n! 'Ow dat's 'appen to me to come on Californie, eh? Well, firs' place, you know, I got a farm on the paroisse St. Anne—bout-de-l'isle, you know; dat's close by to Mon'real, you know?"—looking inquiringly at the boys, who answered him only with blank looks.

"Well!" exclaimed Xavier in disgust, "eef you ain't know de ceety of Mon'real, you ain't know much!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Davie, "I know now, you mean Montreal; I know a lot about it. My uncle lives there. They have a wonderful palace of ice there every winter, just made of great blocks of ice, thousands and thousands of 'em. People go from all over everywhere to see it; and my, how it shines in the sun—and at night, when it's all

lit up with 'lectric lights! And when the show is over they have a battle of fireworks and besiege it all down."

A brief pause followed this fairy tale and then came the derisive chorus, "Rats!"

Xavier himself looked perplexed.

"Well," said he slowly, not liking to admit that he knew less about his own country than Davie did, "I ain't know notting 'bout dat, but I s'pose dey make dat way seence I come on dees country."

"It's a fact, anyway," said Davie, "for we've got a piece in a paper about it and a picture of it."

That settled the question.

"Well, dey got plenty ice dere on de weenter, dat's a fac'," laughed Xavier, "but for sure dey ain't no palais on ma farm, but 'e got someting h'else—an' dat's de mor-gage, an' try h'all w'at I can, I cannot pay 'eem; h'every ting go for pay de h'eentres'. I got good waf', 'e's work 'ard, an' save h'all w'at 'e can; I got tree boy, dey work too, but dey not h'ol'd enough for h'earn much money. An' I got one ge'l, dat's de bébé, Herminie; 'e's got four' year on dat tam'." Xavier's gaze was on the mountains again—"an' 'e's got 'ees h'eyes beeg an' brown lak' 'ees modder; an' 'ees got 'ees hairs all curl on 'ees 'ead an' shan' lak' eef you spreenkle de gol' dus' over dem; an' 'e's got 'e's li'l mout' toute rose comme—oh nev'man', dat's go'n make me cry some more!

"Well, I go h'on de State' one summer, an' make de beeg wages, an' go back on ma farm on de weenter. Nex' spreeng I go some more hu'p de State', but I don' foun' much work dat tam'; dat's de hard-tam' strak' de country dat year. Well, I've keep h'on, keep h'on an' I come on New York. I got h'always mon violon on ma back' an' I make de musique on de country place; I get plenty to h'eat for dat, an' some tam' l'il money. But dey aint care for dat on New York; dey got plenty 'fan' musique dere, an' dey laugh on me w'en I make 'Bonaparte cross de h'Alp'! But bamby I meet wid Pierre!" Xavier's face brightened.

"Who's P. Air?" asked the boy.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I guess," said another, slyly.

"Who ees Pierre?" roared Xavier, "Well, eef you aint know Pierre, you—oh, I 'destan'; you call 'eem Pete; dat's Pierre on de French language and Pete on de h'Anglish."

"Oh, yes, Pete Vaudry; go on Savvie."

"Well, you know Pierre dat's de bes' frien' w'at I got—an' den Davie," he added, smiling and gently pulling a lock of Davie's yellow hair; "Well, lak' I tol' you, I meet wid Pierre; an' I play partant pour 'La Syria,' an' 'Le Ranz-des-Vaches'; Pierre lak' dat; dey make dat on 'ees country—dat's La Suisselan'; an' so Pierre make great frien' wid me. One day 'e say:

"'Allons, Xavier, come on Californie wid me! I got some money, an' we make plenty bees*ness* h'up dere; you get de beeg beeg wages, an' you make plenty money on de mine; you pay dat mor'gage tout-de-suite ra't off! and you *re*turn on Canada reech man.'"

"Bonté! dat make de dev' on ma head. I teenk 'bo't dat h'all day an' h'all na't. To go back on St. Anne reech, reech man from Californie! More I've teenk, more I get reech, an' bamby I h'own de whole of St. Anne. Mes boy dey h'all go on de College—Remi, dat's de docteur—Eusèbe, 'e's great lawyer on Mon'real—Jean Baptiste, e's rentier—'e's take care for h'all dose farm w'at I h'own; Josephine, ma femme, 'e's dress up fan' h'every day; and Herminie, 'e's de mos' 'ansome an' beautiful demoiselle w'at you never see!—Dat pass on ma head, you know—crée tête-de-fou!" he exclaimed, knocking his head against the tree in serio-comic frenzy.

The boys laughed, though in fact it was rather serious business, trying to understand his—to them—very remarkable "lingo."

"Well," he continued, "I be'n come along wid Pierre; I be'n work

ma way on de stim-boat, an' we come on San Franceesco." Here Xavier made a long pause, lost in retrospection.

"Well, and then?" urged the boys.

"Oh, well, an' den," he resumed, with a deep sigh, "I be'n mené le diable seence dat tam'! Some tam' I make plenty money an' I sen' forty—feefty—one 'ondre dollar on dat mor'-*gage*; some tam' I've teenk to make great fortune on de stock' an' I've los' de whole teeng; many tam' I be'n rob on de mine—oh, be'n 'ave plenty 'ard tam'! Some tam' w'en I've teenk on ma femme an' ma cheel'ren, I go hide mase'f on de mon-taine an' cry loud teel I can cry no more! Nobody 'ear dat; sometam' I teenk le Bon Dieu aint 'ear dat, needer."

The boys furtively winked away a few tears.

"Why didn't you go home?" asked one.

"Well, sometam' I don't got de money; more tam' I be'n too shame for show *ma* head back dere, lak I h'am now." Xavier was silent again.

"Where was Pete Vaudry all this time?" demanded another, indignantly, "he ought to been suff'in' too."

"I'va los' de sa't (sight) of Pierre h'after couple year—but las' year I be'n down on Sacramento, work on de levee, an' dere I be'n foun' Pierre. Crapaud, I be'n glad for dat! Pierre, 'e got better luck dan me; 'e got plenty money now—on de mine, on de ranch, make de wine, sell de froot, sell de wood, rent de money—h'every way lak' dat. 'E be'n h'always ver' good for me; no need be mad 'gains' 'eem; eef I b'en h'always do lak' 'e tole me, I aint be dees way. No, dat's good feller, Pierre! W'en de job be feeneesh on de levee, I go on 'ees place on Sacramento. H'after dat, 'e sell dat place an' we come on dat small ranch w'at 'e h'own up dere on de mon-taine,"—pointing to where Mt. St. Helena stood in grand repose—the blue ranges beyond and the green hills at her feet.

"Now I stay h'always wid Pierre, an' work for 'eem; dis week j'grobe."

"You—what?"

"Grobe—j'grobe! Grobe de root!"

"Oh!" exclaimed a boy, tumbling over with laughter, "he's grubbing, grubbing out roots."

"Bi'n oui, dat's w'at I say! I make some money now; Pierre pay me de good wages, an' I sen' some to 'ome. Look! I sen' h'all dat to-morrow"—taking a double eagle from an old leather pouch.

"Is the morgidge most paid?" asked a small boy.

Xavier blushed and looked down.

"Well, not dezacklee—you see dat's take h'offle lot for pay de h'eentres'; an' dose boy, dey ain't know ver' well for manage de farm; an' den ma waf' 'e be'n seek mos' h'all de tam; I guess 'e don' got no courage now, pauvre vieille! An' de boys dey h'all got married now, an' dey mus' take care for dey h'own famlee. But dey h'all good boy," he added quickly, "dey do h'all w'at dey can for deir modder."

"What's become of Minnie?" asked the biggest boy.

The father's head came up proudly.

"Herminie, 'e's got feefteen year now. 'E make 'ees study on de convent; h'after dat, 'e shall make de school on de village. 'E be'n h'offle smart for de book."

Xavier was fumbling in his pockets.

"I got letter from 'eem todder day—look"—holding out a much-soiled envelope. "You can look dat, eef you want"—carefully unfolding it and passing it to Denny, the big boy. The others crowded around.

"Read it, Denny," they cried.

"Wish't I could!" said Denny. "It's awful nice writing, but I ain't been edicated in the Canuck lingo."

"Dat's on de French lan*guage*," said Xavier with dignity. "I read eem on de h'Anglish, eef you want." I can't make dat nice lak' Herminie wrat 'eem, but I make ma bes'—'E say:

'Mon bi'n, bi'n chère fadder!

"'We deen' received of your news seence a long tam'; dat make dat we got great fear dat someting arrive at

you. But maybe dat letter be'n los'—dat's a great way for someting small lak de letter for come. Oui, mon fadder, t'ees long way for de letter, but not long for our t'ought, parce-que dey come an' dey go, fas' an' free lak' de bird!' —

"Ain' dat a beautiful!" said Xavier, looking proudly around.

Enthusiastic applause from the audience.

He continued: "'—H'every ting go de same way on de farm; ma modder h'always on bad 'ealt', but de waf' of Remi be kan' for eem (her.)

"'For me, I makeh' always mon possible for console de sad of Maman. Oh, I be so glad w'en I be h'able to make de school, for gain de money!

"'Chère fadder, we don' make you no rip-proach of your long absent, biccos you do dat for us odder; but we implore dat you *renonce* to you' *exile* and come again on you' country. Nev'man dat you got no money—we love better our fadder dan de great richesse. Poor Maman cry so much and pray le bon Dieu for take care for you—I lemember 'ow you be'n always good to us—Oh chère papa come to us!

"'To you, wid all de 'eart of you li'l daughter,

Herminie Mariette Lalonde.'"

With tears and oft-failing voice, the old man got through with this curious translation. Not a word of comment was offered, but none was needed; the old exile read in those young faces all his heart could ask—admiration, pity, sympathy. Tenderly and with trembling fingers, he folded the precious letter and returned it to his pocket.

"I go home!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I sen' dis money; den, so soon I h'earn me de good clo'es an' money for pay de voyage, I go! I be'n say dat many tam', but dis tam' I go!"

The light of a joyous resolve shone in his eyes; the lines of toil, hardship, and, alas, of dissipation, seemed to fade from his face. His bent shoulders straightened, his whole form assumed a new manliness and vigor.

"Well, good-bye, boys—let me tell you someting! Don't nevare dreenk de w'eesky. 'Eef you got some troub' dat's h'only make 'eem worse; dat lose you de home, de fren'; dat make de dev' on you head, dat put de hell on you life! Adieu."

The boys stood soberly watching their old friend—quite awed by the brief, impassioned temperance lecture—as he walked quickly along the street, with his violin slung across his shoulders.

"Too bad he gets drunk, ain't it?" said one of the boys.

"Yes," replied another, "I'll bet that's where the money goes!"

"They rob him in the saloons," said Davie, "I've heard my father say so. They hire him to play, then they make him drunk and rob him. He's all right when he's up on the ranch, but when he comes down to the village he's a goner."

"Why don't Pete Vaudry take care of him? He brought him out here," exclaimed another boy.

"Oh, well," answered Denny, "what can you do with a man that's crazy for drink? And Pete himself drinks some; he has his beer and wine every day; all them fellers do."

"They say Savvie's awful wicked sometimes when he's drunk," remarked another.

"Yes," said Davie, "he most stabbed a man down on the levee; he chased him all round with a knife; but Pete held on to him till the man got away. He'd been calling Savvie 'old drunken Canuck!'"

"He ought to been stabbed a little bit," laughed Denny, "But come on, boys, let's finish our game!"

Thus far Xavier's history was not a new one. How often it has been repeated in this great, beautiful land, this California, only He knows Who reads alike the secrets of mountain, vale and sea, Who knows the story of each exiled life. Alas for the old, sad story! Alas for poor old Xavier and

his new resolve, with his violin on his back and little Herminie's letter against his heart!

That night Davie heard his father say:

"Old Savvie's in for it again. I heard his violin as I came by Clarke's saloon. He was playing that tune he calls "Partant pour La Syrie." It sounded like the wail of a soul in torment!"

"O papa! And he had twenty dollars in his pocket to send home to-morrow. And his wife is sick, and they're all crying for him to come home! And they'll steal that money, and *all* his money, and he'll *never* go home!" Davie fairly howled with anguish.

"O dear!" exclaimed his mother, "why did you let the boy hear that? You know how sympathetic he is. There seems to be the strangest friendship between him and that old Frenchman! Davie, I don't see how you can think so much of him."

"But, mamma, you don't know how nice he is with us boys. He plays such jolly tunes and he tells such funny stories. You'd die a laughing to hear him! He's been all over California, and he's had more adventures than you ever heard of, and then, we're so sorry for him," he wailed again.

"There, Davie, don't," said his father, "I'll look him up in the morning and get him off to the ranch."

"But the money'll be gone."

"Oh, perhaps not—not all of it, anyway. I'll see that he sends it off to-morrow. Go to bed, now, my boy."

Davie went to bed, but not to sleep. He was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. He arose and leaned out of the window. Through the soft air of the spring night, he imagined he could hear the plaint of Xavier's violin. His father's fancy had sunk into his heart! It was no longer a tune, but a soul crying for help. The idea possessed him. Hurriedly he dressed and climbed out of the window, stole softly along under the rose trees that showered their petals like blessings upon the chivalrous boy, passed through the gate and went swiftly down the street, keeping well in shadow. He stopped before the saloon. It was the worst place in town. His excited fancy pictured the inmates as hideous fiends, bent upon getting that precious gold piece out of Xavier's pocket. Even Xavier himself, so terrible when drunk, loomed up fearfully before his vision. Then he thought of Herminie and the poor old mother, and, arming himself with a prayer, he walked steadily in, "pale as a ghost," but bright-eyed and resolute, a hero from head to foot! He looked like an angel of light among those men. He went straight to Xavier, who was staring at him in stupid amazement.

"Savvie!" he said sternly, laying his hand on the man's arm and looking him steadily in the eye.

"Hein?" It was a grunt rather than a reply.

"Savvie," the boy repeated, "I want you to come home with me."

"Cert'n-*lee*, M'sieu' Davie," he mumbled, "I come bamby—vrai."

"You must come now," said Davie, decidedly; "it's important business."

Xavier only stared—everybody stared in silence.

"Here! put your violin in the case, so. Now come."

He took the old man firmly by the hand, and led him, unresisting, to the door. There he turned and flashed one defiant, triumphant look upon the crowd and walked out. Not a man spoke or moved as this young Daniel passed out of the den.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" exclaimed one, as the door closed, and the others repeated it in chorus. Perhaps they had never felt so sincere in their predictions as they did at this moment, beholding themselves in contrast with the pure-faced, dauntless boy.

Davie marched homeward with his prize, never once relaxing his firm hold, never speaking a word. Xavier stumbled along beside him, as completely under his control as a subject in the power of a hypnotist.

But words fail to paint the emotions of the father and mother as Davie entered with old Xavier, and thrust him into a chair, first carefully removing the violin from his back.

"I've been to the saloon and got Savvie," said he. "I don't know whether he's got the money or not, but if he has, I want you to take care of it, papa, and let Savvie stay here to-night. Have you got that money, Savvie?"

"Cert'n-lee," hiccoughed Xavier, "I got 'eem—all ra't, see?" taking an old pouch from an inner pocket, and clumsily putting out the gold.

"Well, give it to papa to keep till to-morrow; then you will send it home," said Davie.

"Cert'n-*lee*, M'sieu' Davie," said the abject old man, "I know you ain't wan' rob h'ol' Xavier; *you* keep 'eem," and he confidingly handed the coin to Davie.

Then, his mission ended, the hero of the evening rushed into his mother's arms and wept, while his protege simply fell asleep in his chair.

So the money, at least, was saved, and sent upon its way, to the little household at "St. Anne, bout-de-l'isle." But poor old Xavier! Davie was, after all, not a hypnotist, and his childish endeavors had but brief influence on the besotted old man. The summer passed much as others had passed, and one rainy day in winter found him at his old haunt, playing the same old tunes, swallowing the same fiery mixtures wherein home and friends and honor had been drowned! He had spent his last dime, and turned to his drunken slumber on a bench in a corner of the room. How long he had slept he did not know, but suddenly he awoke, with his mind alert. He had heard Pierre's name mentioned in a strange tone.

Without moving, he looked out from half-closed eyes. Three men sat near him—beside him, the only ones in the room. They were talking in low tones about Pierre. They were planning to rob him! It was known that he had received a large sum of money that day from the sale of a ranch. There was no time to lose. The night would be dark and rainy. Pete was alone. The old Canuck was here safe.

A drunken snore came from the "old Canuck." Oh yes, he was safe!

"Pete was tough," they were saying, "a fighter, but three to one—and the gulch just behind his house—how natural that he should tumble down there in a dark night—not found for a couple of days, perhaps. By that time they would be safe in 'Frisco, and as soon as possible they would skip for Mexico.

Still the old Canuck was safely sleeping.

They planned the meeting at a certain point on the mountain road at a certain hour of the night. Then they rose and went their separate ways. Xavier looked cautiously about; the coast was clear. He took his violin and went quietly out, walking away as fast as his unsteady legs would carry his old liquor-steeped body, and thinking as fast as his liquor-sodden brain would permit. Pierre, his friend, his benefactor, his only refuge, was going to be robbed—murdered! Mon Dieu, could he get there in time to save him? Should he look for help? No use; no one cared for *him* —"h'ol' drunken Canuck!" No one would believe him, and there was no time to lose; *they* had said that, too.

Push on, push on, Xavier! It is a long way up the mountain road, through darkness and rain. But those men, those devils! If they should overtake him, they would tumble him off the grade as coolly as they meant to dispatch Pierre. Did

he falter for that? Not an instant! Only one thought possessed him—to reach Pierre. The clay road was so slippery he scarce could keep his feet, but he toiled on. The ascent grew steeper and the road more slippery; the mountain stream came hissing down over the rocks; it was terrible to look down there even by daylight. There was not much of a guard along the roadside, and the road was very narrow in some places.

Walk straight, Xavier. One drunken reel might plunge you down into the abyss!

The noise of the water sounded to him like the seething of the bottomless pit; the wail of the wind among the pine trees like the shrieking of its demons. It was horrible. At home, going along the country roads at night, they used to sing to keep the evil spirits away, but here he dared not make a sound—those men might be coming. On and on he toiled, slipping, falling, struggling up; falling again, and at last crawling on hands and knees up the steep incline.

What was that? Ciel! were they coming?

Once more he struggled to his feet, and turned to look down the road. A slip—ah! it had happened! Through a break in the guard, down he went—down, down, down that awful hillside, over bowlder, rock and thorn—*down*, till he lodged against a young pine and lay still.

Then he prayed—the old prayer of David—"Save me, oh God!" "O Jesu, Marie, ayez pitié de moi! Don't let me die here; I must save Pierre!" He tried to say an Ave Marie and the penitential.

"Par ma faute, par ma faute, par ma très grande faute, hélas!" But ever his mind returned to the one idea—save Pierre! He tried to rise. He could scarcely move; his legs seemed like lead. It was so cold down there; the water dashing among the rocks splashed over him. At last, oh, joy! he heard the rumble of wheels coming up the road, and a teamster singing as he came. He even recognized the voice; it was Joe McGill, a neighbor of Pierre's—a big, strong, kind-hearted fellow. Xavier shouted with all his might. Alas! his feeble voice was drowned in the voice of the waters. He groaned with despair; but stop! one hope more—his violin! Mon Dieu, but it must be broken in pieces, or had it bounded safely over the rocks in its thick cover? He drew it out and felt carefully over its surface. Thank heaven for the miracle! It was unbroken! He drew the bow across it and played—literally for dear life—"Bonaparte Crossing the Alps!"

"What the devil is that?" said Joe, pulling up his horses. "Great guns! its old Savvie playing down in the gulch! Drunken old fool!"

He listened again.

"Something wrong down there. I'll bet he tumbled down and is playing for help. Here, Jake," to the boy beside him, "hold the horses;" and seizing his lantern, he sprang into the road, shouting:

"All right, Savvie, I'm coming. Keep on playing so I can find you." And conducted, as it were, by the spirit of Bonaparte, he came safely to the poor old wreck under his pine tree.

A few words sufficed to explain the situation, but to get him up to the road! It was a "tough job," as Joe said; but it was accomplished, and Xavier, though faint and bleeding, was safely deposited in the wagon. Joe had arranged a bed of hay, and covered him snugly with grain sacks. It seemed a useless waste of time to Xavier.

"Drav' fas' you can on de ranch," he urged.

"It'll kill you, Savvy," protested Joe.

"Nev' man' dat. I guess I h'am mos' dead now; but go queek chez Pierre!"

"Hang Pierre!" exclaimed Joe. "But all right, old man, I'll go as fast as I can; can't trot up hill, you know."

Xavier groaned.

"You see somebody pass, Jake?"

"Not a pass!" answered Jake, encouragingly.

At last, with many anxious inquiries from Joe, and many prayers from Xavier to "go more fas'," the ranch was reached and Pierre was saved.

Jake was sent for a doctor, Pierre and Joe meanwhile doing all in their power to assuage the old man's pain, at the same time keeping a cautious lookout for the robbers. The rain had ceased, the moon shone faintly out between the drifting clouds. All was quiet; but the doctor and Jake reported having seen three men lurking under the trees in the lane.

"All right," said Joe, "let 'em lurk! We'll fix 'em to-morrow."

But on the morrow, the men were not to be found. The town was troubled by them no more.

So everybody was safe except poor old Xavier. Anxiously Pierre watched the doctor as he made his examination; anxiously he followed him from the room to hear his decision.

"Well, Vaudry," he said, "I fear your old friend is done for. He saved you—I doubt if we can save him, but we'll try."

And try they did, but without avail. Broken by hardship and exposure, and poisoned by whisky, the old man's vitality was not sufficient to bring him up.

"He won't last much longer," said the doctor one morning. "If he has any business to settle, it should be attended to."

"He has nothing to settle," answered Pierre; "but me—I have something on my mind since a few days. It is by my fault dat Xavier came to California. He was a fine, honest, merry fellow when I firs' met wid him, but making a hard struggle to clear his farm from debt. I imagine I can do great ting for him out here, and I *in*duce him to come. 'Twas de fatal meestake! He loose all his sense, like so many odder. He tink to get reech all at once; he make like crazee! He get wid bad companion and I loose de influence over him. He get discourage, an' de 'abit of drink grow on him, and all is lost! Wife, cheelren, country were sacrifice. Dey were not forgot, and he made always de resolve to go home, but alas! it was impossible. He was separate from me for years. At last, by accident, I found him and brought him here, but a wreck! True, I could sent him home. I could well spare de money, but I would have to send a guard wid him! And what a return for dat fam'lee! Look as you will, it is someting desolating. And now to hear dat poor fellow speak always of gratitude to me; of de great tings I do for him! What I have done? I give him plenty advice. I give him sometime a little money when he need. I give him my old clo'es, and now I have give him shelter and good wages; but he work for me, honest and faithful like no odder I can find. He love me like if I am his elder brodder, and at de las' he has give me his life! He save *me* and my money. I don't got a *ri*lation in de world dat care one sous for me, and he has wife and cheelren crying for him! I wish I can bring dem for hear his last word, but 'tis too late. One ting I can do—I can make him more happy in dying dan for many year of his life. I shall give him dat five tousand dollar what he save for me. Not much for a life, eh? I shall pile dat gol' up so he can see it all, an' say, 'Look, old friend, it is yours. You have earned it many times over; you will leave dat for make comfortable your wife and your cheelren. Rest now in peace, poor old friend!'"

And so it was arranged. A notary came, and in presence of the doctor and the priest, who was diligently trying to set poor Xavier's spiritual affairs in order, the sum of five thousand dollars, "for value received," was paid to Xavier Lalonde. Then a will was drawn up and the same

sum bequeathed to Josephine, his wife.

It was worth it all to see the old man's joy and pride—his childish, whimsical delight!

"So de h'ol' Xavier die reech man, ain't it?" he murmured, smiling. "Dey gon' call Josephine de reech Mme. Veuve Lalonde, je gage! I weesh my boy dey all 'ave someteeng for help dem, an' I weesh ma petite Herminie shall 'ave de fan' seelk dress for 'ees noces (wedding). I got ma heart light lak' a fedder widout dat mor'*gage*."

All this was spoken slowly and feebly, but with a joyous light on his face. By-and-by it grew wistful.

"'Eef I can play h'only one tune more on mon violan; but I got no more strenk on ma han'. But put dat close by to me—so. Pauvre vieux," he said, looking at it lovingly, "we make many *voyages* togedder, but now I go de long, far way, and for de firs' tam, you ain' come wid me!"

One day, near the last, he said to the doctor:

"M'sieu' le Docteur, you gon' put someting on de paper w'en I be dead?"

"Certainly," answered the doctor kindly, "you shall have a first-class notice, Xavier."

"I lak' to 'ear dat. W'at you shall say?"

The doctor was taken rather aback, but, repressing a smile, he took out his prescription pad and wrote the following, and read it to the old man:

"We regret to announce the death of Mr. Xavier Lalonde, a native of Canada, who passed away on the —— inst., at the residence of his friend, Mr. Pierre Vaudry. We understand that Mr. Lalonde left quite a large sum of money, which he bequeathed to his family, who reside near Montreal. Deceased was a hard-working, honest, kind-hearted man. His recent heroic act of devotion to his friend has already been described in these columns.

"Is that all right, Xavier?"

"Yes, sare, dat's fan'!" said Xavier, wiping his eyes, all unconscious that it was a rather remarkable circumstance for a man to be weeping over his own obituary!

"You sen' dose paper on St. Anne, ain't it, docteur?"

"Of course. Anyone in particular?"

"Well, you sen' one chez Mme. Veuve Lalonde, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"And one Mons. Noel St. Germain Marchand?"

"Certainly."

"An' one chez Mons. le Notaire Duchesnau, an' dats' all. Dey go'n' tell all de odder. Tank you much, Mons le Docteur. H'everybody be so kan' for me now!"

"There's a world of pathos in that little word *now*," thought the doctor.

After awhile he asked for Davie. The boy came, his blue eyes full of tears, as he took his old friend by the hand.

"You cry for h'ol' Xavier? Cher petit amie! But don' cry, Davie. Dat's de bes' teeng for h'everybodie. I be reech, now, Davie, you know dat? I go'n' pay dat mor'*gage* now, *sure*, an' dey h'all be 'appy. I be'n make ma weel t'odder day, but I ain't say notting 'bo't mon violan. I want you shall 'ave dat, Davie. I want you shall take good care for eem, an' teenk to h'ol' Xavier w'en you look dat." He rested awhile, then continued:

"I want you promise me something, Davie. I want you shall nevare dreenk de w'eesky, an' I want you do h'all w'at you can for save some odder people from dat, eh, Davie?"

"Yes, Savvie, I promise, and I'll take good care of your violin, and love it too, and I'll learn to play all the tunes I've heard you play."

"Dat's good boy, Davie, Dieu te benisse!" A long pause. "I suppose you go sometam' on Mon'real see you h'uncle, ain't it, Davie?"

"I hope so," answered Davie.

"An' den you go on St. Anne—

bout-de-lisle—you lemember, an' you see ma fam'lee?"

"I surely will, Savvie."

"An' you ain't—you—you don' tell dem someting for make dem shame for dey h'ol' fadder, Davie?"

Oh! the poor old wistful, shame-stricken face! the trembling, pleading voice!

"O Savvie, dear old Savvie!" sobbed the boy, "I'll tell them only how you loved them, and was home-sick for them, and how hard you worked, and how men cheated you and robbed you so you *couldn't* save any money, and how you gave your life for your friend, as the dear Lord gave His life for us all, because He *loved* us. You *know* that, don't you, Savvie?"

Xavier gazed at his little comforter with a new thought lighting his dim eyes.

"You tink'" he asked tremulously, "le Bon Dieu *love me? Same lak' I love Pierre?*"

"Oh!" exclaimed Davie, "more, a million times more! Didn't you *know* that, poor old Savvie?"

"Cert'nlee," assented Xavier, "I know le Bon Dieu love h'every bodie, le Segnieur die for save h'all de worl' mais" — he stopped and looked helplessly in Davie's eyes; he could not express the thought that was struggling in his bewildered brain.

The child was trying with all his soul to read the old man's mute question—suddenly a light suffused his face.

"I know what you mean now, Savvie," he said joyfully. "You didn't think He loved you—*all by yourself—close up*, just like a brother; but that's just the way it is — that's what my mother says—just as if He walked beside you, and was sorry for you."

A wonderful new light came into the old man's face.

"Oh!" he murmured, softly and joyously, "I ain' nevare unde'stan' it dat way before; seem lak' you breeng someting of Love close by to me, lak' I nevare know dat—someting to make dat all de pain go away—an' all de room come bright! Seem lak' someting go'n' lif' me up tro' dat bright!"

Davie gently took his hands that were moving up and down with a slow wing-like motion.

"Shall I sing something?" he asked—fearing that he had excited him too much.

Xavier smiled and whispered, "Chantez, cher petit."

"'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" sang the boy, as softly as his mother had sung to him in his cradle; and like a tired child, old Xavier closed his eyes to listen. He had never heard that song before think of it!—and he could not understand it all, but it seemed to be made for him.

"'While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh—'"

That was the awful night when he struggled up the long, dark road, when he lay among the rocks and the waters beat against him!

"'Leave, ah leave me not alone!'"

Yes, that had been his cry and God had heard it, and been with him, sorry for him! He had loved old Xavier all that time!

Oh the sweet voice of the inspired child!

"'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!'"

The poor old defenseless head lay very quiet now. Davie had never seen him look so sweet and gentle. "He is asleep," he thought, "I'll go away and let him rest. Good-bye, dear old Savvie," he whispered, and went quietly away.

A few days after that, the obituary was published.

Old Xavier had paid the mortgage, and gone home.

One midsummer day, when the St. Lawrence was shining grandly between its beautiful green shores, young notary Duchesnau was walking with a visitor

in the little village of St. Anne, of Boat Song fame. A handsome, merry young fellow was the Notary, with a very "taking" way.

"You see de old lady in black?" he was saying, "almost hide in her big veil?" It is de rich Mme. Veuve Lalonde. She has her husband dead in Californiä since tree year ago. She has a fine farm and plenty money in de bank, Mons. Lalonde lef' dat in Californiä.—And de pretty young lady?—'Tis la Demoiselle Herminie, her daughter. She is very well educate, and fine musicienne. You see de pretty gown she wear? Dat is a presen' from Californiä, from an old frien' of her fadder. He send her a fine silk gown like dat every year and many odder ting. Dey say he will leave her a big fortune when he die. We hear dat from a young fellow—you may see him in de boat over dere—'tis a young m'sieur from Californiä. He has his uncle in Mon'real. He was a great frien' wid le bonhomme Lalonde. De old man give him his violin w'at he carry wid him in his *voyages* all over Californiä, poor old man! Mons. David bring it here to show to de familee, but for sure he won't take it back! If you had see de poor ol' modder cry when she took dat violin in 'er arms! She tink more of it dan of de money. Someting curieuse, is it not? To see de ol' violin coming back to de home, and poor Xavier dead and bury in far Californiä!

"*Comment?* You tink perhaps de ol' bachelor will come and marry wid Mlle. Herminie? Well, I 'ear de people say dat sometime; but me, I tink not; because," said the young notary, with charming frankness—"because I am going to get marry wid her myself!"

AN' THE YELLOWTAILS A-BITIN'!

BY CHARLES A. GARDNER.

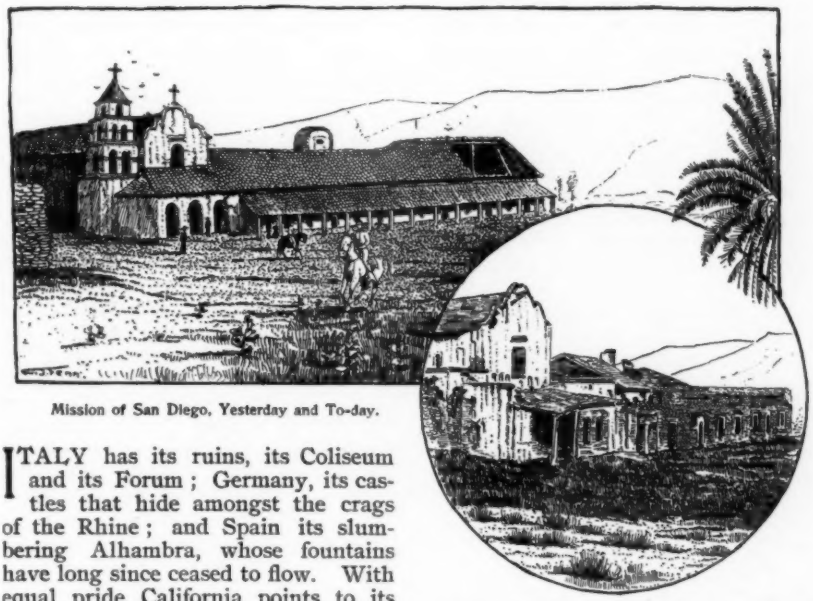
Oh! the news it is excitin' that is comin' from the beach,
How the yellowtails are bitin' everything that they can reach;
And it makes me so uneasy to be with them in the 'fray
I can hardly hold the scissors I am writin' with to-day.

For I seem to see them floppin' over everything I write,
With their yellowtails a-shinin' an' a-flashin' in the light;
And the ripple of the water as it tosses in the sun
Is the music of the siren to a feller that likes fun.

An' I'll cease the weary raselin' for glory and for wealth
(This laboring between meals, it is ruining my health),
An' drop a line to Yellowtail to celebrate with me
'Way down at Catalina, in the bosom of the sea.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



Mission of San Diego, Yesterday and To-day.

ITALY has its ruins, its Coliseum and its Forum; Germany, its castles that hide amongst the crags of the Rhine; and Spain its slumbering Alhambra, whose fountains have long since ceased to flow. With equal pride California points to its ruins. True, they cannot boast of great antiquity, neither do they tell of nations fought and conquered; their tale is of the heroic deeds of noble men, who yielded fame and fortune for the glorification of God in the then heathen California.

In 1543, Cabrillo, while exploring the coast of the mysterious Upper California, entered a land-locked harbor of much beauty, which he named San Miguel. Sixty years later, Viscaino, commanding a Spanish exploring fleet, sailed into this same bay, whose name he changed to San Diego de Alcala, in honor of his flagship. The explorer left copious accounts of the new land and its inhabitants, but it was not until a century and a half had elapsed that the Spanish government made practical use of the knowledge.

Meanwhile, the different orders of missionaries were constantly importuning the king to authorize them to establish missions in Alta California; but intrigues and troubles at court constantly usurped the royal attention. Still undismayed, they presented prayer after prayer, until Spain finally awoke from its lethargy, and the longings of the zealots were about to be realized. Undoubtedly, though, had it not been for the fear of Russian invasion from the north, and for other political reasons, Spain would not then have heeded the prayers that for over a century had fallen unheeded upon diplomatic ears.

It was then resolved to occupy Alta California, and to establish military posts at San Diego and Monterey, as described by Viscaino. The military

expedition was placed under Jose de Galvez, the most efficient officer in all New Spain, and a prime favorite with Carlos III. Immediately after receiving the royal decree to occupy these ports, he summoned for consultation, Padre Junipero Serra, President of the Franciscan missions of Lower California, that the military and the religious expeditions might act in unison. Full of hope and zeal born of years of patient waiting, Serra set out to meet the energetic Galvez. Between them, it was agreed that the old Jesuit régime be re-established; that is, that the older missions give birth to new ones, by furnishing church property, such as vestments, bells and ornaments, besides such livestock, grain and implements as could be spared. The church ornaments were regarded as gifts, but the more substantial donations were treated as loans, to be repaid in kind when prosperity should reward their efforts.

It was decided that four expeditions —two by land and two by sea were to be dispatched to the land of the Gentile. The first, a company of twenty-five Catalan volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Fages, arrived from Guaymas, to proceed to sea as the first detachment of the illustrious band of crusaders into Alta California.

On the 9th of January, 1769, the San Carlos was ready to put to sea; St. Joseph, the patron saint of the expedition, was solemnly invoked to smooth the seas and clear the skies, that the vessel might reach San Diego in safety. Early that morning, all had partaken of communion at mass, and prostrate before the altar, with tear-dimmed eyes, they besought His Divine aid to strengthen them in their faith and perseverance. Junipero Serra, with outstretched hands, pronounced a most solemn blessing upon the departing pilgrims, their flag, their crew, and upon the good Padre Parron, to whom the spiritual care of the expedition was intrusted; and after charging them in the name of God, of their King and of the Viceroy to accept the authority of the priests, and to preserve peace and unity among themselves, he bade them a loving farewell.

Without a fear, the gallant crew stepped aboard the vessel, waved adieu to their Mexican home, and the San Carlos was off to sea. Fifteen days after, the San Antonio followed with much the same ceremony.

Meanwhile the land expeditions were preparing for their invasion. Captain Rivera had gone northward through Mexico, visiting each mission and taking such livestock and supplies as could be spared; with concentrated forces and property, he started north for San Diego in March. Father Juan Crespi, a coadjutor of Serra, who had come with him from Mallorca to the Sierra Gorda missions, sixteen years before, was ordered to accompany this expedition. Accordingly he left the mission of Purissima, and with Father Lassen, joined Rivera's noble little army of crusaders. After the customary blessing and the invocation of Divine help, details being perfected, the march began—each full of the love of God, with zeal and hope for the future; but not without some misgivings, for Viscaino had told them in his manuscripts of the totally low and depraved condition, mentally, morally and physically of the Indians along the coast.

The second division, under Governor Portola, had already proceeded; but Padre Serra, who had planned to accompany this party, was disappointed in his hopes. He had not yet completed his collection of church utensils; besides he was suffering from an ulcerous sore on his foot, caused many months before during a difficult journey afoot from Vera Cruz to Mexico. In such a wretched condition was his foot that his colleagues deemed his following them practically impossible. Possessed, however, of such indomitable energy and zeal, while yet very lame, he set

Mission of San Luis Rey.

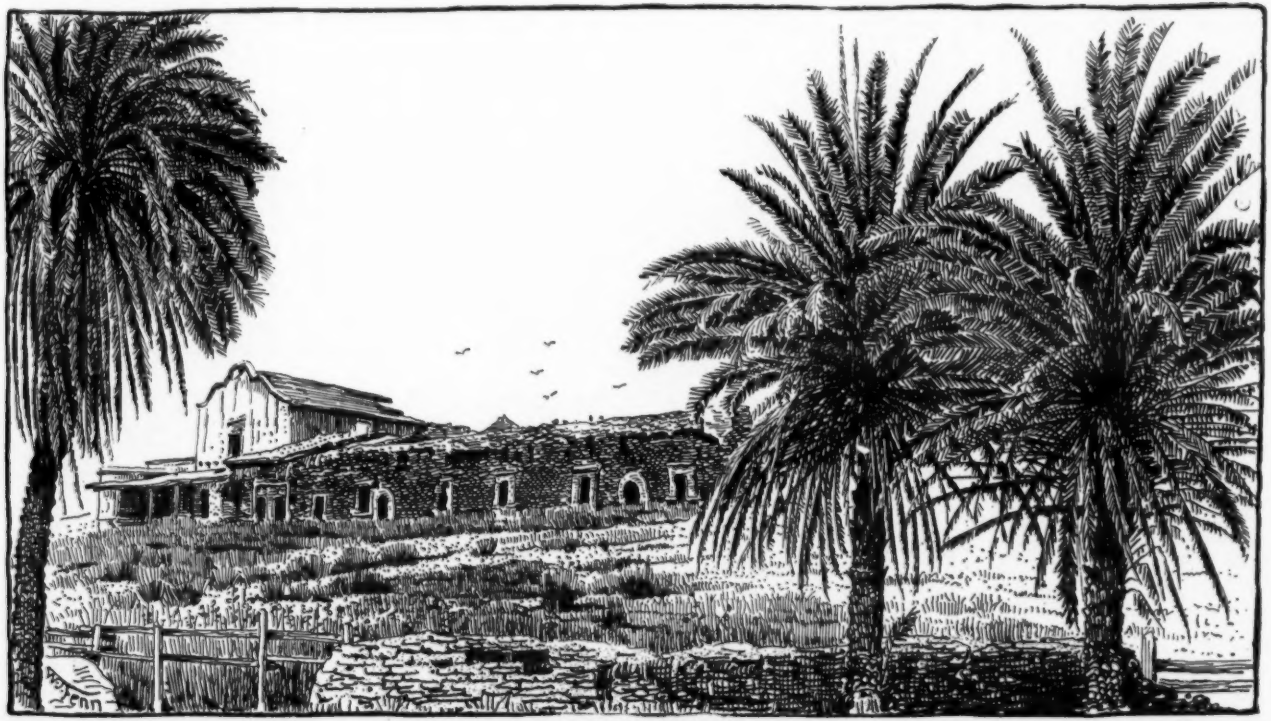
out on his journey at the end of March, stopping over a short time at San Javier with Francesca Palou, in order to appoint him president of the old missions in Mexico during his absence. Slowly, and with great suffering at every step, he journeyed on from mission to mission, impelled

The Bells of Pala.

forward by the fire of zeal that seemed at times to consume the anguish of his pain, till on the 5th of May, amid much rejoicing, he overtook Governor Portola's party. From the governor's diary, a copy of which forms part of Hubert Howe Bancroft's collection of manuscripts, we learn of much physical suffering among the pilgrims, scurvy and malignant fevers having broken out among them, greatly reducing their numbers.

In 1769, on the 16th of July, the day of the triumph of the Most Holy Cross, the mission of San Diego de Alcala was founded. The men and officers, naval and military, assembled at the site selected for the presidio, and with deep gratitude for their deliverance from the perils of travel, they set to work to erect a temporary altar at which to give thanks in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Bells were swung over a neighboring tree, and rung by willing hands; the Veni Creator rang out clearly on the virgin air; the water was blessed, the cross raised, and the royal standard thrown to the breeze. Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. Groups of savages had gathered about meanwhile, and, dumb with astonishment, watched the proceedings to the end.

They were not an inviting people to behold, clad in breech-cloths made of the skins of wild animals, and armed with spears, clubs and bows and arrows. Their features were coarse and heavy, showing no ray of mental or moral elevation. They were contemptible, physically, as well as intellectually, Humboldt classing them as low in the scale of humanity as the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, who were the nearest approach to the brute creation. The women wore braided strands of rabbit skins, carefully fastened together onto one garment, which hung to the knees, and was frequently garnished with fringes of gaudy beads and bright grasses. Add to this their faces painted with colored mud, and you



Old San Diego Mission.

have a lady of high degree, attired for early California society.

The missionaries found the natives as a nation lazy, cruel, cowardly and covetous, with no orators among them, but few warriors and possessed of no native lore.

Their language was a strange jargon, and here arose the first of the many obstacles that constantly beset the paths of the padres. After having tenderly nursed the sick crusaders back to health, the indomitable Serra and companions set to work to acquire the Indian tongue. Then began the dawning of Christian light. Meanwhile, the soldiers were busily engaged erecting suitable buildings on the site chosen for the Presidio—called by the Indians "Cosoy"—and when completed, they consisted of the church, the fort, dwellings, and warehouses and shelter for cattle and live stock.

Shortly after their completion, however, Padre Serra moved the mission from the Presidio to "Nipaguay," about two leagues distant, whose fertile fields offered fine pasturage to his fast-increasing flocks. Here there were brought to the baptismal font, four hundred and seventy-four savages, whose secular education was going on, hand-in-hand with the spiritual. They had been taught to till the soil, to raise wheat, vegetables and cotton, and to manufacture a coarse kind of cloth; some of them became carpenters, others blacksmiths, and some stonecutters. A few of the most intelligent ones had learned to lead in prayer, and frequently assisted the padres in instructing those of their brethren who desired to be baptized. Thus did the good Padres Fuster and Jaume, with their predecessors, labor on from dawn till dark, content and happy in doing their Master's bidding, rejoicing at each baptism and confirmation, and bearing with Christian fortitude their sorrows and disappointments.

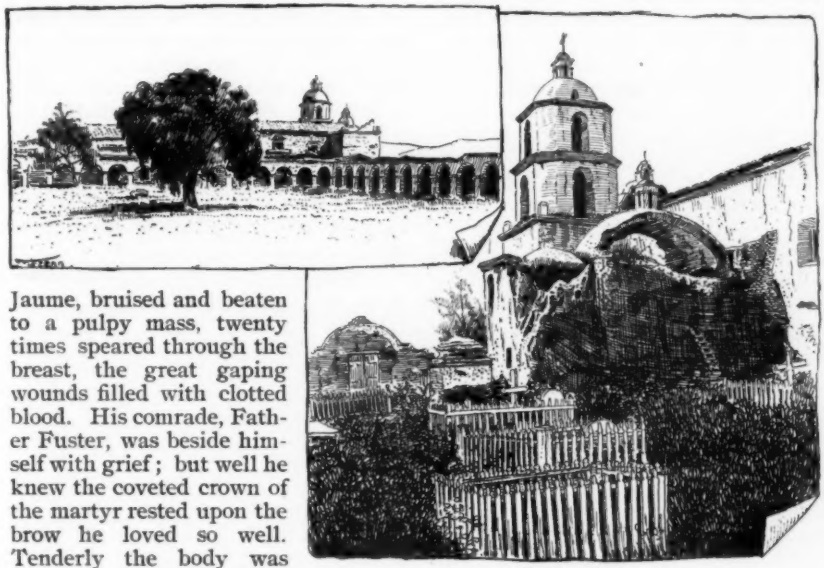
On the fifth of November, 1775, after having bade his "children," as he fondly termed the neophytes, a cheery good-night and retired, Father Jaume was suddenly awakened from his slumbers by the demoniac howls of a thousand or more frenzied savages, descending upon them like a pack of hungry wolves, bent on destruction. Rushing out to appease their fury, he drew his crucifix from his belt and raising it aloft cried out: "Amar a Dios, hijos" ("Love God, my children.") Immediately they fell upon him with spears, clubs and stones, and with savage glee they pierced his bruised and bleeding body through and through. As he fell, mortally wounded, kissing his crucifix and commending his spirit to God, he gasped out: "Oh, Jesus, save my soul." The soldiers of the guard, two of whom were wounded by arrows, rushed to the rescue of Father Fuster, upon whom the fire was fast approaching. "Seek my companion," he cried; and, unmindful of his own danger, he rushed out amid the shower of stones and arrows, calling wildly to his beloved companion, unconscious that he lay in the courtyard, a hacked and bleeding corpse.

Already the buildings were burning fiercely, the savages were becoming ing wilder with excitement, and, yelping like hyenas, danced and darted about in the flickering light, hurling stones and arrows unremittingly at the corral, whither Father Fuster and companions had sought refuge. A horrible night it was—no human help at hand; the good padre had besought the Blessed Mother to help them in their great peril, and she had heard the prayer. Arrows flew thick and fast all through the night about their heads, yet not a hair was touched. Behind Father Fuster lay a sack containing fifty pounds of gunpowder. Though burning brands were falling everywhere, it was miraculously untouched.

Corporal Rocha and his wounded soldiers kept up their fire from the front of the corral, and with good results. When day began to dawn, bringing great relief to the prisoners,

it was seen the fury of the mob was spent, and the savages were dispersing.

Then appeared the neophytes, sorrowing greatly that they had been unable to repress their furious brethren. Two of them, Ignacio and Roque, soon after daylight, recovered the body of the martyred Padre Jaume, bruised and beaten to a pulpy mass, twenty times speared through the breast, the great gaping wounds filled with clotted blood. His comrade, Father Fuster, was beside himself with grief; but well he knew the coveted crown of the martyr rested upon the brow he loved so well. Tenderly the body was borne to the Presidio, where, with deep sorrow, it was committed to the grave. Here, also, were the bodies of the unhappy blacksmith and his comrade, who had fallen early in the fray, laid to rest.



San Luis Rey.

Immediately there stepped into the martyred father's place, Padre de la Peña, who, with Fuster, took up anew the work so rudely interrupted, re-establishing the mission at the Presidio for greater safety. In 1804, a new church was erected, and the bodies of Padre Jaume and colleagues were re-interred in the sanctuary. Again, in 1813, a more substantial church was built, and it is the remains of this structure that to-day attract the tourist. On November 12th, 1813, with the greatest solemnity, the new edifice was dedicated. Again the bodies were destined to be disturbed, this time to be laid away forever, to sleep in the shadow of the cross they loved. According to Book I of Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths, Father Jaume was buried beneath the arch that joined the sanctuaries. Here rests the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. In 1800, there were about three thousand neophytes in the missions and surrounding rancherias, and it might be of interest to inquire into their modes of living. In the early part of the above year, there came to San Diego from Mexico eight foundling children, one of whom survived to dictate, in 1876, the story of routine life at the missions. As her mind was perfectly clear on the subject, the information is reliable.

At daybreak all animal life was astir. All, except the sick or infirm, proceeded to the chapel for mass, and after breaking their fast with atole, they sought their respective fields of labor. Atole, their staple food, consisted of roasted barley, ground very

fine, and converted into pinole by women called pozoleros, or cooks; each day the mavera, keeper of the granaries, distributed to them the quantity required for the three meals. Beef and uncooked mutton were given at the noon-day meal. Between eleven and twelve o'clock this meal was partaken of; the unmarried Indians repaired to the pozolera for their rations, and the married ones to their rancherias, whither their portion had been carried in the morning.

The labors of the day were over at five o'clock, and a more contented, well-fed and comfortable lot of people would have been hard to find, as they plodded their way at sundown to the chapel. Here the Angelus was said, the litany sung, the evening blessing imparted, and all filed out slowly to the pozolera, where their evening meal awaited them.

The girls until marriage were kept religiously concealed in the monjerio, or nunnery, guarded zealously by a trusted old Indian woman. At night, it was her custom to lock the outer door securely, and to carry the key to the Padre, which measure was found expedient for their protection. In the center of the monjerio was a large court, made attractive by graceful palms and fragrant blossoms. Here the maidens spent their days, chatting and laughing in the warm sunshine or cool shade, while spinning wool, or preparing cotton for cloth. The blankets, one of which was given every year to each neophyte, were woven by them. All the tablecloths, napkins, towels, shirts and skirts were made by their hands.

When a neophyte transgressed, he was subject to imprisonment, with or without shackles, according to the degree of his offense; to corporal punishment to the extent of twenty-five lashes; and for a grievous crime, to be surrendered to the military guard and tried at the Presidio.

Thus the days lengthened into months, months into years, until the secularization of the missions in 1835—that is, the temporal management was withdrawn from the Padres and placed in the hands of the Comisionados of the Government. Let us pause and look back over all these years, to see what were the fruits of all this toil. From the Book of Baptisms, we learn that from the planting of the cross in 1769 until 1846, seven thousand one hundred and twenty-six baptisms took place, besides one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six confirmations and two thousand and fifty-one marriages. It was a source of great consolation to Father Junipero Serra in his declining years that there were in heaven at least some souls from San Diego de Alcala, whom he hoped would pray for him and his associates that they would reap the same reward.

This is the story of the first mission in California; those who played a part in its history are dead and gone, and ere long the walls that mark the historic spot will have crumbled into dust, and naught remain but the silent sepulchres of its founders.

A pity it is that this land-mark in our history must pass forever from sight! and now while there is yet time to save the still existing missions from a similar fate, let those who love them hasten to their rescue.

Just north of the San Diego mission ruins, stand the remains of the most beautiful mission of all—San Luis Rey de Francis, founded June 13th, 1798, by President Lassen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyre. It is still in a splendid state of preservation, but each year stamps its work of destruction upon it, and no time is to be lost if we would save it.

The mission was established under the most auspicious circumstances and prospered from the first. Padre Peyre was much beloved, and being possessed of wonderful administrative abilities, reared the grandest adobe church that was ever dedicated in Alta California, completing the structure in 1802. Situated not far from a beautiful river, the lands were fertile and supported large herds of cattle. The

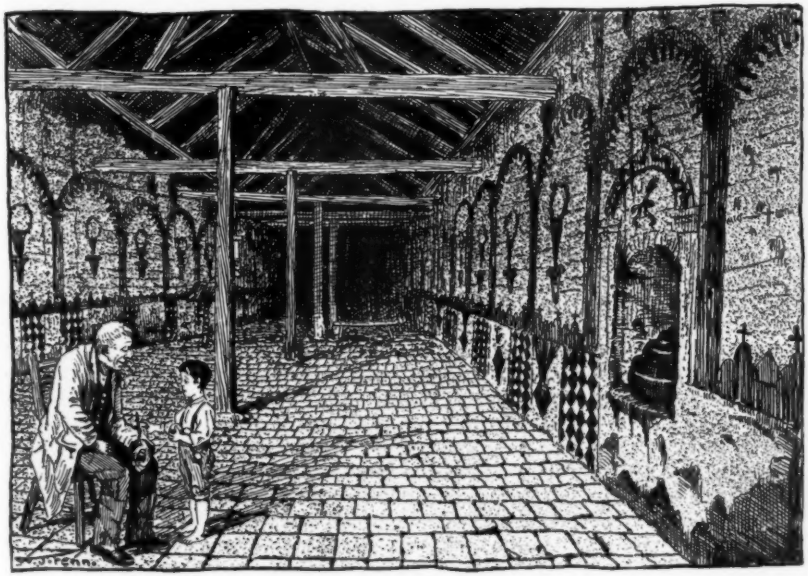
mission population increased with astonishing rapidity.

From this period the records of San Luis are lost; comparatively little of its history is known in consequence, other than that Padre Peyre continued in administration, maintaining the institution with the same dignity that marked it from its birth. Up to 1826 he had gathered into the fold of Christ two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine proselytes; the herds and flocks were doubling every ten years, and prosperity, spiritual and temporal, continued to bless San Luis del Rey. However, a dark day was yet in store for the now venerable padre—a decree had gone forth that the mission was to be secularized.

After thirty-three years of faithful and efficient service, unwilling to witness a revolution of his life work and an overthrow of his plans, he bade a tearful farewell to his children and associates, beseeching them to follow in the ways of the cross, and commending them to God. He found his way to Mexico, thence to Spain, and lastly to Rome, where he fell ill and died, disappointed and broken-hearted, far from the scenes he loved.

In 1833, Captain de la Portillo, in the name of the home government, came to Luis Rey, and formally converted the mission into a puebla, the consummation of a plan that had driven Padre Peyre to foreign shores.

Included in the new puebla was



Interior of Pala Mission.

San Antonio at Pala, a branch mission established about eighteen miles distant by Father Peyre in 1816. It consisted of a chapel of much beauty, to the right of which, like a sentinel, stood an adobe belfry, in which hung two beautiful bells. To this day these are rung by the Indians who gather from the surrounding hills at the chapel for mass. From the top of the belfry grew huge cacti, which, when in bloom, add greatly to the beauty of the ruins.

During her visit to California, Helen Hunt Jackson dwelt ten days amid these ruins, charmed by their picturesque beauty.

There lies about these ruins an air of subdued sublimity; the effect upon the mind of the beholder is elevating. There comes before one visions of the patient plodding padre, toiling on from year to year, unmindful of his disappointments and deprivations—preaching, baptising, confirming, anointing, and when at last, his earthly toil is ended, here he laid him down amid the scenes of his labors, far from his kith and kin, and the land of his birth.

These crumbling walls that enclose his sepulchre are mute monuments to his greatness.

NOCTURNES.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Night is the death of the day;
  Death is the night of life;
E'en as the cloud-wreaths may
  (Leaving the still stars rife),
  The clouds of passion and strife
Fade at sun-setting away.
Night is the death of the day:
  Death is the night of life.

The moon is the soul of the night,
  But the soul of day is the sun;
Darkness is undone light
  And light is the dark undone;
  Sun and moonlight are one
To the eye of unsealed sight.
The moon is the soul of the night
  But the soul of day is the sun.

Love is the moon of death;
  The sun of life is Love;
Borne on its silver breath
  The soul to the Soul above
  Hath fled, like a homeward dove
When the gold west darkeneth.
Love is the moon of death;
  The sun of life is Love.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

(*Commenced in January number.*)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

TIME dragged wearily. We heard of the great happenings ten days or two weeks after they had transpired, which, instead of satisfying us only created a desire for further news. We learned that General Sherman had reached the sea and turned north, and that Jefferson Davis had fled. A rumor came, no one knew how, that he was with a small party in the Everglades of Florida with Mallory, who knew the land and reefs, too, and that their plan must be to reach Havana. Orders were issued that no boats would be allowed to leave the mainland all along the coast. The general had gone up himself to reconnoitre, and the citizens of Key West felt positive that they were going to have their share in the excitement; certainly, no insignificant part of it, should they secure and hold as prisoner, the President of the Confederacy.

The first of May the S. S. Mississippi came in with news up to the 23d of April, bringing some officers on parole belonging to the lost cause, on their way to New Orleans, and as there was to be a theatrical performance that evening they were invited.

The men were so bubbling over with good spirits and fun, they could not resist the opportunity of propounding a few rather combustible conundrums, slightly to my husband's discomfiture, as he knew nothing about it, for they were evidently spontaneous inspirations caused by the presence of the strangers. One major left, but General Wilcox, a surgeon, and others remained, and when the Doctor explained the matter to them, they laughingly said, had they been the men, they could hardly have resisted the opportunity to fire a few harmless shots.

It was very pleasant to see the entire absence of any feeling of animosity, and they talked and chatted over matters with as much good humor as if they had not been trying to kill one another a few months before.

One of the Confederate officers remarked that had it not been for a norther in the first of the war, attempts would have been made to take Fort Jefferson; and it could easily in the very early days, have been accomplished without an armada. Whether they could have retained it must have been proven; no doubt, they could, with it and a few gunboats, have aided their blockade runners in taking cotton to Havana, that would have been of great assistance to them; but Captain Meigs put that out of their power, before they were ready for the second attempt.

Rumors reached us of great excite-

ment in Key West. What it was about we could not learn, unless it was with reference to "Jeff Davis;" but on the 25th of May the S. S. Ella Morse came in, bringing the news of his capture on the tenth, near Quinville, Georgia.

Things were little changed at Fort Jefferson in the autumn, government at times sending down prisoners, thirty or forty at a time, while others were released, still keeping the number up in the hundreds; and as long as so many prisoners were confined there, it would require a large garrison, and would most likely be the last outlying post to be reduced or changed.

A company of the regular army, Fifth Artillery, had been sent down from the North, making a very pleasant addition to the post.

The summer had been a fairly healthy one, having acclimated troops there, and with the Doctor's strict discipline as health officer.

An excitement among the prisoners occasionally broke out in attempts to escape, but without success. The state prisoners, who had been sent down during the summer, naturally gave more anxiety than the others. Their arrival had caused considerable commotion, as the ordering of their sentence—"To the Dry Tortugas," was very unexpected.

The prison had been looked upon by most people at the North as a sort of Bastile set out in the ocean, and this was a culminating proof, when these prisoners were sent there, that it was not only considered a perfectly secure place, but that it was going to be continued as a prison, without reference to the ending of hostilities; and this prospect rendered it still more unpleasant for the officers in charge.

The state prisoners were now orderly, and with the exception of an attempt to escape by Doctor Mudd, they gave almost no trouble. The latter was very restless, and being a physician, there was not much that he could be called upon to do; hence he had more time to brood over his troubles than the others.

He asked my husband to send a long letter, which he gave him to read, to the New York "Herald"—a very sensational and untrue report of the treatment of the prisoners. He had imagined all sorts of indignities and persecutions, when, in fact, they were treated to the same conditions and surroundings as the soldiers, with as good food as government could afford them. Those who had money could buy, as the soldiers did, anything they could get at the sutler's.

My husband took him into the hospital as a kind of assistant nurse, which seemed to modify matters somewhat, and for awhile things went smoothly.

While we were at dinner one day, the hospital steward came in in great haste, saying two men were thought to be dying.

The Doctor hurried to the hospital to find there two patients, whom he had left an hour before convalescent, in the greatest agony. Upon investigation, he found that the nurse had gone away for an hour, leaving Doctor Mudd in charge, with directions to give them some blue mass pills at a certain time, and when asked to get the bottle that he had taken them from, he brought one containing Spanish fly blister.

My husband was convinced that it was a simple blunder, and soon had the men under treatment that relieved them; but they were of one mind that an external blister was much easier to bear than an internal one, and Doctor Mudd lost his opportunity of being made nurse in the hospital, and was put at other duties.

The soldiers were inclined to think it an intentional act, but the Doctor convinced them after much talking that it could scarcely be; the object was wanting, as he lost instead of gained by it, but he guaranteed the opportunity should not offer again.

It was not long after when a steamer was being loaded with coal.

Colonel Hamilton sent a message to the Doctor that Doctor Mudd was missing.

It was the custom always in loading and unloading vessels to utilize the prisoners with the soldiers in such duties; then before the vessel sailed, the roll-call for the prisoners was read, each one answering to his name; they were in squads like the soldiers, so that it could be quickly accomplished.

Orders were issued for the prisoners to return to their quarters, and the soldiers were ordered out and a search made.

The coal was turned over in the vessel, and every part of it searched; but it was some little time before he was brought forth, smutty, discomfited and utterly crestfallen. He was of course put in confinement, more embittered than ever. He must have had assistance, and naturally we felt it was most likely from some one or more belonging to the steamer. As he was recovered, there was no investigation made, and no one compromised.

The Doctor reasoned with him, telling him that the only way to make his imprisonment bearable was to behave as the others did—make the best of it.

Letters that the prisoners sent away had to be inspected, and I presume he had not written home on that account; but letters coming to them were delivered, though liable to be opened, as those were the understood regulations.

The youngest of the state prisoners so won upon the sympathies of the colonel's wife, by his illness and thorough submission, that she prevailed upon the colonel to put him at some duty more congenial. He was installed as a clerk in the office, and without doubt the young fellow had many a lunch from a home table the colonel knew nothing about, or was willing to trust the generous heart of his wife in her unmilitary insubordination.

I heard her remark one day: "I could not see that boy dying from homesickness and the want of a little care, when by management, which I alone am responsible for, it can be averted," and his appearance before many weeks bore evidence of kindly interest.

The others were older men and bore their imprisonment with stolid demeanor.

Spangler was a carpenter, and was sent one day with some other workmen to do a little work at our house.

I could not resist speaking to him. He said, with perfect good nature: "They made a mistake in sending me down here. I had nothing to do with Booth or the assassination of President Lincoln; but I suppose I have done enough in my life to deserve this, so I make the best of it." He was released with the others by Johnson's Christmas Proclamation Act, 1868, one of them having died from yellow fever after we left. During my absence in the summer, I lost my cook Charley. The first of September the island was visited by a cyclone, uprooting trees and throwing down some of the brick walls of the officers' quarters that were in process of construction, the rear walls falling on a house occupied by two officers who were sleeping in them at the time. One was killed instantly by the immense pile of brick that came crashing through the roof.

Charley roused the other officer and rescued him from his perilous position, but the danger from the remaining wall, standing in a tottering, perilous condition, was imminent. As the colonel could not order anyone to do so dangerous a thing as to climb up and pull it down, he called for volunteers, when, to the surprise of every one, Charley, before they realized it, was half way up, calling for someone to throw him a rope, which they did amidst such cheers as Fort Jefferson had never heard before. When he came down safely and the men had taken hold and pulled the trembling wall down, the colonel found Charley and told him to come to the office.

"Now," he said, "what can I do

for you?" Charley's manhood came nearer yielding to the emotional than ever before, as he told his little romance, which I had known for some time, and had watched its growth and wondered how it would end, for I knew that Charley's sentence was for ten years.

When Major McFarland moved his family to Tortugas, they brought a nurse girl whom Charley saw very often. He was generally to be found in Mrs. McFarland's kitchen if not in mine. But the family and the girl sailed away one day, and from then on Charley's smiles were forced ones, brought occasionally by letters from New York.

Now was his time and the colonel appreciated Charley's diffident attempts to tell the good his sweetheart would do him if he could only get away, for she had promised to wait for him; and it resulted in a document reaching the Secretary of War, which gave Charley his liberty.

He went directly to New York, married, and took his bride home to New Hampshire, and later we received a letter very full of happiness, signed by the husband and wife.

General Scott visited Key West, that winter, and gradually the troops from Texas and the Southern posts were called in; but Fort Jefferson served as a military prison for some years after the close of the war. Then it was almost deserted, and now—well, what it is now, will, I understand, be told in the following number by another surgeon's wife, whose home is now by the blue waters of the outer reef.

[THE END.]

THE WHEAT OF SAN JOAQUIN.

BY MADGE MORRIS.

A thousand rustling yellow miles of wheat
Gold-ripened in the sun, in one
Vast fenceless field. The hot June pours its flood
Of flaming splendor down, and burns
The field into such yellowness that it
Is gold of Nature's Alchemy; and all
The mighty length and breadth of valley glows
With ripeness.

Then a rolling of machinery
And tramp of horse and scream of steam
And swishing sighs of falling grain,
And sweaty brows of men; and then—
The Sampson of the valleys lieth shorn.

San Diego.

POMONA.

BY H. J. HALL.

THIRTY miles east of Los Angeles Pomona lies reposing in one of Nature's most beautiful cradles. The lovely valley in which it is situated, twelve miles in length and seven in width, is one of the most fertile and picturesque spots in California. On the north the imposing summits of the Sierra Madre Range look down upon the town with the watchfulness of a mother over her sleeping child; on the east, Mts. San Bernardino and Jacinto stand sentinels over its resting place, while the Chino and Spadra hills on the south, and the San Jose hills on the west present, with their softened outlines, pictures of sweet expression in contrast with the rugged features of the broken mountains about Riverside and Elsinore on the southeast. Within view of Pomona are Mts. Wilson, San Antonio, Cucamonga and many other prominent heights, in whose forests are delightful resorts for the weary metropolitan, and enticing attractions for the lover of gun or fishing-rod. The altitudes of these mountains range from nine thousand to twelve thousand feet, and during more than half the year their aged brows are white with snow. In beauty of scenery, geniality, salubrity, and productiveness, there are few places in California that can rival the vale of Pomona.

Ten years ago the place which is now a city of five thousand inhabitants could boast of domiciling only one hundred and fifty people, and a retrospective glance will enable the mind to realize the great changes effected in Pomona Valley during ten years or less of progression. The original Mexican settlers had done little to develop the resources of the soil, yet the few patches of vines and fruit trees, which they planted, gave sufficient evidence of its wonderful richness. In 1882 the same neglected latent wealth lay hidden in the ground, and the same magnificent scenery surrounded thousands and tens of thousands of acres of land waiting to render up their treasures of productiveness. Now, however, square miles of ground are covered with fruit trees of many kinds. Here thrive to perfection the orange tree, with its golden orbs; the lemon tree, with its primrose colored ellipsoidal fruit; and the olive, with its acorn-shaped oil berries. Here flourish, also, the fig, peach, apricot, pear and nectarine, while hundreds of tons of blackberries, raspberries and strawberries are shipped from this garden, well worthy of the Roman goddess, each kind in its due season. The air is redolent with the perfumes of flowers and aromatic plants, and the valley is clothed in robes of green foliage and bright colored petals.

This change in the scene has been effected by American enterprise and capital, which has roused the vale from its indolent repose and caused it to be active with productive industry, and vocal with the sounds of a rapidly increasing population. In Southern California large tracts of land are almost unproductive, if not supplied with water, and Pomona Valley would have remained a sheep ranch, in the greater portion of it, but for the energy of the Pomona Land and Water Company, which, by the exercise of great skill and the expenditure of much money, has provided it with a system of irrigation that will exclude it forever from the class of non-producers. The result of this generous supply of water, derived partly from the mountain stream of San Antonio Cañon,

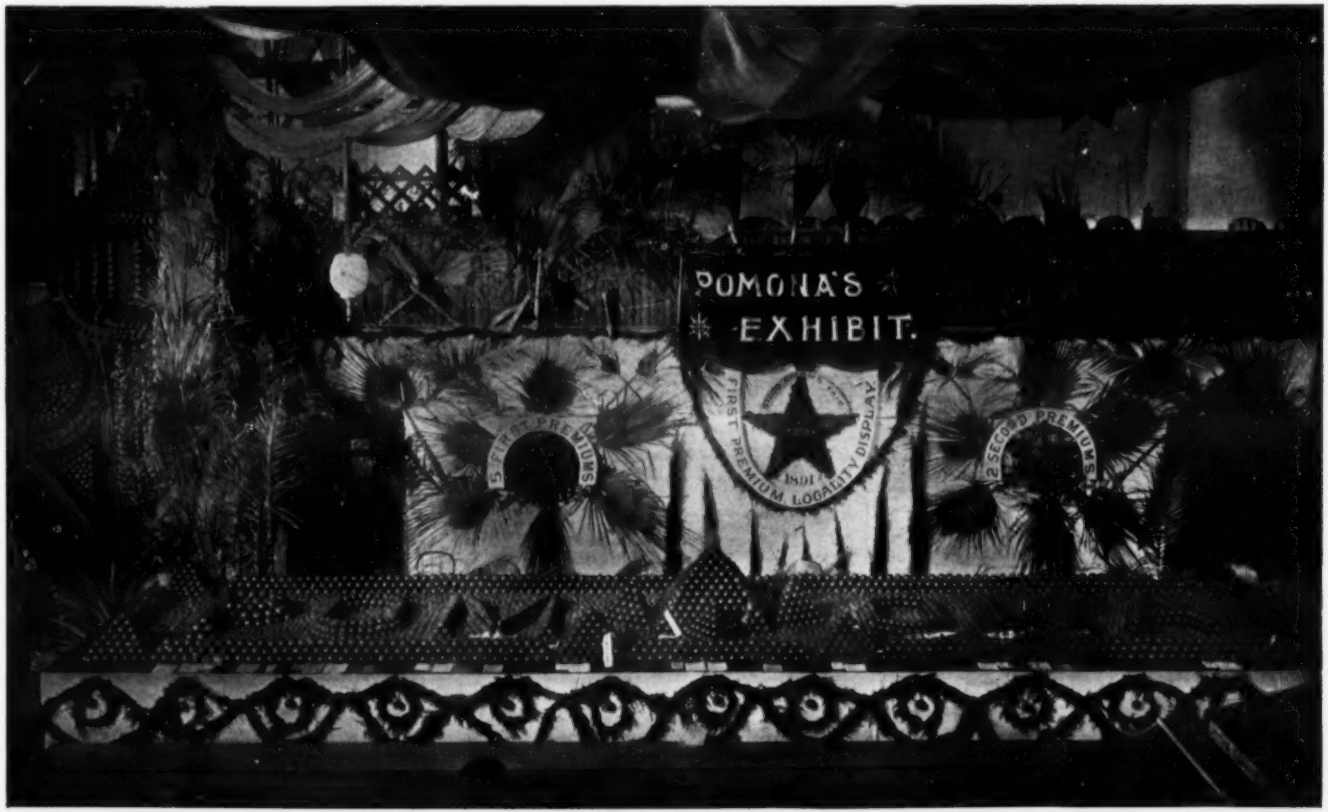
but principally from artesian wells, has been the planting of ten thousand acres of land in fruit trees and vines, four thousand acres of that large area being devoted to the culture of the orange.

The orange is the special attraction to fruit-growers, who have discovered that Pomona Valley in climate, soil and water is most admirably adapted to meet all the requirements of its successful cultivation. Pomona has passed the probationary stage in the experimental culture of this delicious fruit, and vast growers of orange trees attest the appreciation in which her soil is held by careful observers from the east, who have chosen her valley as the field of their enterprise. How great is the faith in the excellence of the conditions necessary for the profitable culture of citrus fruits in this delightful vale, is shown by the large investments that have been made therein of late years. Little more than four years ago Mr. Seth Richards, of Boston, planted out the largest single grove of navel oranges in the world, comprising three hundred acres; more lately, Mr. John E. Packard planted tracts aggregating four hundred acres, while Mr. Henning of Chicago and Major S. U. Androus, late of Detroit, have planted a grove of one hundred and twenty acres.

Although the orange receives far greater attention at present than any other fruit grown in the valley, there are indications of a rival setting up in time a claim to superiority, both as regards quantity and quality of production. The experiments that have been lately made with the olive tree have been so successful, and demonstrate so thoroughly its yield on Pomona soil and the excellence of its oil not to be surpassed elsewhere in the world, that the tree is now being extensively planted. The Padres first brought the olive into California, but were content with a single variety; Americans, however, have ransacked the olive groves of Spain and Italy and Southern France in search of the best and most bountiful specimens, and no fewer than twenty-five or thirty of the choicest varieties of olives, both for oil and pickles, have been introduced into the Pomona nurseries. More than two hundred acres in bearing trees, the erection of an oil mill, and the prize gained by Pomona for her pickles at the recent great Fruit Exhibition held in Los Angeles are symptoms of the future rank that the olive tree will hold among the evergreen inhabitants of this horticultural valley.

Deciduous fruits are no less successfully cultivated, as is evidenced by the fact that no less than three thousand acres are devoted to their culture, and that the Pomona Cannery and Fruit-drying establishments find employment for hundreds of men, women and children during the season. It is well known that semi-tropical climates are not favorable to the growth of this class of fruits, and rare, indeed, is the advantage enjoyed by the settler in Pomona Valley in respect to the profitable production of these fruit trees so shy, particular and irresponsive, when taken to an almost foreign clime. For here he may cultivate with success the fruits of almost every region except the most persistent home-stayers of the reeking tropics. He can surround himself in a short time with an orchard of all kinds of fruits, while delicious berries can be gathered by him, almost from his start, and be a source of income to him while his fruit trees grow into bearing. The friable soil never bakes, and its porous nature causes it alike to absorb the heavy rain and readily to permit moisture to rise. Under these favorable circumstances the roots of trees and plants seize hold of the soil with marvelous rapidity, and speedily attain a size and vigor that enables them to bear large crops of fruit of fine quality at an early age.

The extraordinary fertility of Pomona Valley is in no way discriminating. It does not afford life-giving nurture to particular branches of the



Pomona Exhibit at the Los Angeles Citrus Fair.

great flora family, but in its generous disposition furnishes subsistence and rich diet to all trees and plants that appeal to it. Deciduous and evergreen ornamental trees and shrubs find the same developing nourishment as the fruit trees; vegetables and cereals, grasses and flowers flourish under the benign treatment in the same degree as do the orange, the apricot and the strawberry. In this delightful garden of Pomona stretch miles of arboretum, dotted with bright lawns and interspersed with pleasant homes, decked with beds of flowers of every hue and kind. Flora walks hand in hand with Pomona, and while the latter delights the taste with the delicate and varied flavors of her contributions to man's necessities, the former fascinates his eye and evokes his admiration and worship by the inimitable beauty of her children's countless forms and tints and coloring.

The dwellers in this happy vale well appreciate their surroundings, and are not behindhand in promoting and fostering social, educational and religious institutions. In public schools, under efficient management, their children receive instruction from experienced and capable teachers, while Pomona College is one of the leading educational institutions in Southern California. Music and art are encouraged, and a literary taste is developed by the existence of literary societies which are supplemented by a well selected public library. Nearly a dozen different religious denominations have their church edifices, and many secret and beneficiary societies have organizations here. Pomona is progressing with equal rapidity in her social and practical development.

It is estimated by competent authorities that the tillable land tributary to Pomona amounts to two hundred thousand acres, the accessibility to this rich region being assured by the fact that the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fè railroads pass through the city, supplying the inhabitants of the valley with the convenience afforded by an average of eight passenger trains daily.

THROOP UNIVERSITY, PASADENA.

BY JEANNE C. CARR.

THE history of philanthropy has no such illuminated pages as those furnished by the present century; and among the monuments which best illustrate the spirit of the age, and the intellectual advancement of our own country are several new universities, which from the Johns Hopkins, the first great departure from traditional standards and requirements, to the Leland Stanford Jr., prove that a man is rich and fortunate only in proportion to what he is able to furnish for the benefit of others.

It is to be expected hereafter that the man whose keen business foresight has enabled him to amass a fortune and whose heart prompts him to consecrate this to the highest good of posterity, will not leave the final shaping of his benefactions to the interpretation of courts or the changes which time inevitably brings into the private and personal relations. Such at least was the disposition of the generous founder of the institution to which this article is devoted.

Hon. Amos G. Throop was born in the Empire state in 1811, but in early manhood found his way to the lumber regions of Michigan, where, during eleven years of unremitting attention to business he laid the foundation of a generous competence. In 1838, he married Eliza V. Wait of Preston, N. Y., who still lives to cheer his home and encourage his every good work.

In 1843 he removed to Chicago, where he made his home for thirty-seven years. He saw its population of six thousand grow until it reached one million six hundred thousand. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Board of Trade, and for many years served upon its arbitration committee. For eight years he was a member of the City Council, for two terms City Assessor, and for five years a Supervisor of Cook County. He was City Treasurer in 1855, and in '57 a member of the State Legislature, and meanwhile conducted the important business enterprises, which eventually gave him an ample fortune.

Other and sadder experiences were his never to be forgotten.

"Men said at vespers, 'all is well,'
In one wild night the city fell,
Fell homes of prayer and marts of gain,
Before the fiery hurricane."—

That great occasion brought all the manhood and womanhood of the land into service, until "In tears of pity died each flame," and the new city of the West rose in far greater splendor than the old.

Through all this period of storm and stress, as in his entire business career, Mr. Throop steadily held to the idea that the only true use of money was to enhance the happiness of mankind. Carrying this conviction into daily practice, then, after fifty years of business activity, he turned his face toward the Pacific Coast to find a fitting place in which to spend the evening of his life and to exercise his philanthropy. In Pasadena he found great natural attractions, work to do in church and society, and one of the most beautiful and commodious homes of prayer and praise in the State is largely due to his generosity.

He now determined to found an institution which should furnish to youth opportunity for true culture of head, hand and heart. With a keen recollection of his own early hunger for educational advantages which were beyond his reach, he proceeded to devote the whole of his fortune to the endowment of a school which should supply the most practical prep-

aration for professional training, social usefulness or business life. His experience and observation—for he had been an active school commissioner in both Illinois and California—convinced him of the inadequacy of much of our "schooling" to accomplish this great work. He, therefore, sought counsel to aid him in the development of an institution which should be free from these defects.

Governor H. H. Markham, Judge H. W. Magee, Dr. J. C. Michener, Hon. W. U. Masters, Dr. J. S. Hodge, Major George H. Bonebrake, Senator Delos Arnold, Mayor T. P. Lukens, Hon. E. F. Hurlbut, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, Hon P. M. Green, F. C. Howes, Esq., Milton D. Painter, Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon, and the founder composed the Board of Incorporation. Articles of Incorporation were filed on September 23d, 1891. These provided for the establishment, maintenance and operation of an institution of learning, embracing the different departments or colleges of higher education to furnish to students of both sexes and of all religious opinions, a liberal and practical education, which, while thoroughly Christian, was to be absolutely non-sectarian in its character. Its management was to be vested in a Board of fifteen Trustees. The distinguished men and women chosen for the discharge of this duty were: Hon. A. G. Throop, Hon. P. M. Green, J. W. Scoville, Esq., Rev. E. L. Conger, D. D., Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Mrs. L. T. W. Conger, J. D. Yocum, Esq., E. E. Spalding, Esq., W. E. Arthur, Esq., and Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D., of Pasadena, Cal., Hon. Enoch Knight of Los Angeles, Cal., Prof. C. H. Keyes, President of the University, and Rev. George H. Deere, D. D., of Riverside, Cal., Hon. W. L. Hardison, of Santa Paula, Cal., and Rev. James H. Tuttle, D. D., of Minneapolis, Minn. Three trustees were to be elected annually for a full term of five years, and to this end the board first chosen divided itself by lot into five equal groups. The term of members constituting the first group was to expire in one year; that of the second group, in two years; that of the third group, in three years, and so on.

It was fortunate for this new enterprise that many of the trustees were not new to the business. Eminent among them is the name of J. W. Scoville, better known throughout the states of the interior and especially in the city of Chicago for his liberality to libraries and colleges.

At Oak Park, when it was a country neighborhood to Chicago, he planned the most beautiful of suburbs; and when he left it for a home in Pasadena, the Scoville Library, one of the most beautiful and appropriate of structures was built, endowed and furnished with all the latest and best appliances for efficient service.

Admirable buildings for similar purposes at Beloit College, Wisconsin, and at Carroll College, in Minnesota, are monuments of his large and liberal concern for the interests of posterity.

The Board of Trustees organized on October 2d, by electing Hon. A. G. Throop, President, and L. W. Andrews, of Santa Paula, Cal., Secretary. It was determined to open the preparatory School and College of Letters and Arts at once. The board accordingly secured a lease of the Wooster Block, a handsome four-story brick structure at the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Kansas street, for the term of five years. It was fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of about one hundred students, and a number of eminent instructors were engaged.

Millard Mayhew Parker, A. M., a native of Maine and graduate of the Wesleyan University, who had served as principal of Glastonbury Academy in Connecticut, 1875–1877, as principal of the High School of Hollister, Massachusetts, from 1877–1882, and as Professor of Latin and Greek in Sierra Madre College since 1884, was chosen to the chair of Ancient Languages.

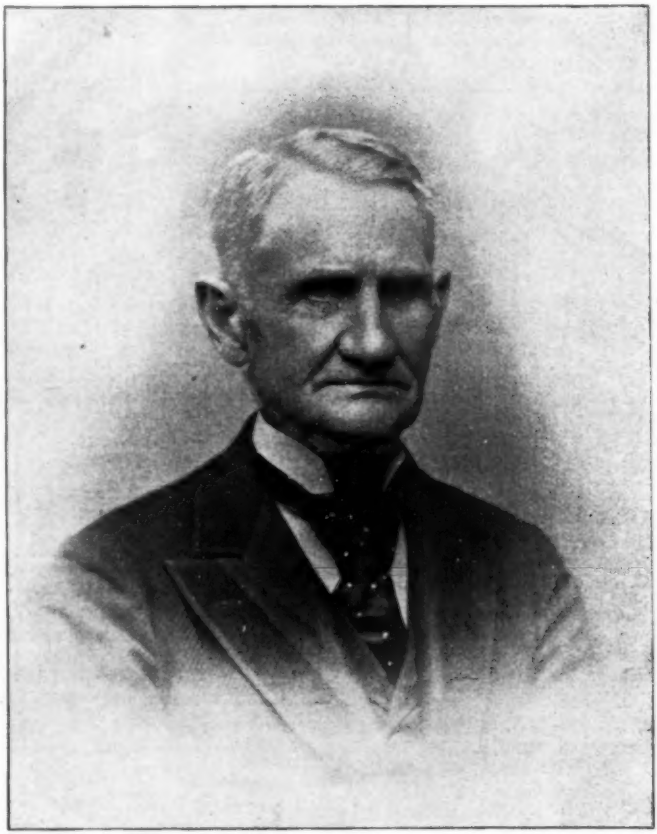
John Dickinson, A. M., who was elected Professor of Natural Sciences and Mathematics, is a native of Philadelphia, educated in the West Town Friends School and the Wesleyan University. He came to California in 1854, and taught mathematics and sciences for three years in the University of the Pacific. He then returned to the East and spent three years in the Sheffield Scientific School, after which he gave twenty years of service to the ministry, chiefly in New York and Brooklyn and vicinity. Returning to California in 1886, he has since been a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, and has become known throughout the state as a brilliant lecturer.

Ada M. Mariner, M. S., a graduate of Lombard University, was chosen Professor of English and Elocution. Miss Mariner had served as principal in public schools in Galesburg, Illinois, had graduated from the Philadelphia School of Oratory and Expression, had studied with Curry and Powers of Boston, and had for three years been Professor of English and Elocution at Buchtel College.

Emma B. Wait, a native of New York, a student at Erfurt, Germany, 1888–1889; instructor in Modern Languages, in Oak Park, Illinois, High School, 1889–1890; and a student in Ecole Normale Sevigne, Sevres, France, during 1890–1891, was elected Professor of French and German.

Throop University at Pasadena.

Lewis W. Andrews, a native of Missouri, and a graduate of the Northern Illinois Normal School, who, after a successful business experience, had served as Official Reporter of the Superior Court of Ventura County, and who, at the organization of the institution, had been elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees, was also appointed instructor in Mediæval and Modern History.



Hon. A. G. Throop, Founder of Throop University.

Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D., who from 1870 to 1876 had served as Assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, and author of many well-known scientific works, chief among which may be mentioned "Holder's Elements of Zoölogy," a text-book for schools and colleges; "Natural History of the Elephant," "Animal Phosphorescence," "Life of Charles Darwin," and others, was elected Professor of Zoölogy.

David Wallace Mott, M. D., a scientific student at Cornell and Ann Arbor from 1874 to 1882, was elected non-resident Lecturer on Microscopy and Histology.

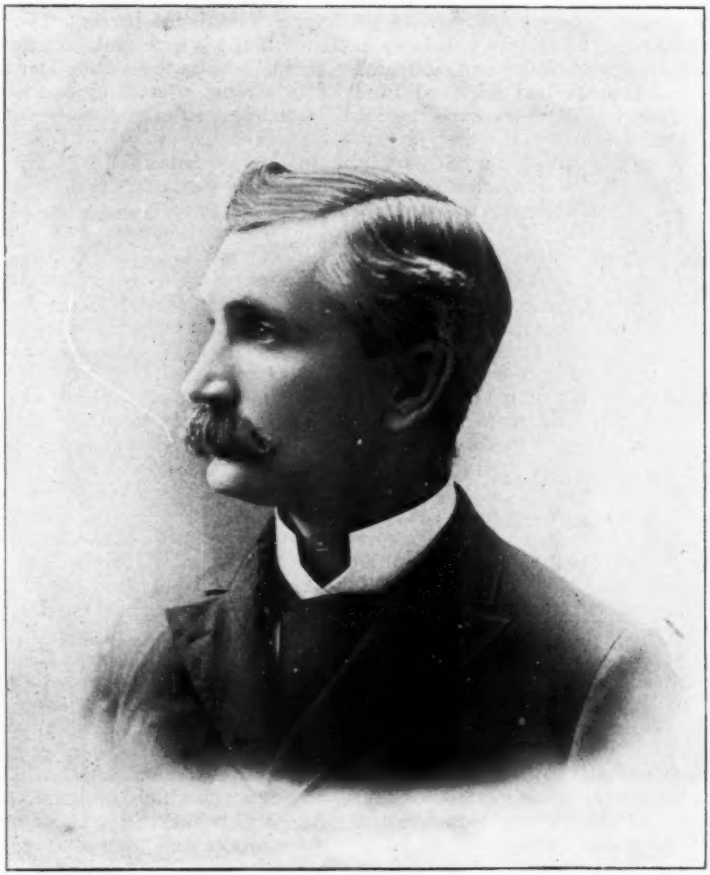
Philip A. Butler, a native of Massachusetts and a student of art in Boston

from 1861 to 1891, was chosen Professor of Painting and Drawing.

Ellen Beach Yaw, of New York, a pupil of Charles Adams of Boston and the Bjorkstens of New York, as well as a vocalist of rare power, was put in charge of the department of Vocal Music.

Mrs. T. Masac, a native of Maryland, and for many years instructor in the New Orleans Conservatory of Music, was placed at the head of the department of Instrumental Music.

Miss Millie A. Morse, who had been a successful teacher in the public schools of South Bend, Indiana, and St. Joseph, Michigan, was selected as instructor in Stenography and Typewriting.



President C. H. Keyes, of Throop University.

Mrs. Ellen J. Wilson, of New York, with a record of ten years' successful service in the public schools of Pennsylvania and Indiana, was made teacher of the Preparatory Department.

Carlos Bransby, A. M., a native of the United States of Columbia, became

Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature.

A still more important measure was the election of Charles Henry Keyes to the Presidency of the University, a gentleman who had already won an enviable reputation for his advocacy of what has well been termed the new education.

President C. H. Keyes was born in 1858 in Southern Wisconsin, to which state his parents had removed from New York a few years earlier. He was educated in public and private schools, graduating from St. Johns College in 1878. He at once began the work of teaching and the study of Civics and Constitutional Law. After a brief experience in common and graded schools, he was called to the management of the schools of River Falls, Wisconsin. Here his work attracted the attention of the President and regents of the Fourth State Normal School, situated in the same city, and he was elected to a professorship in the latter institution in 1880. So earnest, however, was the protest of the city school authorities, and a year later so urgent the call of the citizens, that he resigned from the faculty of the Normal School and resumed the management of the city schools. In 1883 he was elected Superintendent of Schools of the city of Janesville. This position he held until 1888, putting the schools on a high basis and making the city High School one of the foremost in the State. He had, meanwhile, taken rank as one of the leading educators of Wisconsin; he gained especial standing as a State Institute conductor and lecturer, and was a prominent officer of the State Teachers' Association. He served for two years as a member of the Board of Inspectors of the State University. He was chairman of the committee which projected and organized the University Summer School of Teachers and sustained it until it was made a regular department of the University. In 1887 he was made Director-General of Wisconsin's educational exhibit at the Centennial celebration of the founding of the Northern Territory. During all these busy years he had continued to press his legal and constitutional studies and had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, and, in 1888, he resigned to take up the practice of law. After a year of eminent success, the failing health of his wife and youngest child compelled him to seek a milder climate. His strong interest in education reasserted itself and he accepted the Superintendency of the Schools of the city of Riverside, which he has succeeded in making an educational center. Immediately upon his advent into California, President Keyes made his influence felt upon school interests. Two years ago, as Chairman of the Committee of High Schools, he framed the provisions upon which the High School Law of California is based. At San Diego, in 1890, he was an active member of the California State Association, and secured for the city of Riverside the session of 1891. At this latter session he served as chairman of the committee which revised the Constitution, and he was appointed a member of the State Council of Education. He is everywhere known as an energetic school administrator. He was elected President of Throop University in March of 1892, and assumed the duties of the office on July 1st. He comes to his new work with a ripe experience, with a generous knowledge of men and affairs, with an intense devotion to the cause of practical education, and full of the indomitable energy which commands success. As a speaker upon educational questions as well as upon the various topics within the field of civics and economics, President Keyes has few superiors. In his hands the cause of industrial education in Southern California must prosper.

The institution opened its doors to students on November 2d, 1891. Despite the fact that at this date the vast majority of students for the current year had already enrolled them-

selves elsewhere, sixty-five young men and women were admitted to the classes. The work of the year was characterized by enthusiasm on the part of students and the utmost devotion on the part of the Faculty.

But the chief purpose of the new school was yet to be wrought out; its characteristic feature was to be developed. For simply another college of letters, arts and sciences in Southern California, no matter how complete its equipment, how eminent its Faculty or how high its standard, there was no special demand. But for the institution which should give opportunity for the practical training which results in skillful manipulation and accurate vision, as well as clear thought, there was a large field. Early in January the Board of Trustees voted to prepare for the opening of Manual Training and Polytechnic Departments in September of 1892, and to equip them for the training of both sexes. One great object of this new education will, in the language of George S. Mills, be "to foster a higher appreciation of the value and dignity of intelligent manual labor. A boy who sees nothing in manual labor but dull, brute force, despises both the labor and the laborer. With the acquisition of skill in himself comes the willingness to recognize skill in his fellows. When once he appreciates skill in handicraft he honors the workman. This social influence must not be underrated. Many perplexing questions of the day arising from lack of sympathy between classes, and the consequent lack of discrimination between skilled and unskilled labor, will grow clearer as the influence of

Class Room (Cooking) in the Manual Training Department.

such an education is felt." Dr. Woodward says: "A manual training school is not a school for the training of carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists and mechanical engineers. In a manual training school, properly so called, no attempt is made to cultivate dexterity at the expense of thought. No mere sleight-of-hand is aimed at, nor is muscular exercise of itself held to be of educational value. An exercise, whether with tools or with books is valuable only in proportion to the demand it makes upon the mind for intelligent, thoughtful work. In the school-shop, the stage of mechanical habit is never reached. The only habit actually acquired is that of thinking. No blow is struck, no line drawn, no motion regulated from muscular habit. The quality of every act springs from the conscious will, accompanied by a definite act of judgment."

Class Room (Carving) Manual Training Department, Throop University.

While it is true that the young man or woman who takes the manual training course, afterwards masters any one of a score of arts, trades or callings in a few months, where the average man or woman requires years, it is far from true that this training is only, or chiefly valuable to the boy who is to be a carpenter, a blacksmith, a draughtsman, an architect, a machinist, an engineer, or an artist. For the physician or surgeon no preparatory training is worth more. For the lawyer, in this day of endless commercial litigation, what preparation is better? For the preacher, what training can better fit him to appreciate the condition of the masses of the people? And as Froebel's motto, "We learn by doing," becomes something more than a fine institute sentiment, such training for the teacher will be indispensable. The man who has to manage large commercial, maufacturing or constructive enterprises needs such training for the protection and economic expenditure of his capital even more than the laborer needs it for the winning of his bread.

It must not be assumed that the girl who takes this training is to become a draughtswoman, an artist, an architect, a professional cook, housekeeper or dressmaker, typewriter, a pharmacist or a teacher.

True, she has prepared herself to rise to mastery in these lines; but she has also prepared herself for the thorough management of a home. She has secured a training as essential for the lady whom others must serve, as for her who by skill wins her bread.

For the accommodation of the new departments a building to be known as "Polytechnic Hall," is now in process of erection at the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Chestnut street. The new structure which is to be built of brick and two stories in height, has a frontage of one hundred and forty feet on Fair Oaks Avenue and eighty feet on Chestnut street. It is to be finished and furnished for use on or before September 25th, 1892, and will accommodate two hundred and forty students, working in three divisions. The first floor contains the forging shop, which is to be fitted up with twenty forges and anvils and all necessary tools. Next to the forging shop is the machine shop with speed and power lathes, planes, shapers, drills and general tools. Here, too, students will work in divisions of twenty each. A physical work room, physical lecture room, and a physical laboratory, well equipped with apparatus, also finds place on this floor. A room devoted to sewing and garment-making occupies the southwest corner of the first floor.

The second floor is devoted to six distinct lines. Along the Chestnut-street front are situated the pattern shop, the molding shop and the wood-working shop. The southern wing contains the chemical laboratory and lecture room, the quarters of the cooking department and rooms for the free-hand drawing, architectural drawing and clay modeling.

Class Room (Drawing) Manual Training Department, Throop University.

The central tower will be three stories in height and will contain the library, which will be devoted almost entirely to the departments contained in "Polytechnic Hall."

It is proposed to complete the quadrangle a little later by building a hall to be devoted to the special study of electricity and electrical appliances.

Mr. W. H. Parker of Washington University at St. Louis, and also a graduate of the famous St. Louis Manual Training School, has been secured

to take charge of the industrial lines for the young men. Additional instructors will be secured from time to time as the necessity requires.

The history of industrial education in its relations to woman repeats the records made in other lines. The world is slow to provide for woman facilities similar and equal to those prepared for men. Scott College, the Toledo Manual Training School, has been more eminently successful in this work than any other institution in America. Miss Mabel Wilson of this school has been called to take charge of the manual training for girls. No pains will be spared to make this department second to none in the country.

For the Manual Training Department, five parallel lines of work constitute the course of study, which extends over four years, as follows:

First: A course in English Language and Literature, History, Civics, and Economics. Especial attention will be paid to the study of the English. No other proficiency will excuse lack of ability to write and speak the language of the land with fluency and accuracy.

Second: A course in Mathematics, including higher Arithmetic, Mensuration, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

Third: A course in Science, including Biology, Geology, Physics and Chemistry.

Fourth: A course in Free-hand and Mechanical Drawing.

Fifth: A course of Tool Instruction, involving carpentry, wood-turning, molding, brazing, soldering, forging, bench and machine work in metals and special work in electrical appliances.

Latin and French or German are permitted as elective with part of the English, Science and Economics. The first four lines are identical for both young men and women. In the fifth line the young ladies take the light carpentry, wood-carving and turning, and for the remainder substitute work in domestic economy, including cooking, chemistry of foods, sewing, cutting, fitting, home decoration, house marketing, etc.

The courses in the new department are largely modeled on those of the now famous schools at St. Louis and Toledo. To more clearly indicate the characteristic features of this department, the courses in the fourth and fifth lines, above referred to, are given in full. They are as follows:

FIRST YEAR: 1. Free-hand Drawing from objects and from casts, ornamental designing and lettering. 2. Practice line sheet, with instruments. 3. Simple projections with geometric problems.

Wood-work: 1. Joinery. 2. Wood-turning. 3. Wood-carving.

SECOND YEAR: 1. Orthographic projections with line shading. 2. Intersection of solids and development of surfaces with flat tinting. 3. Isometric projections.

Forging: 1. Bending and upsetting. 2. Welding. 3. Tool-making. 4. Ornamental iron-work. 5. Brazing.

THIRD YEAR: 1. Cornice designs with patterns for shop. 2. Working drawings. 3. Higher geometric problems. 4. Construction of gears, etc. 5. Tracing and blue-printing.

Shop-work: 1. Pattern making. 2. Molding. 3. Tinning, cornice work, metal spinning. 4. Chipping and filing. 5. Machine-shop exercises.

FOURTH YEAR: 1. Perspective. 2. Shades and shadows. 3. Architectural—floor plans, elevations, pen sketching. 4. Brush shading. 5. Final drawing.

Shop-work: 1. Building machinery—electrical machines, mechanical machines, physical apparatus. 2. Electrical work, wiring, lighting, etc.

The course in drawing for the young ladies is practically the same as the one just given, but the work of the fifth line is as follows:

FIRST YEAR: 1. Light Carpentry. 2. Wood-carving.

SECOND YEAR: 1. Course in plain sewing, various stitches and

seams in muslin work, buttonholes, patching, darning and one garment made entirely by hand. 2. Practice in machine sewing. 3. Drafting of patterns for underwear from actual measurements and the making of these garments by application of hand and machine sewing. 4. Instruction in quantity, quality and value of materials used. 5. Home decoration.

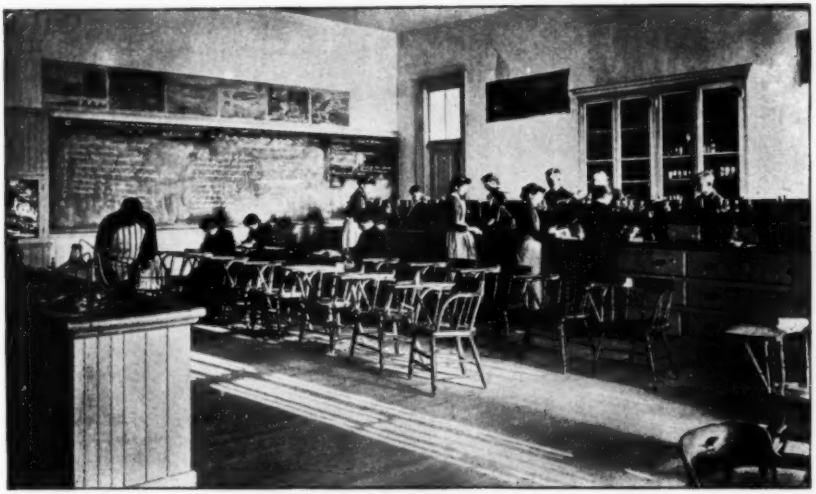
THIRD YEAR: 1. Instruction and actual practice by each pupil in cooking, including boiling, broiling, baking, frying and mixing, with their subdivisions. 2. Chemistry of cooking. 3. Instruction in the purchase and care of household supplies. 4. Arrangement and decoration of the table.

FOURTH YEAR: 1. Dressmaking. 2. Measuring. 3. Drafting. 4. Cutting. 5. Fitting and making of garments by each pupil. 6. Instruction in shopping. 7. Theory and art of dress as regards form and color. 8. Relation of dress to climate, condition, habit.

In the College of Letters, Arts and Sciences, whose standard will be kept abreast of that of the State University, only Freshmen and Sophomore classes will be regularly organized for the coming year. A limited number of special students will be admitted to this as to other departments.

The Faculty has been increased by the election of Prof. A. J. McClatchie, a graduate of Olivet College and of the Nebraska University, a special student with Prof. Bessey as Professor of Biology and instructor in Physics and Chemistry.

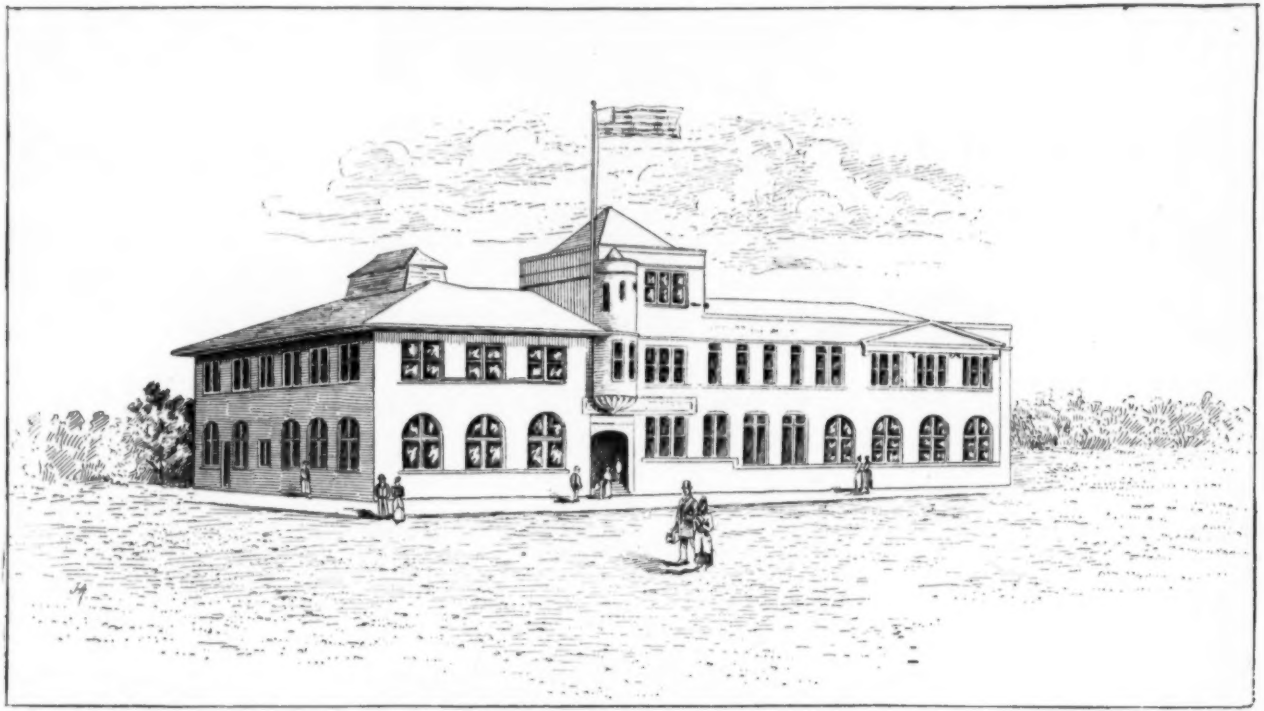
Miss Louise Montgomery of Minnesota, a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School and of Minnesota University, a post-graduate student and instructor in English and History in the same institution for two years, has been secured as Professor of the English language and History.



Class Room (Chemistry) Throop University.

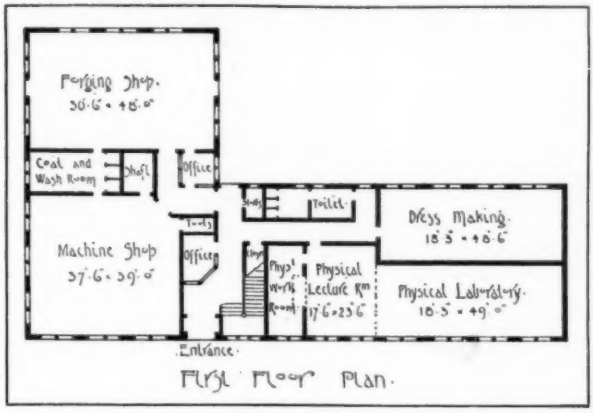
Representatives of all the leading denominations are found in the Faculty, and a strong effort will be made to establish in the community such a relationship for the student in the community as is desirable for his social training and welfare.

Nearly two floors of the Wooster Building are being conveniently fitted



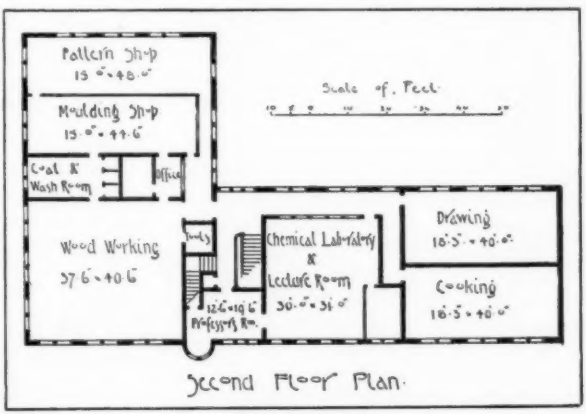
Polytechnic Hall of Throop University.

up as homes for the students. Mrs. J. B. Sunderlan will be placed in charge as matron, and with the coöperation of the preceptress and class officers, will secure such surroundings and influences as will most conduce to the growth which parents desire beyond all others. Arrangements will also be made for a home-like students' dining-hall in the immediate vicinity of this building. The cost of living will be fixed at a rate much below that usually obtained in California.



Polytechnic Hall.

The discipline of the school will constantly keep in mind the development of self-governing citizens, and self-respecting, law-abiding men and women. The helpfulness of the everwatchful friend will take the place of the vigilance of the educational policeman.



Polytechnic Hall

Finally, it is hoped to make the institution especially attractive for that class of students for whom the methods and conditions of the average school are repulsive, but for whom the New Education offers boundless opportunities. Gen. Francis A. Walker has said: "There is now no place, or only a most uncomfortable one, for those boys who are strong in perception, apt in manipulation and correct in the interpretation of phenomena, but who are not good at memorizing or rehearsing the opinions and statements of others; or who by diffidence or slowness of speech are not fitted for the ordinary intellectual gymnastics. These boys are quite as numerous as the other sort, and are quite as deserving of sympathy and respect, besides rather better qualified to become of use in the industrial and social order. And yet, for this class of boys, the average school offers almost nothing upon which they can employ their priceless powers. They may, by laboring painfully over the prescribed but uncongenial exercises, escape the stigma of being blockheads, but at

best never know the joy of intellectual acquisition. They will always appear to disadvantage when compared with the boys with good memories for words, whose mental and moral natures accept with pleasure or without serious question the statements and conclusions of others. Such boys are practically plowed under in our schools as not worth harvesting. And yet it not infrequently happens that the boy who is regarded as dull, because he cannot master an artificial system of grammatical analysis—isn't worth a cent for giving a list of the kings of England, who neither knows nor cares what are the principal productions of Borneo, has a better pair of eyes, a better pair of hands, a better judgment, and, even by the standards of the merchant, the manufacturer and the railroad president a better head than his master." Such boys will find in the Manual Training School that which is sure to bring out their latent powers. Girls, too, who class with these will here find their possibilities developed into powers.

A special course will be provided for the training of teachers for the higher grade of schools and for positions demanding instructors who are able to incorporate the methods of the industrial education into regular school work. Education by doing, can only be realized through those who have themselves had such training. This course will involve not only the study of the principles and practice of teaching and school management, but will lay special stress upon the preparation of school material, the construction of charts, maps, and apparatus. It will be so shaped as to prepare teachers to secure Grammar and High School certificates.

Such, in brief, are the facilities which the munificence of Hon. A. G. Throop has provided for the young men and women of Southern California. Situated in the land of perpetual sunshine and perennial blossoms, amid the most picturesque scenery of the South California Alps, where every breeze that blows from mountain or sea brings renewal of body and mind, the Throop University will doubtless become a well-spring of blessing to a great number of the native sons and daughters of this favored state, and become the leading attraction to emigrants from lands of snow to lands of sun.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL—ITS FINANCIAL ASPECT.

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE MERRY.

THERE is now a practical unanimity of opinion that the Maritime Canal of Nicaragua should be constructed as speedily as possible, and, on the part of American citizens, that it shall be constructed as well as operated under American control. There are honest differences of opinion as to the methods by which American control can be secured, as well as dishonest utterances on the same branch of the subject by parties under influences adverse to the public welfare. What I shall have to write on this subject is intended to present the financial aspect of the question honestly and openly, as well as with due respect for the opinions of others, if they differ with me.

My ideal method of financing this beneficent enterprise is that the United States Government should build and operate this inter-oceanic highway, with free tolls for the shipping owned bona fide by American and Nicaraguan citizens, and charging a fairly remunerative toll on shipping under other flags. We should thus have a free inter-oceanic water-way, and foreign shipping would pay for its maintenance with a moderate profit, say five per cent, on the cost of construction added. No American will contest the desirability of such a national policy regarding the Nicaraguan Canal. It would become as great an advantage to the Republic as the now free Erie Canal is to the commerce of the State of New York and its contiguous territory. It would be a glorious thing for our country to accomplish; a blessing to the world at large, and a pride to American citizenship. Doubtless this was the feeling of President Arthur and his Secretary of State, Frelinghuysen, when he negotiated the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen Treaty, which was ratified by the Senate of Nicaragua and withdrawn by President Cleveland from the United States Senate. This treaty was signed by the respective government officials on December 1st, 1884. Had it been ratified by our senate the canal would doubtless have been in operation a year or more! What a blessing it would have been to our Pacific Coast needs no demonstration, and is amply proven by the present urgent demands of our producers and merchants. Cheap transportation by land and water is to-day the most vital question before our people; a question pressing upon us for solution, and one which will create increasing excitement and imperative demand from our people, until justice to the public interests shall have been attained. Consequently, the financial aspect of the canal question must be a matter of earnest discussion among our citizens, who will have to pay for the use of the highway between the oceans.

Construction by the United States government involves no discussion, provided the policy be admitted as the most advantageous for our citizens. The credit of our government stands so high that success would be assured at the inception of the enterprise. But there are some who doubt if the canal could be built as cheaply or as quickly by the government itself as through the agency of an intermediary construction company, made responsible to the government by conservative legislation. Certain it is that our public works generally cost far more and require more time for their completion than private work of the same character; this being occasioned largely by the partial appropriations made by each congress, often in amounts insufficient to permit the

active and uninterrupted prosecution of the work. Examples of this unwise policy are abundant all over the country.

The Zavalla-Frelinghuysen Treaty was a proof of the friendly disposition of the government of Nicaragua, and the refusal of our government to ratify it probably a source of mortification to our sister republic, which had accepted the proposition of a joint sovereignty with the United States over an inter-oceanic canal within its territory, also carrying with it a land grant to be owned and governed jointly by the two republics. Consequently we cannot blame Nicaragua when, this treaty having been rejected by the United States government, she granted the present concession to the "Nicaraguan Canal Association," composed of American citizens, for construction under private corporate control, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars having been paid by the association as an evidence of good faith.

The reader will appreciate the confidence of the gentlemen who renewed their efforts for an inter-ocean highway through Nicaragua when Count De Lesseps was in the full tide of apparent success at Panama, and had with coin and influence prevented construction at Nicaragua under the prior charter granted to the "Provisional Canal Society," in which General Grant, General MacLellan, Admiral Ammen and other prominent citizens were interested. They knew the merits of the Nicaraguan route, and they fully understood, even at that early date, that the French would never succeed with a sea level canal at Panama. With this effort I was personally associated, and from the experience of two winters at Washington fully appreciate the powerful influences the canal had then to encounter. French money, lavishly used, the compensated influence of Conkling and Ingersoll as attorneys, the opposition of Captain Eads with his ship railway, and the "still fight" of the railroad lobby—all these concentrating against the only practical solution of an inter-ocean highway finally defeated and delayed the project upon which depends the prosperity of the Pacific Coast.

We may then congratulate ourselves that the Nicaragua Canal has now reached a point where construction is a certainty of the near future, there being only two uncertain conditions connected therewith—who will own it when completed, and how long it will take to construct it, dependent on its finances; five years being ample time to open the canal, with funds supplied as needed. Thus the finances of the canal now lead in its discussion. Its technical features are no longer matters of doubt—its commercial necessity no one gainsays—its political and military advantage to our country no one questions!

The bill now before the senate certainly appears to provide efficient safeguards for the public welfare. With seventy-seven and one half per cent of its capital stock either in escrow or in permanent possession of the governments of the United States, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, carrying therewith the voting power, it does not appear that the United States can receive damage from financial mismanagement by the company. With guaranteed three per cent bonds, issued only by the Secretary of the Treasury, on certificate of five United States engineers, appointed by the President, as the work proceeds, it appears that the construction company will only obtain the bonds when earned. With six directors, appointed by the President, one by Nicaragua and eight elected by the stock, voting annually, it does not appear that private interests will control this enterprise; certainly not if the executive department of our government executes its duties in the premises, as provided by the canal bill unanimously recommended by the senate committee on foreign relations. The remaining twenty-two and one half per cent of the capital stock it is not permitted to sell except

with the permission of the President of the United States, said permission to be granted only in case the one hundred million dollars' guaranteed bonds are found insufficient to complete the canal, the cost of which, including contingencies, is estimated by Chief Engineer Menocal at sixty-five million, eighty-four thousand, one hundred and seventy-six dollars, and for which the highest estimate thus far made is eighty-seven million, seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and seventy dollars total cost! The bill also provides that the stock held in escrow by the Secretary of the Treasury (seventy per cent of the entire capital stock) may be taken at par by the United States government at any time prior to the maturity of the bonds. The importance of this provision is demonstrated by the value of the Suez Canal stock, now worth five hundred and seventy, and paying last year about twenty per centum. The Nicaraguan Canal certainly will do as well, having the tonnage to show for it. Carefully as the canal bill has been drawn to protect the public interests, no one can justly object to such amendments as shall prevent the abuses which have at times attended the use of the public credit by transportation companies. The Nicaragua Canal with cheap tolls is what the producers, merchants and manufacturers of the country demand.

That there is a public feeling against the lending of the public credit to any enterprise is not to be wondered at. The abuses that have attended this policy are valid reasons for this sentiment. But it must be recognized that a Canal Company is in no sense a transportation company, and that this is not a domestic enterprise, but an international one, with obligations to other nationalities than the United States, which has granted to the Canal Company a charter which can be altered, amended or repealed at its pleasure. It is impossible to conceive that it will be the policy of the Canal Company to charge exorbitant tolls, they cannot exceed the Suez Canal charges, and they are restricted by the concession from Nicaragua, which obligates a reduction when a certain percentage (less than the Suez Canal is now earning) has been reached. The prosperity of the Nicaragua Canal will depend upon the amount of tonnage using it—a restricted tonnage with a high toll would be a suicidal financial policy for such a work. "Corporations have no souls," but a gradual reduction of tolls has been the policy of the Suez Canal Company, so eminently successful, that the Nicaragua Canal Company must adopt the same policy in its own interest.

Construction with government financial guarantee, while it should not cost the Republic a dollar, will secure for our commerce a cheap canal, and a cheap canal will permit low tolls. The Canal Company is not a suppliant for this guarantee, and it is proceeding without it. The question devolves upon Congress, if it will have "an American canal under American control." The abuse of such guarantees in the past, as applicable to domestic land transportation companies, should enable the government to provide the necessary safeguards; otherwise what is the benefit of experience?

Let us now examine the conditions appertaining to construction with private capital, and with no obligation to our government except such as may be implied by a national charter.

As a private enterprise the Nicaragua Canal is a gigantic financial undertaking. There is plenty of money in the world and even in this country, to build it. It can be obtained, without doubt, for a handsome compensation. The enterprise differs from a railway in this, that it can earn nothing before completion, and it must be built in a country that furnishes no capital for its construction.

It is obvious that there must be offered to investors large inducements, with discounts on bonds and shares of the capital stock as a bonus. These are the unvarying necessities of such an en-

terprise. Otherwise, why should investors put their money into a project which brings no returns until completion, since where interest is paid it must be added to the cost of construction? It is true that the ultimate financial gain is certain to be as large as at Suez, but life is short and capital in this country demands returns as promptly as is possible. As the work proceeds, it is probable that the discounts on the securities of the Canal Company will decrease, but it is improbable that money can be obtained for this enterprise at par or without some further inducement, until it is on its last quarter toward construction. In placing these securities, bankers' commissions, advertising, etc., must be added to the total cost, and these items will thus be properly chargeable to construction account. They would not exist with construction under government control. It is thus easily demonstrated that the canal will cost very much more, if dependent on private capital for construction, and it will be also obvious that the Construction Company will make a greater profit with construction by means of private capital than under government supervision. Inasmuch as construction under government control, and with the credit of the United States granted to the enterprise, would produce a cheaper canal, why not yet adopt this method of solving the question? The objector to this plan will reply—"Let the government build the canal itself, buy out the company and go ahead, as with any other government work." The United States government has had an opportunity to do this under the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty, which it rejected. Another effort of this character cannot now be made because the present concession from Nicaragua specially forbids its being sold to any government, and this concession has been confirmed to the Canal Company by the government of said Republic. Any policy on the part of the United States government must be contingent upon the sovereign rights of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. It is possible that the present Canal Company might be bought off by joint consent of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and the United States, and another treaty attempted similar in scope to the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty. It is improbable, however, that Nicaragua, having once seen her offers rejected, would renew them, contingent upon the possibility of a second defeat of the measure in the Senate, or through the action of the executive branch of our government. A self-respecting government would not submit to the chances of a second refusal under the same conditions. It has been publicly stated that the present Canal Company will offer no objections to a renewal of the Frelinghuysen policy, asking only a fair remuneration for the work already done, with such profit as may appear proper to our government. But it is so improbable that a renewal of that treaty can be effected, that the proposal has thus far not been seriously entertained by the present administration, so far as is known to the public. Indeed the same objections apply now as those which controlled Mr. Cleveland in withdrawing the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty, early in 1885. The most important of these objections was the apprehension of creating foreign complications by acquiring a joint sovereignty with Nicaragua of the territory on the line of the canal, in violation of treaty stipulations. Some of our people affect to ignore such obligations, but it may be suggested that we should abrogate a treaty and not violate it. If, as a nation, we exact good faith, why should we not accord it? The financial policy of construction with private capital, now being followed by the Canal Company, is certainly objectionable on the score of economy, and politically detrimental to the United States, if sufficient capital is not obtained in this country to keep the business control at home. If the securities of the company are offered to the public on both sides of

the Atlantic, it is altogether probable that the majority of the company's securities will find a market in Europe. This means European commercial and political control, very obnoxious to American interests and national policy.

If the stock of the Canal Company is offered in Europe, where is it most likely to find purchasers? Obviously in England, whose all-pervading maritime policy makes the American Interoceanic Canal an object of great interest to her, and whose shipping would use it more largely than any country except the United States. Her remarkable financial success in the purchase by Lord Beaconsfield of the majority of the Suez Canal stock, and the financial inducements equally apparent at Nicaragua, would assuredly place the control in the hands of the British government, to the great commercial and political detriment of the United States.

I have stated in a previous article that the American control of the Nicaragua Canal is a friendly, practical and complete vindication of the Monroe doctrine. If this control is in this case abandoned, we should discard this political theory and policy, relegating it to "innocuous desuetude!" Monroe and Andrew Jackson might disapprove of this, but they have long since gone over to the majority, and we should no longer uphold that immortal falsehood that "the pen is mightier than the sword!"

What has thus far been written will have suggested the idea that the financial aspect of the canal question is intimately associated with the political consideration of the subject. I may also add a few commercial features connected therewith. That the nation furnishing the money for the canal will largely control the commerce and industries of Nicaragua and Central America, is evident to any observer of events in that part of the world. The abortive attempt at Panama was an instance of this. During the few years of French financial influence there, the Panama Isthmus became a French colony. The motives controlling French patriotism were apparent in many ways, some of them amusing. The tri-color floated everywhere; official orders and documents were all printed in French, exchange on Paris dominated the finances, and importations of merchandise from France were largely increased. The American plant of the Panama railway was Gallicized with French names, even the coal cars, which had been previously numbered, being painted in large letters "charbon!" French brandy and absinthe became the fashionable drink, and largely aided in filling the numerous graveyards. The French are patriotic, and wherever they go they carry France with them so far as they find it possible. That the same result would obtain in Nicaragua follows, as a matter of course. If the United States aspires to develop its foreign commerce, the construction of the Nicaragua Canal under American control will be a greater advantage than half a dozen commercial reciprocity treaties. It will make a large outlet for our silver, Nicaragua having no Mint, and using silver coin as the basis of finance.

I have written sufficient to prove that every American should approve of the advice of General Grant when he wrote: "I commend to my countrymen an American canal under American control." This can only be attained by the investment of American money in the great work, at least to an amount equal to a majority of the expenditure in construction. How it is obtained is of less importance than that foreign capital should not be permitted to dominate the work. The ideal alluded to is unattainable, and practically the canal must be made to earn dividends, either to pay private capital or to make good the credit of the United States government loaned to it. Under honorable management, with conservative legislation to control it, the canal will not cost the United States government a dollar, and the tolls

will be what commerce can easily pay, not "all that the traffic will bear," as at present in the land transportation of California.

The amount of tonnage which may be relied upon to use the canal when completed may be fairly estimated at eight million, one hundred and fifty-nine thousand and one hundred and fifty tons, besides which the receipts from passenger traffic and the local commerce of Nicaragua will be considerable. The route will become a favorite one for passengers to and from Atlantic ports, while the very fertile region in the vicinity of Lakes Nicaragua and Managua will rapidly increase in population and productiveness. A revenue of over sixteen million dollars per annum can be relied upon the second year after the canal has been opened, and a rapid increase will follow.

The cost of operation and maintenance should not exceed one million dollars per annum under ordinary conditions. The interest on one hundred million dollar bonds will amount to three million dollars, and, deducting two million dollars per annum for sinking fund, there will remain ten per cent per annum net revenue on the extreme cost of one hundred million dollars. The units of cost in the engineer's estimate are generally higher than the work can now be done for, especially as regards dredging, for which twenty to thirty cents per cubic yard is allowed. Machinery can now be produced which will do this work for one-fifth the estimated cost. The surveys have been so ample and conclusive that contractors stand prepared to execute the work for the estimates of cost, with contingency estimate included. Considering financial results at the Suez Canal, the above statement is certainly very conservative.

The Nicaragua Canal is a great work and should be a beneficent enterprise to our country and to the world. As another great monopoly it would be intolerable, and it is pleasant to realize that it cannot become so under any conditions that can be foreseen. I have endeavored to point out the salient points of its financial aspect. It will pay a splendid remuneration to the investor, and it should be a blessing to the producer and the merchant. Let our legislators make it their duty to protect the public interests in connection with this highway between the oceans, while securing its speedy completion, and they will receive the thanks of their fellow-countrymen for ages to come.

THE NOMINATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

No. I.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THE National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880, was one of the most important and interesting ever held in this country. The number of prominent men who were delegates was unusually large and included Garfield, Conkling, Logan, Hoar, Frye, Cameron, Hill, Arthur, Boutwell, Wentworth, Denison, Gens. Harrison and Beaver, James D. Warren and many others who were well known to the country. There were some questions to be settled which had never before been raised, and the candidates were men of extraordinary prominence, from their public service and ability, and they were supported with persistent energy by their respective friends.

It was thought by many that the unit rule had been abusively employed in Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania in attempts on the part of State Conventions to direct how district delegates should vote, even in disregard of the wishes of the district constituencies. The bolt from the instructions of the State Conventions in all those states by a portion of the delegates representing districts, and the insistance on the other side that they should obey the command of the State Conventions raised the issue and each side urged their views with ability and vigor. The question was debated not without asperity, and it was decided that State Conventions could instruct delegates-at-large, but had no control over those chosen by the congressional districts.

Another was whether it was good policy to present to the people the name of one who had already served in the high office of Chief Magistrate for two terms. In other words, it was the third-term question. It had been suggested to Washington and Jefferson that they should stand for a third presidential term, but both declined, and thereafter, no man, not even Jackson, seems ever to have been mentioned in that connection, until General Grant, and at this convention. There were those who pretended that to break over the precedents that had been established was dangerous to public liberty, and there was a good deal of talk that if the third term were given to General Grant he might become a king, though the more sensible men felt as the Duke of Alva did who was applied to for the purpose of getting his aid to the scheme of making Don Carlos king of the Low Countries, and who said: "It is easier to make a monarch than a monarchy." There were few who believed there was danger in giving the people a chance to elect a man as often or as seldom as they please, but the sentiment largely prevailed that a precedent set by the Father of his Country had better be respected as an unwritten and sacred law.

General Grant's patriotism and tremendous successes as a soldier, gave him the highest place in the affections of his loyal countrymen, and his generous nature made him popular among the late foes to the country. His conspicuous military services and high qualities as a man made even his political opponents charitable towards his shortcomings or mistakes as President. He was so true to the cause he espoused and to friends that his supporters naturally adhered to him with unflagging fidelity, and it is not unlikely that because he was gifted with a strong

feeling of gratitude that some who urged his nomination in 1880, expected an equivalent for their services from the influence they would have with him if he became President for the third time. The administration of Hayes had experimented in efforts to disrupt the democracy of the South, by appointing Democrats to office in that section, and to rear up a party of non-partisan reformers in the North by placing nondescripts in office, which proved a flat failure. Under the Hayes régime, the white loyalists of the South, the Carpetbaggers and the negroes felt that they had been abandoned to the mercies of their enemies. There was a revulsion of sentiment from that of liberality towards political opponents and in favoring the policy of Grant's preceding terms. Conditions were exceedingly favorable to General Grant's candidacy and the effort to nominate him came nearer being successful than any dreamed it would be before the Convention assembled. His great name made him a rival whom no other candidate could have overcome, but for the tenacity with which men who admired and loved him adhered to the precedent set by Washington.

Mr. Blaine was a man of great ability, fascinating in intercourse and conspicuous as speaker of the House of Representatives for six years. He rallied around him the more enthusiastic element of the party. He had barely failed in securing the nomination in 1876. One of his active supporters said to the writer that if Blaine were nominated there would be bonfires from one end of the country to the other. But while Blaine had ardent admirers and active political supporters, he also had enemies.

Mr. Sherman had achieved eminent political successes, and he had rendered valuable services to the country. He was regarded as an able legislator and a great financier. His much more than ordinary ability and eminent level-headedness was fully appreciated. In all but one thing he was strong; and it was the fact that he was in the Hayes' Cabinet, where he was recognized as the most responsible and controlling mind, and for every unpopular act of that administration he suffered.

The friends of Grant relied on Vicksburg and Appomattox to carry him through; and the supporters of Blaine hoped to succeed through the emotion that his name would create; but both sides were more intent on mere success in the convention than before the people. They seemed to have no doubt that at the election there could be no failure. The friends of Sherman held the balance of power, and their plan was to maneuver so as not to offend, hoping that either the Grant or Blaine force would ultimately go to their candidate; and in their anxiety to gain friends they toyed and played fast and loose, to some extent, with both the other elements.

Mr. Conkling was the leader of the Grant forces, assisted by General Logan and Mr. Cameron. As Blaine and Conkling were enemies, the friends of the former began by antagonizing the latter, much after the spirit of the phillipic of Blaine in the House of Representatives. There was something of a struggle over the temporary organization, but all sides finally agreed upon Mr. Hoar for temporary, and he was continued as permanent, Chairman. There was no trouble in adopting a platform of principles, because there were no substantial differences of opinion. The reports of the Committees on Contested Seats and Rules and Order of Business were not so easily disposed of. The Convention assembled on Tuesday, but did not get ready to ballot till the following Monday. There were several contests, but the most important one was that in Illinois. The State Convention elected district delegates, as well as those at large, and instructed the whole body to vote as a unit for General Grant. The Conventions in New York and Pennsylvania had done the same thing, but none of the districts had elected

contesting delegations as had been done in some instances in Illinois. The Committee on Contested Seats reported first, and it was proposed to act upon its report before that on Rules and Order of Business was made. To this there were objections, and among the objectors was Senator Frye, of Maine, and he inquired why that Committee had not reported. General Sharpe, of New York, who was a member, answered that that Committee had instructed its Chairman, General Garfield, not to report until that from the other Committee had been made and acted upon. Mr. Frye made a remark which was understood by General Sharpe as casting doubt upon his veracity. Mr. Frye appealed to General Garfield to state the fact who confirmed the statement of General Sharpe, but said he was ready to obey the order of the Convention. Then Mr. Frye inquired of him what limitation of debate there would be if the Convention proceeded to discuss the contests before any rules were adopted. General Garfield replied that there would be none. Pointing his finger to Mr. Conkling, Mr. Frye asked, "Do you see the point?" Mr. Conkling arose, and in his inimitable way, stated what had occurred, and most significantly that Mr. Frye had pointed to him and asked if he saw the point. He concluded by saying, "I arise to say to the gentleman from Maine that *I do see the point.*" The Convention understood that Mr. Frye intended by that to especially antagonize Mr. Conkling as the leader of the supporters of General Grant, and from the manner of Mr. Conkling that he intended to convey the impression that he was hostile to Mr. Blaine.

The hostility of Conkling to Blaine was manifested at all times when it could be done without unseemly impropriety. I met him in a hall of the Grand Pacific Hotel the afternoon before the Convention assembled. He asked me if I could not leave the support of Mr. Sherman and cast a vote for my old friend, General Grant. I replied that I was not for Mr. Sherman. He then asked who I was for, and I said Mr. Blaine. With a tone of surprise and emphasis, he repeated, "*Blaine*," and then asked, "Do you think you can elect him?" I replied, "I suppose we can elect whomsoever this Convention may nominate." He responded significantly, "You had better think about that." It was then supposed that the South would cast a solid electoral vote for the Democratic candidate, and hence Republican success could not be achieved without New York. The State was, more than ever before, an important political factor, and as the so-called stalwart element largely preponderated in New York, and Mr. Conkling appeared to be potential with it, his evident hostility to Mr. Blaine had a depressing effect upon the latter's friends, and quite a number of the most thoughtful and earnest Republicans at least doubted the wisdom of Mr. Blaine's nomination. In the contests, the Convention decided, by a large majority, that the State Conventions could go no further than to instruct the delegates at large. This weakened the Grant strength considerably, but it only served to make his friends more determined and persistent. The friends of Blaine and Sherman had mainly voted against the unit rule. Debate on the contests was limited by the rule which was displeasing to the Grant men, but General Harrison, of Indiana, advocated allowing a liberal addition of time, which was agreed to, and it had a tendency to mollify the feelings of the Grant leaders. But they contested every inch of ground until the Convention was ready for the nominating speeches.

In the contest over the unit rule, General Garfield was prominent from the fact that he was Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Order of Business. Mr. Conkling moved a resolution that all the delegates should be required to pledge themselves to support the nominees, whoever they might be, as a prerequisite to the right

to vote in the Convention. In the course of the debate, Mr. Campbell, of West Virginia, declared he would not make the pledge, even if the resolution were adopted. General Garfield defended the position of Mr. Campbell and opposed the resolution, holding that it was unnecessary, as every gentleman would feel bound to support the nominees, as a general proposition, but that there might be cases where one might not think it his duty to do so, and that the Convention should not attempt to bind the conscience of any man; that each delegate should be left free to carry out his convictions of duty. The Convention refused to adopt the resolution. The friends of General Grant, in the Convention and in the galleries, early greeted the entrance of Conkling into the Convention with various manifestations of applause, and they soon grew into immense proportions. As he and General Garfield were pitted against each other in the most important struggles in the Convention, the opponents of General Grant began greeting him when he entered, in a similar manner, and they soon excelled those bestowed upon Mr. Conkling. These manifestations were kept up till the Convention terminated its labors in selecting the Presidential candidate.

Nominating speeches were commenced and concluded on Saturday. The speech of Conkling nominating General Grant was a memorable one in delivery, and in artful presentation of the merits of his candidate. He made it appear that New York was of the utmost importance in the election, indicating that Grant alone could save any of the Southern States. Quoting Napoleon, he said it was a question whether the South would be permanently "Republican or Cossack." The climax was when he said that Grant had no wires running from his house to the Convention, which was a thrust at Blaine, and no bureau of information, which was a slap at Sherman, and no means of knowing the proceedings of the Convention other than those possessed by the body of the people, and that having no policy of his own contrary to the will of the people, "he never betrayed a cause nor a friend." His speech created the utmost enthusiasm and was received with tremendous applause in the body of the Convention, and in the galleries, which was prolonged unprecedentedly. Mr. Joy of Michigan followed and read a long, prosy speech in behalf of Mr. Blaine. His voice had so little volume that it was not heard in but a small part of the vast building in which the Convention sat. Mr. Joy was a wealthy railroad man, and had no other distinction. His speech fell flat upon the Convention and galleries, so much so that Mr. Frye felt it necessary to supplement it with some highly impassioned remarks. Garfield nominated Mr. Sherman, and unlike the others, which were distinctively *ad honimem*, his speech was a presentation of the great Republican cause. He advised that the Convention should not nominate under the impulse naturally aroused by the surroundings and under the influence of the hot sun of June, but with reference to the deliberate judgment of the people to be expressed in cool November days. Garfield's speech was for the purpose of creating conviction, and Conkling's was an appeal to the high esteem in which General Grant was held by the body of his countrymen on account of his magnificent successes as a soldier and great character as a man. Conkling's effort aroused emotion, that of Garfield created a profound impression. When he described the man who should be selected to represent the great cause; men in the galleries shouted: "Nominate Garfield." The applause was tremendous when he concluded. He had made a more favorable impression for himself than for his candidate.

The maneuvers antecedent to the balloting were skillful, and more especially on the part of the friends of Grant. They were a Macedonian Phalanx from the beginning to the end.

Their conduct was worthy the steadfastness and persistency of their candidate. The old guard of Napoleon was never more faithful. They stood devotedly and sublimely. It was my impression that Blaine would lead Grant on the first ballot and that ultimately the line of the latter would be forced to give way. The contest between the friends of the two leading candidates was so determined and uncompromising that it was impossible that there would be desertions from one side to the other to any appreciable extent, and neither seemed very much inclined to adopt Mr. Sherman as a compromise. There were many men who were supporters of Mr. Blaine, who felt after a few days that he could not be nominated and as a good deal of bad feeling had been aroused, that it would not be wise policy to nominate him. They naturally turned their thoughts to the selection of some one who would assure harmony in the election. Garfield's service in the House of Representatives had been long and conspicuous, and he had acquired distinction on the stump and in the army. He had not been engaged in any factional controversy. His course in the Convention had made a decided impression upon the delegates and the galleries. To show how he was regarded, even by Mr. Conkling, I state an incident: Near the end of the week I received a message from Mr. Conkling to the effect that he would like to have me come to his room. I met him as requested. Knowing my warm personal friendship for General Grant, and that in Congress I was a supporter of his administration, he hoped to induce me to support him in the Convention. The conversation was somewhat protracted and covered the situation generally. I asked him if he had considered what he would do in case it became apparent that General Grant could not be nominated. He replied that he had not, for no such contingency would happen. I said to him that I did not believe he could be nominated by that Convention, by any possibility, and asked if it were not wise to arrange in advance a course to be pursued in case of failure. He answered: "Perhaps so, whom do you suggest?" I said: "General Garfield." "Are you his friend?" he inquired. I answered that I was. He then complained of a remark which had been repeated to him as having been made by General Garfield concerning him which I knew nothing about, but investigation proved that Conkling was misinformed. He stated that a friend of Garfield had gone to individual New York delegates and said: "What a great man Conkling would make of himself if he would nominate Garfield." This displeased him, but he finally said if Garfield were to be nominated, it must be done by a few men in the body of the Convention, and added that next to Grant he preferred Garfield.

The chances of Mr. Blaine were discussed, among some of his friends, with a good deal of misgiving as to the result. Four delegates from as many different states arranged a programme before the ballotings commenced, to bring out General Garfield in case it looked as if Blaine could not be nominated, for it appeared that some new man would probably be taken up, and who it would be was a matter of direction. The first ballot placed Grant in the lead, which he maintained. Blaine could not make any gain of consequence. Mr. Sherman had about ninety votes, and there were a few scattering ones. At the end of the day the situation was unchanged from that of the morning. There was no possibility that Blaine could be nominated, unless the Ohio Sherman men should abandon their candidate and go over to him. Late in the evening it was arranged that this should be done, though several of the Sherman men preferred Grant to Blaine. It was believed if Ohio should go over to Blaine in the main, it would carry influence enough to nominate

him. Later in the night, Massachusetts sent word to the Ohio Sherman men that her votes, except two or three which were for Grant, would, in the morning, be withdrawn from Blaine and given to Sherman. His Ohio friends, therefore, could not keep their agreement to go over to Blaine, and it put his nomination out of the question, apparently. Instead of a gain, as was expected, Blaine suffered a loss. The time seemed to have arrived to carry into effect the programme that had been arranged for bringing out Garfield. It was to have Wisconsin take the lead for the reason that it was the last state on the list, and the delegates from other states would have time to reflect in the interval between that and the next ballot. It was further arranged that on the succeeding ballot Indiana should cast all her votes for Garfield except two which were for Grant, and that several scattering votes should be given him from the Southern States. The programme succeeded so well that the front states on the list wheeled into line, and when Maine was reached, Blaine's strength in preceding states had nearly all gone over to Garfield, and that state had no alternative but to do likewise. The same was true as to Ohio, for the bulk of the Sherman votes outside of Ohio had aligned themselves with the Garfield ranks. Ohio cast her full vote for him, and he was nominated by a handsome majority, which created immense enthusiasm in the body of the Convention and in the crowded galleries. On motion of Mr. Conkling the nomination was made unanimous. In the evening Mr. Arthur was nominated for Vice President. New York had five candidates —Mr. Arthur, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Haskins, General Woodford and Mr. Morton. Contrary to public belief, Mr. Arthur was selected in caucus against the wishes of Mr. Conkling. Thus terminated the labors of this most memorable Convention.

Garfield and Arthur were both delegates in the Convention, and the former had taken a prominent part in its proceedings. Mr. Grier, of Pennsylvania, had voted for Garfield almost from the beginning, but it had no significance; for he had once or twice voted for others, and he had no personal acquaintance with Garfield. He was familiar with his career and admired it. At the risk of being considered immodest, I make the statement that I had for nearly twenty years been intimate with Garfield in the army, in Congress and in social life, and was familiar with his political aspirations and purposes, and that he had no knowledge of the steps that were taken to promote his nomination, except what occurred openly before the Convention. He had been elected to the Senate to succeed Mr. Thurman, whose term was to expire on the 4th of the succeeding March. When Wisconsin voted for him, he arose and attempted to decline the use of his name, but the Chairman of the Convention refused to let him speak. He turned pale as the tide rolled in his favor, and when the nomination was made unanimous, he looked like a marble statue. He immediately retired to his room at the hotel, and to his friends spoke of his nomination regretfully. He was inpressed with the responsibilities of the position in which he had been placed—which weighed down rather than exhilarated his spirits.

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT LAW.

THERE is a general impression that this law is a complete preventive of election frauds and crimes, and it is the basis of hope on the part of honest citizens that our politics hereafter will be purer and, possibly, absolutely pure. It has not been in use long enough to determine how efficacious it may prove to be, and any opinion as to its workings must be based upon theory. It is a law skillfully devised, and it seems to be so complete in machinery and detail that to commit crime against the ballot, will not only be more difficult, but detection will be easier than under any previous law. It will therefore, be productive of benefit, because crimes cannot be so easily committed, and the attempt to commit them will be attended with greater peril.

Election laws at the beginning of the government were very simple, and in them comparatively few acts were denounced as crimes, and few penalties provided. Penal provisions have been added from time to time, as occasion seemed to demand, and every law at the time of enactment was supposed to contain all necessary restraints. There has been the same development or evolution that has appeared in the construction of safes so as to make them burglar-proof, but nothing has yet been created that successfully defies the burglar's skill. Every election law thus far has been evaded, violated and defied, and may it not be the same with the Australian law? The genius of the law-maker has not been shown to be superior to that of the political rascal. In constructing naval ships, the effort is to make plating impervious to all projectiles, and at the same time, men are racking their brains to invent explosives and guns that will pierce ships most perfectly armored, and the two classes have kept about an even pace. So it has been with election law-makers and election law-breakers.

Legislation will not change the disposition to be dishonest, or to any appreciable extent revolutionize human nature. So long as there are those who will sell their votes, there will be bribers, and so long as there are weak and cowardly men, there will be intimidation and violence. When men are under the control of a passion for places of power or profit, instead of high moral sentiments, there will be ballot-box stuffing, falsification of returns, and every fraud which the political rascal can devise under whatever law may be enacted. The Australian law, more fully than any previous one, surrounds the voter with official surveillance, but frauds and crimes have most frequently been committed by election officers.

Sworn officers are presumed to be faithful and honest, but experience proves the man to be the same in or out of office. In consequence of this presumption, he can commit crime with less danger of detection and conviction because he has facilities for throwing a cover over his acts. It is rare that the bribed will confess his crime by exposing the briber. To place a man in an inclosure, where by himself he can commune with the spirit of patriotism, may, like prayer in the cloister, tend to make him better, but those capable of being bribed or influenced by intimidation, or willing that a fraud shall be committed, may be reached by the officer who delivers him the ballot, or instructs him as to the manner of voting. Bribery and intimidation are rarely practiced at the polling places, and almost never publicly. This law is not a perfect shield against crime, and no law can be made that

will be. To isolate a man when he votes is a reflection upon his courage, independence or integrity. It is a humiliation, however, to which all are willing to submit, if honest elections will be the result.

The strongest argument against government by the people is the prevalence of fraud and corruption in choosing rulers. Election crimes in this Republic do more to sustain hereditary governments in Europe than the bayonets of Czar or Kaiser.

Legislation cannot be made so perfect as to prevent the evils resulting from the abuse of the ballot. It may afford aid, but the only effective remedy is in a proper public sentiment, a sentiment that will render the political manipulator and rascal a social outlaw, the same as the forger, the burglar and rapist. To steal an election is worse than to imitate a signature, or to enter a homestead when the inmates are asleep and rob them of their property, or to deflower the virtuous; for it involves the whole community in the calamity of bad government, and general demoralization. Under any law honest citizens must watch constantly, and when crime is committed, the severest punishment must be unrelentingly inflicted. People cannot successfully govern themselves and remain idle and listless. The bad element is always active and ready to take advantage of opportunites. If good men are so vigilant that the vicious are prevented from realizing benefits from their frauds and crimes, they will give up their occupation as profitless. The good men in this country largely outnumber the bad men. There will be no serious conflict between the two elements when it is understood that the intelligent and patriotic sleep on their arms. It is said "the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." The political sinner will certainly flee when he realizes that he is pursued by the men who are controlled by considerations of the public welfare.

L. A. S.

PRESERVATION OF THE MISSIONS.

In the October number of THE CALIFORNIAN an editorial was published calling attention to the present state of the California missions, and urging the church and people, irrespective of sect, to take a stand and protect these ancient monuments from vandalism and decay. The Catholic press, throughout America, took the matter up, and it is hoped some good has been accomplished. Recently, through the efforts of some ladies in Los Angeles county, a society has been formed for the preservation of the missions. THE CALIFORNIAN has been asked to aid in the good work, and in the present issue publishes the first of a series of articles on the missions, in which will be presented their romantic history and the claims they have upon the people at large. They are the monuments of old California, and without some especial care, will, in many instances soon become things of the past.

HOW TO SECURE GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE article of Mr. Richard H. McDonald, Jr., of this city, on "How to Secure Good Municipal Government," published in this number, will be read with profound interest by all good and intelligent citizens. The article is the beginning of a series from the writer upon the important political questions of the day. Mr. McDonald is actively engaged in business, and like many others similarly situated, is giving study to public affairs with a view to the discovery and application of remedies for existing evils. This action is an evidence that the business men of the country mean to take hold of public affairs for the purpose of putting governments on a footing that will promote the public welfare, and redound to the honor of the nation.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IT has been said that some of the counties of California are not showing the interest they should in the World's Fair, though this certainly cannot be said for the entire State. California has a rare opportunity to present itself in its proper colors to the world, and every effort should be made to this end. The article in the present issue on the possibilities of a loan for the World's Fair by Auguste Wey cannot fail to arouse an interest in the question among all Californians. This state has it within its power to make one of the most striking exhibits in the list of States. Especially in archæology and kindred sciences, the State can make a fine showing.

NEW BOOKS

JOHN A. WRIGHT, ESQ., of the San Francisco Bar, presents for public consideration in neatly bound form, published by the S. Carson Company, a monograph, entitled "How to Get Good Judges," which is in many respects a most excellent exposition of the subject. His object is "to suggest means of creating and justifying confidence in the law officers of the government." In the same line is Rufus Choate's famous observation, which was severely criticized, that "it is more necessary that our courts be believed honest than that they be honest." Mr. Wright shows in a forcible manner that the method of forming our judicial system tends to sacrifice the existence of honesty and creates popular distrust. He makes an able and timely presentation of the evils that surround and permeate our courts and seriously menace our system of popular government. But the remedies he proposes involve methods and details too cumbersome and complicated to encourage their adoption. That the lawyers themselves, as is recommended, are best qualified to select the judiciary is a proposition that finds much favor among thoughtful minds. The grave importance of the subject should give Mr. Wright a wide hearing.

MR. WILLIAM H. RHAWN, of Philadelphia, offered a tempting prize for the best essay on roads and roadmaking, which offer, made through the University of Pennsylvania, has produced a rich result. We have now a neatly formed volume of three hundred pages, comprising the best of the essays which entered the competition. This group of monographs has brought together the most exhaustive treatment of common roads, giving the history of improved highways; the scientific and engineering principles relating to them; experiments with the greatest variety of material used in their construction; the economic advantages of good roads; the best methods of construction and maintenance, and of raising money therefor, and the legislation required to effect all these results. The ripest wisdom and experience demonstrate that the MacAdam and the Telford systems are the only ones against which no objection can be brought. No one who has enjoyed the country roads of England and the continent can fail to indorse the opinion that in our zeal to gridiron the land with railroads, we have suffered common wagon roads to fall into neglect and disgrace. We are breeding the finest road horses and building delightful carriages for use and pleasure, but we have only poor roads to drive them on. Fortunately, the wheelsmen and horse-breeders are contributing no little effort to idealize and render practical the whole subject. A road that will satisfy the ardent bicyclist and the sporting horse-trainer, at all times of the year, is the highway that will best subserve the interests of the farmer and the teamster.

This volume published by Henry Carey Baird & Co., Philadelphia, is the most complete book on the subject yet given to the public.

GEORGE R. CATHCART, through the American Book Company, issues a literary reader which appears to us one of the best in the field. The following from the preface gives some of the features of the present edition. "The recognitiou of distinctly scientific writers as contributors to letters is continued. In its early days, science was dry and almost repellent to all save its favored students; but its modern exponents have not failed to see the importance of presenting it in attractive guise, and the writings of Agassiz, Gray, Dana, Lyell, Tyndall, Huxley, and others abound in passages of great beauty, even when judged by the standards of pure literature. Among the leading features of this revision are the Definitions and Outline of Study, which form the introduction to the book; the chapter on the Beginnings of English Literature, which covers the period previous to the time when our language took its permanent form; and the subdivision of our literature into the four great periods of Elizabethan Literature, the Literature of the Commonwealth and Restoration, the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, and the Literature of the Nineteenth Century. The biographical and critical notices have been rewritten and much extended, and an introductory chapter to each of the four grand divisions has been prepared. Each one of

these periods is marked by distinct and definite outlines; each one has its own character, and arranges itself in something like systematic order around certain great central names. It has therefore been possible to make the book orderly and continuous in its character, and to give it an historical perspective, which shows forth the masters and masterpieces of our literature in their true proportions."

THE war between labor and capital is vigorously depicted in "The Coming Climax," published less than a year ago, and just now issued in paper covers to satisfy a wider demand. In this book Mr. Lester C. Hubbard, the author, sums up the results of a wide observation and collection of facts, enforced by many years of patient study. If for no other reason, the volume would be valuable as the sound of that voice of discontent and a sense of outraged justice which refuses to be silenced, and now and then breaks out in a petty revolution such as the recent Homestead riot. As we read his pages, we cannot help feeling how unconsciously a writer thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a cause, drops into a style of treatment that is tinged with the very demagogism which he condemns. Mr. Lester's chance of carrying conviction would be better had he omitted all catch words and phrases such as "scabs," "Pinkerton thugs," and the like, until such terms were made to grow out of the case after it was proved. Aside from this objection, and some extravagance and violence of style, the author may be said to have presented a fair statement of the contending forces that are now nearing the climax which he thinks cannot be further away than ten years.

The country is virtually under the control, we are told, of about three thousand plutocrats, who have their hands on the throttle valves of the great party machines. These millionaires are reinforced by a middle class, numbering three million, that is practically passionless, while against these two factors are arrayed about ten million sons of toil embracing farmers' and trades unions. The remaining fifty million of the nation's population consist of women and children who cut no figure in the contest. The hearts of the ten million are embittered by long years of oppression and its consequent intense hate. They have pleaded for and demanded redress for their wrongs and relief from their burdens. Unless a change for the better shall be wrought out through the peaceful methods of political agencies and national legislation, another civil revolution is predicted, which will deluge the country with bloodshed and ruin.

It strikes the reader as somewhat singular that the author treats the alternative he intimates with so light regard and so pessimistic an eye. We may assure him that, of the three million men whom he consigns to a selfish adherence to that gain which has made the plutocrats, there is a vast multitude that feels as deeply as he regarding the gravity of the situation, though they are not so clamorous. It is not right to rate this contingent of the middle class as opposed to labor because it refuses to indorse all the extravagancies of labor organizations. These men will be joined by a vast number of farmers and laboring men, organized and unorganized, in the condemnation of the tyranny of labor as well as the tyranny of capital. The vast majority of the American people love law, though they may habitually slight it, and when men rise up and incite riot and murder for any cause whatsoever, public opinion will also rise in its terrible majesty to put them down. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inquire why, if there are at least ten million men opposed to plutocracy, they do not strike it down by the silent artillery of the ballot. It may take some years to reach this result, but those years of patient suffering in want will be vastly better than an outbreak in revolution by force.

On the false principle that history must repeat itself, our author draws an illustration from the genesis of the Civil War to show that the same causes now at work will eventuate in the same kind of a result. He makes no account of the tremendous spread of education and intelligence during the past twenty-five years, and he seems not to know that fifty years ago there existed the same unions and federations of industrial workers as now; that they provoked or authorized strikes and riots, persecuted "scabs," and yet before the year 1840 they passed out of sight and mind from no assignable cause. Labor organizations stimulate thinking and in the end they will exalt reason above force. We are undergoing a process of gradual evolution, broken at intervals by a spurt of violence, but tending to prevent the dread calamities of insurrection or revolution. Such books as this one, added to the one thousand four hundred reform newspapers, are carrying to success a bloodless war that will end in the triumph of honest toil. For sale by Robertson, 126 Post street.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE OSTRICHES.